

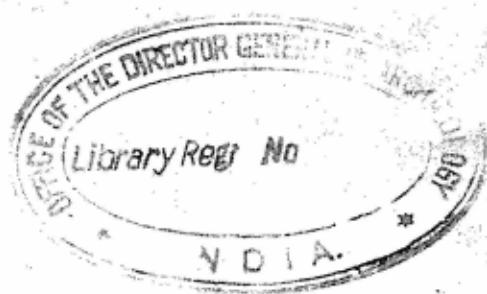
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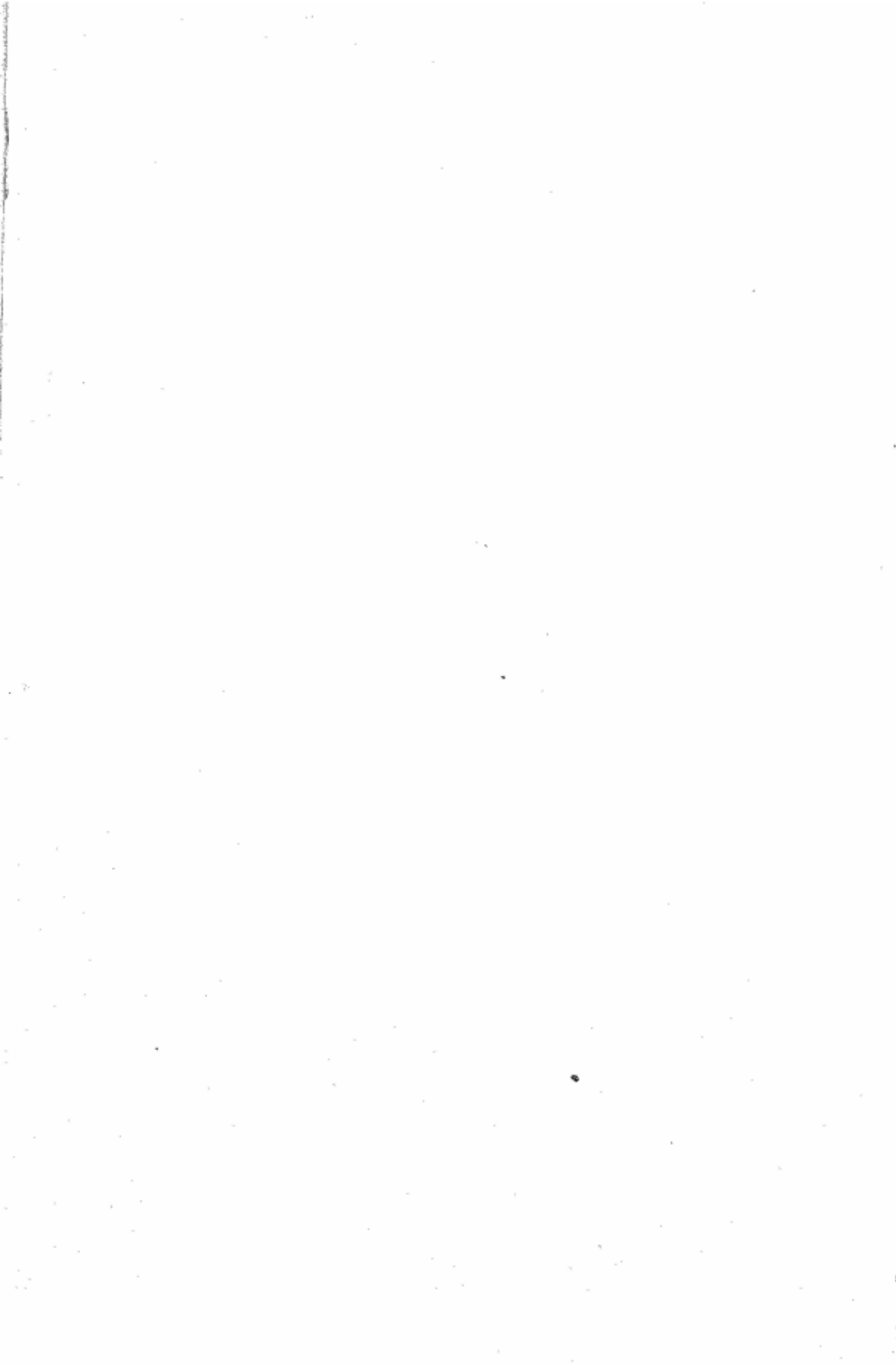








(92)



THE  
OCEAN OF STORY

BEING

C. H. TAWNEY'S TRANSLATION

OF

SOMADEVA'S KATHĀ SARIT SĀGARA

(OR OCEAN OF STREAMS OF STORY)

8933

NOW EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, FRESH  
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND TERMINAL ESSAY

BY

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BURTON," ETC.

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. IV

WITH A FOREWORD BY

Dr F. W. THOMAS, Ph.D.  
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## FOREWORD

NOT much has been left to be said by way of introduction to the fourth volume of this splendid publication. The reader is familiar with the circumstances of the Sanskrit author's life; he knows what is necessary concerning the literary sources of the work; he has considered the origin of the stories, whether Aryan or Dravidian, in India itself, and their affinities with beliefs and practices in later India; and he has contemplated the important and difficult questions of transmission—transmission of stories and *motifs* from country to country, people to people, and the no less certainly attested inverse process of transmission from literary source to folk-lore. Then, again, the very march of the narrative has accustomed him to the ease of the author's style, fitting the matter like a glove, objective, impersonal and unmoved, whether the scene is earth or heaven or one of the various hells, an unvarying style equal to the burden of the long task. And the translator, as became a ripe scholar of fine literary taste, follows with a rendering as free from display as is the original itself.

It was by no means a matter of course that the Great Tale of Guṇāḍhya should come down to us in so acceptable a form. The example of Kṣemendra's *Bṛhatkathā-maṇjarī* ("Great-Tale Cluster") shows clearly that we might have had to be content with a much more restricted version by an author solicitous of poetical artifice rather than of the adequate presentation of the matter. Written in an old dialect little practised and condemned as vulgar, the work of Guṇāḍhya was not safeguarded, like the *Mahā-Bhārata* and *Rāmāyaṇa*, which Kṣemendra subjected to the like treatment, by having been composed in the sacred language, by a theme relating to the great heroes of antiquity, by ancient fame and semi-divine character attaching to the author. Even as it is, the original prose story is presented



to us with curtailments and amplifications of the most wholesale character. While the result has been, no doubt, favourable to the work as an Ocean of Story and a store-house of popular idea and folk-lore, and thus better adapted to the purposes contemplated in Mr Penzer's monumental edition, it is still a matter of some concern to the reader to realise rather more fully the vicissitudes through which the text has passed.

Apart from the Kashmir redactions there exists a Sanskrit version of Guṇāḍhya's work, bearing the title *Bṛhatkathā: śloka-saṃgraha*—i.e. the "Great Tale: Verse Epitome." In spite of its rather unassuming title, it must in its complete form have been—for we possess only about six of the twenty-six *lābhas*, "emprizes"—of very considerable extent, say about 25,000 ślokas or couplets. Its discoverer and editor, M. Félix Lacôte, has published (*Essai sur Guṇāḍhya et la Bṛhatkathā*, Paris, 1908) along with the text an elaborate discussion of all the questions of higher criticism relating to the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara* and the other recensions. M. Lacôte's conclusions, which are developed with great perspicacity, may be summarised as follows.

The *Śloka-saṃgraha*—"Verse Epitome"—of which the MS. came from Nepal, is the work of a Nepalese writer, by name Budhasvāmin, who is at pains to bring the poem into connection with his own country. It is of relatively early date, say the eighth to the ninth century A.D. and is based upon the Paisācī original. In its arrangement, and still more in its contents, it differs widely from the Kashmir versions. The most significant feature of these differences, however, is that they are largely by way of defect. Great masses of the subsidiary tales in the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara* are wanting, and thus the main narrative stands out in much greater distinctness and amplitude. It is not that Kṣemendra and Somadeva have greatly perverted the story although there are some rather considerable dislocations, which deface its logical coherence. The chief difference is that the story is reduced to a rather slender trickle, which tends to be lost in the deluge of adventitious matter. The

Paiśācī original, though including, like other Indian narratives, a quota of incidental tales and episodes, was concerned predominantly with the actual adventures of Naravāhana-datta, a hero of Guṇāḍhya's own invention. A novel, in which the subordinate characters were largely middle-class people, it was distinguished by a great variety and abundance of incident. The author, who was a born story-teller and the real creator of the literary *Kathā*, appears to have travelled widely, perhaps chiefly on the great trade-route which connected Prayāga (Allahabad), Kauśāmbī and Ujjain with the ports of Western and Eastern India. He had listened to the tales of wayfaring men and of voyagers from the great seas. He had visited the cities and learned the narratives of local fame: in the Kauśāmbī country, even more than in Ujjain, the adventures of Udayana must have been the talk of the village greybeards. A portion of the matter relating to Udayana and Pradyota existed already, no doubt, in literary form, and it is preserved to us in Buddhist originals or adaptations. The composition of the poem in eighteen sections may have been imitative of the *Mahā-Bhārata*. Is there anything in the idea, propounded by M. Lacôte, that its content, a narrative of travels and loves, was inspired by the Greek novel? The supposition has no inherent improbability. The literary influence of Greece in the East did not end with the Seleucid, or the Parthian, empire; it has recently (by Prof. H. Jacobi in *Antidoron, Festschrift Jacob Wackernagel*, Göttingen, 1923, pp. 126 *sqq.*) been suggested that a far-off reflex of the hexameter metre (known, perhaps, in Gandhāra) is traceable in some Jain poems composed in a rather late (Apabhraṃśa) dialect.

M. Lacôte subjects to a lengthy and penetrating criticism the composition of the Kashmir *Brhat-kathā*. Somadeva's claim to fidelity in the handling of his original is fully justified by a comparison with the work of his predecessor, Kṣemendra. A *Brhat-kathā* such as he reproduces, a prose work in the Paiśācī dialect, existed, therefore, in Kashmir. But it was no longer the book which Guṇāḍhya had composed. It was a huge compilation, incorporating not only many particular

stories from heterogeneous sources, but even whole books such as the *Pañcatantra*, the "Twenty-five Tales of the Vampire" (*Vetāla-pañcaviṃśati*) and the story of Nala. The charge of abridging, obscuring and dislocating the main narrative is valid, not against Somadeva and Kṣemendra, but against predecessors, whose work of amplification had been completed, so far as completion can be predicated, perhaps two or three centuries earlier. The process has operated in the case of other compilations within and outside India. All the rivers run into the sea; and the rhapsodists of different particular narratives were as urgent for inclusion in the Great Tale as the latter was hospitable in admitting them. We only wonder who were those compilers possessed of competence and goodwill to adorn the *Pañcatantra*, *Nalopākhyāna*, and so forth, with a Paisāci dress, and for what audience they laboured.

The reader will have remarked the intimate connection of the story with questions of dialect and of grammars. At the outset, in the Prologue (*Kathā-pīṭha*), which, however, can hardly be attributed to Guṇāḍhya himself, we are confronted with a rivalry between the old Pāṇinean grammar, which demanded twelve years for the acquisition of the Sanskrit language, and the new system of the *Kātantra*, professing to accomplish the same result in six. A modicum of practical reality is here, no doubt, *en jeu*. The Pāṇinean grammar, with its artificial system and its subtle commentaries, was doubtless better adapted for a lifelong study of the language than for practical instruction. As the classical language became more indispensable for worldly people of the middle class, previously content with dialects or the imperfect Sanskrit which we find exemplified in the early Buddhist texts, their ambition for culture might have been unequal to the difficulties presented by the venerable text of Pāṇini, itself in various points out of correspondence with the current speech of the learned. With such aspirants the newer methods may have worked miracles. On the part of Guṇāḍhya the recourse at such a period to a fresh, unheard-of literary speech may be challenged with wantonness. Such are the wilful ways of genius: have we not

modern stories composed entirely in Chicago slang? But, if we moderns are prepared to allow such liberty to authors generally, the compatriots of Guṇāḍhya required for sanction the stipulations of a vow. This does not excuse us from demanding why and how the actual Guṇāḍhya chose the *Paiśācī*. There are too many, though sporadic, indications of "*Paiśācī*" tendencies in various parts of India to allow the supposition of a wholly artificial form of speech. On the other hand, we have as yet no real evidence of the existence of any people or class known by the name *Piśāca*, which denotes a man-eating demon or spirit. What designation Guṇāḍhya would have applied to the dialect we cannot say. The name *Paiśācī*, though it appears in the oldest Prākṛit grammar, that of Vararuci, is perhaps due to the story related of Guṇāḍhya himself. In later times there were many varieties of *Paiśācī*, bearing subsidiary designations of a local character. Since the earliest language of the group is described as coinciding in general with a particular local speech, the Śaurasenī of the Ganges-Jumna Doab and the adjacent regions, it would seem as if the *Paiśācī*, which is characterised chiefly by a few striking peculiarities of pronunciation, was properly a dialect of an inferior class, or of classes, in society. The class may have been of aboriginal origin, whether Dravidian or North-Western or otherwise—there are many such in India—and it may have been more widely than numerously represented: for instance, it may have been in one of those classes (such as couriers, ostlers and the like) with which travellers came into contact; and this might explain the choice of it by the travelled author. It would be quite in accordance with Indian ways if, in this application, the term *Paiśācī* were an intentional perversion of a class or tribe name: but to pursue this suggestion would be hazardous. A certain reality is lent to the *Paiśācī* language by the further statement, perhaps itself concocted at no very early date, that it was adopted by a sect of Buddhists for their writings.

As a grade of non-human creatures the *Piśācas* have already been discussed (see Vol. I, pp. 92–93). They are far from respectable, except on the ground of antiquity, wherein

they may rival with the best, since the Veda recognises their existence. They are with difficulty distinguished from the Rākṣasas, or demons, and the distinction is not on the credit side, since, while smaller and less formidable, they are even more odious. If the Rākṣasa marriage is the forcible abduction of a woman after killing her kinsmen and breaking into her dwelling, the Piśāca marriage, the basest of all, is the overpowering of one asleep or tipsy, or disordered in intellect. Like the Rākṣasa, his meaner confrère was an eater of human flesh. Naturally also he was a night-walker; in the books on logic he is the standing subject of the doubt: "Is it a Piśāca or a tree stump?" This gives us his probably essential character as the ordinary malignant spirit of the dusk, or more materialistically—for he is attached to water as the salamander is to fire—as Jack-o'-Lantern, the "will-o'-the-wisp." His name is, unfortunately, not etymologisable with prudence; and therefore the way is still open to those who would regard this part of his equipment as derived from some aboriginal people. That a differential dialect should be ascribed to the Piśāca we may ourselves (for do not ghosts "gibber"?) find natural enough; still more obvious was it to the ancient Hindus, who in their Brāhmaṇas have, like Homer (χαλκίδα κυκλήσκουσι θεοί, ἀνδρες δὲ ὑμινδιν, etc.), quoted for us specimens of the language of the gods.

It happens that the present volume is largely concerned also with a second class of supernatural beings, regarding whom, therefore, a few remarks may not be out of place. These are the Vidyādharas—"knowledge-holders"—usually conceived of in connection with Kuvera and having a king, Cakradharman, who resides in Kuvera's palace. In general, however, they are spirits of the air: they scatter flowers over fighting warriors. They are devoted to music and dancing, and their females are of extraordinary beauty. They are weakly distinguished from the Gandharvas and Apsarases, who historically are their predecessors. In the Pali *Tripitaka* they are still preponderatingly, like the Gandharvas, spirits who seek to enter into women—perhaps a far-off reminiscence of a stage when, as anthropologists really

seem to admit, pregnancy was not known to be a consequence of marriage.

The name of this class of divinities points to their origin. It is a constantly recurring phrase in the *Brāhmaṇas* that "he becomes" such and such "who knows this." The knowledge, or secret, or *upaniṣad*, was a key-knowledge, which afforded access to special powers, a talisman: and in later times there were very many *vidyās* and *mahā-vidyās* in the form of mantras, which were, in fact, nothing but spells. It follows from this that the Vidyādhara were, like the Siddhas, "those who had realised a certain attainment," not seldom recruited from the race of men. In the *Harsacarita* of Bāṇa (c. iii.) a certain celebrated saint completes his career by the performance of a nocturnal rite, whereby he acquires "the hair-lock, diadem, earring, necklace, armlet, girdle, hammer and sword" and becomes a Vidyādhara: he is then rapt away through the firmament to his appointed station. Like our wizards (wise-ards), the Vidyādhara therefore are primarily the successful penetrators of superhuman secrets: that in India they attained to a distinctive status in a divine hierarchy is in full harmony with the general tendencies of Indian thought. Perhaps Mr Penzer, who has enriched this fine work with so many valuable notes and dissertations, will consider the possibility of dealing somewhat fully with the literature of "spells," for which India supplies an inexhaustible material.

The "hammer" (*mudgara*) of the Vidyādhara is not without an interest of its own. Mr A. B. Cook, in his *Zeus*, vol. i (Cambridge, 1914), describes and illustrates (pp. 109-110) the class of beings called Kabeiroi, who were connected with the Muses: "they have bushy hair, a thick ring round the neck, a loin-cloth about the waist, and a heavy double-axe or hammer on the right shoulder." Since the Vidyādhara are the subjects of Kuvera (Kabeiros), and since, like the Kabeiroi, they have a special mountain home, there is a good chance that the detail of the hammer may be not devoid of historical significance. Nor does the matter end here. If the Vidyādhara duplicates the Gandharva, his consort, the Vidyādhari, who is connected with music and arts, will

bear a relation to the Gandharva's feminine associate, the Apsaras. When we have said Apsarases, we have practically said Muses, the "mountain goddesses," who in Greece came to be patronesses of music and literature. And the Apsaras, again, in her function of receiving the spirits of heroes falling on the field of battle, seems to have more than a plausible connection with the Northern Valkyrie.

More than one reader, perhaps, will be surprised at the honourable and leading rôle played by the Asura Maya in the Sūrya-prabha story. In general the unorthodox classes of beings in Hindu cosmology are far from being definitely reprobate (see Hopkins, *Epic Mythology*, Strassburg, 1915, pp. 38 *sqq.*): individuals in all the grades are capable of meritorious works. Was not even Rāvaṇa famous as an authority in medicine and grammar? In fact, the Hindu theory of rebirths provides no place for a final damnation. In the case of the Asura Maya we are dealing with a personage indeed, the great architect, inspirer of the *Maya-mata*, who in the *Mahā-Bhārata* is the constructor of the splendid palaces there described.

Finally, we need not demand why in so mundane a book as the *Bṛhat-kathā* the chief hero's exploits should be directed to an ultimate sovereignty over a celestial realm. Even from our own mediæval tales, even from the Greek romances, it would not be feasible to exclude a supernatural element. The art of story-telling, which begins with gods for heroes, does not quickly descend to a merely human level. Guṇāḍhya may have thought that he had gone far enough when he accepted men and Vidyādhara in place of heroes and gods; and centuries after his date the *Kādambarī*, the touching story of Bāṇa, still finds its leading personages in the Gandharva world.

F. W. THOMAS.

July 1925.

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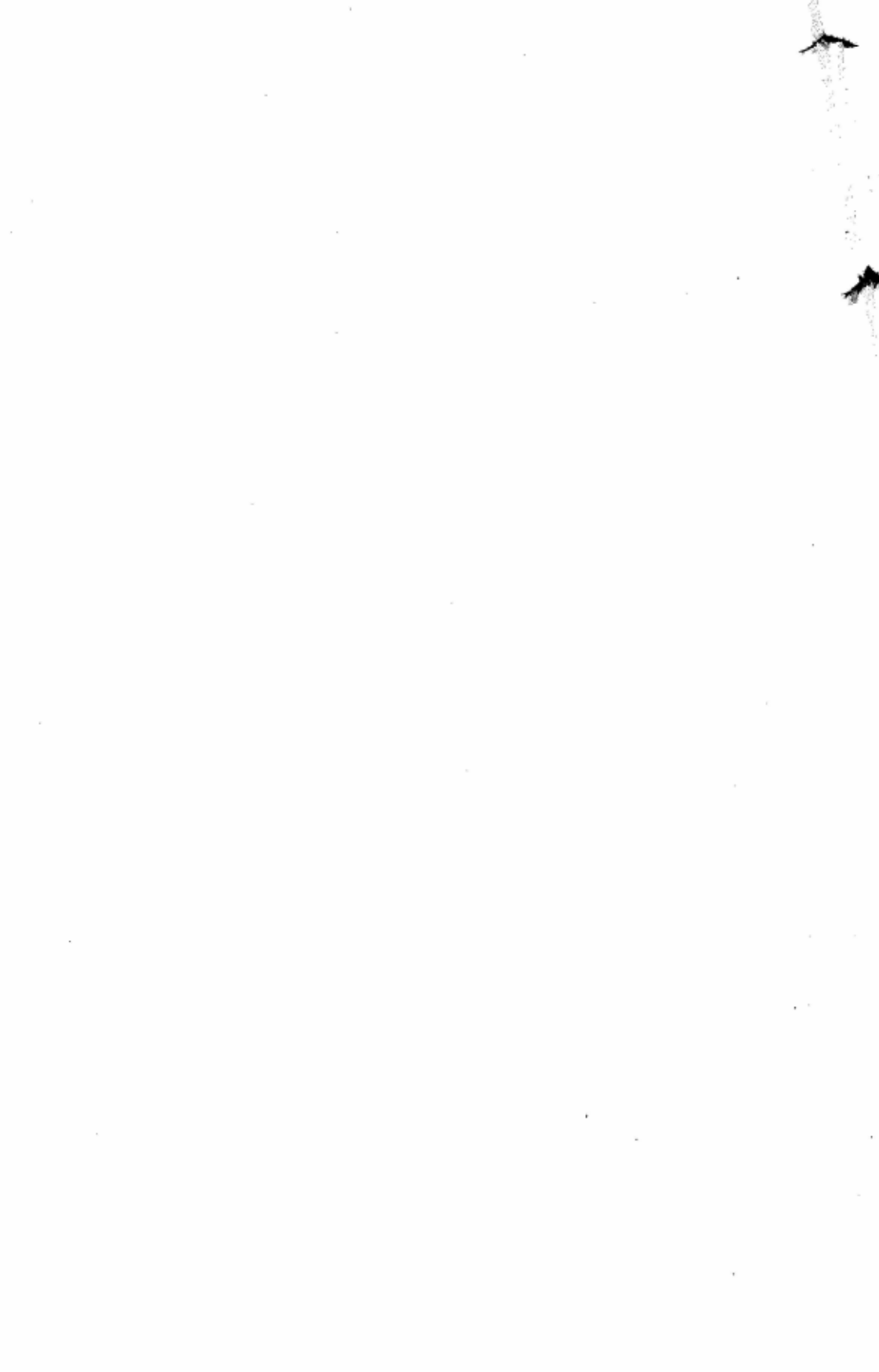
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## PREFACE

**A**S I mentioned in the Introduction to Volume I, the *Ocean of Story* is divided into one hundred and twenty-four chapters, called *tarangas*, "waves" or "billows"; while Brockhaus, following Somadeva's metaphoric nomenclature, made a further and independent division into eighteen Books, which he called *lambakas*, "surges" or "swells."

Following Brockhaus' text, Tawney issued his translation in two volumes, each containing nine Books. This volume takes us to the end of Book IX and, with the three previous volumes, corresponds to Tawney's first volume. Books X-XVIII, however, contain much more matter than the first nine Books, owing to the inclusion of such large cycles of stories as the *Pañchatantra* (which will appear in my next volume) and the *Vetāla-Panchaviṃśati*. These Books will probably occupy five more volumes of the present edition, but I hope to be able to reserve Volume X for the accumulated indexes, etc.

The first hundred and twenty-one pages of the present volume are taken up with the "Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādhara," which, with its few sub-stories, constitutes Book VIII. It is much the longest tale we have had so far, although it is certainly not the most interesting. In fact, like the longest tale in the *Nights*—"King Omar Bin Al-Nu'man"—it "has its *longueurs* and at times is longsome enough," dealing at first with somewhat wearisome accounts of how the hero abducted each of his brides and subsequently had to appease their angry and indignant fathers. Even when the actual fighting begins, we have a long drawn-out series of single combats, which are, however, relieved in places by some fine descriptions of battle scenes, reminding us of similar ones in the tale from the *Nights* mentioned above.

There are also occasional passages of a lighter vein, which

come as a welcome contrast. Such, for instance, is the conversation between Sūryaprabha's wives on a night when their husband is too worried about the slaughter of his men to join them. They proceed to discuss the various qualities of beautiful women of different lands, for, as Somadeva says (D. text): ". . . there is no occasion on which women would not talk of the *chronique scandaleuse* of their town" (see pp. 73, 74).

The only sub-story of any length is No. 62D, "King Mahasena and his Virtuous Minister Guṇaśarman," which introduces the "Quintessence" and "Scorned Love of Women" *motifs*.

Book IX contains several good stories, such as No. 68, "Anangarati and her Four Suitors"; No. 69, "King Lakshadatta and his Dependent Labdhadatta," illustrating the doctrine of *karma*, or inevitable destiny; and No. 74, "King Kanakavarsha and Madanasundarī."

The last tale in the Book, however, is the most important, for it contains one of the best-known stories in India, that of Nala and Damayantī. It is taken from the *Mahābhārata*, but has been considerably abbreviated by Somadeva. As several of the most beautiful parts have been omitted, I have given them in Appendix II, using H. H. Milman's translation.

It is a matter of much gratification that Dr Thomas so kindly consented to write the Foreword to the present volume; for, apart from the advantages derived from the pen of so ripe a scholar, there is a further interest in the fact that Dr Thomas succeeded Mr Tawney as Librarian at the India Office.

Once again I have to thank Dr Barnett for his continued proof-reading and constant advice on numerous points.

Both Mr Fenton and Mr Marshall have been through the proofs from the general point of view, so that mistakes should now be reduced to a minimum.

N. M. P.

## BOOK VIII: SŪRYAPRABHA

### CHAPTER XLIV

#### INVOCATION

**V**ICTORY to the elephant-headed god, who, reddening the sky with the vermilion dye shaken off by the wind of his flapping ears, seems to create sunset, even when it is not due.

[M] Thus Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa, dwelt happily in his father's house, after he had won those wives. And one day, when he was in his father's assembly hall, he saw a man of heavenly appearance come there, descending from heaven. And after he and his father had welcomed the man, who bowed before him, he immediately asked him: "Who are you and why have you come?" Then he answered: "There is a city in this earth on the ridge of Himavat, called Vajrakūṭa,<sup>1</sup> and rightly so called, as being all made of diamond. There I dwelt, as a king of the Vidyādhara named Vajraprabha, and my name too was rightly given me, because my body is framed of diamond. And I received this command from Śiva (who was pleased with my austerities): 'If thou remainest loyal at the appointed time to the emperor created by me, thou shalt become by my favour invincible to thy enemies.' Accordingly I have come here without delay to pay my respects to my sovereign, for I have already perceived, by means of my science, that the son of the King of Vatsa (who is born of a portion of the God of Love, and appointed by the god who wears a digit of the moon), though a mortal, shall be sole emperor over both divisions of our territory.<sup>2</sup> And though,

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* diamond-peak.

<sup>2</sup> For *ubhayavedyeka* the Petersburg lexicographers read *ubhayavedyardha*. I have followed this reading.



by the favour of Śiva, a prince of the name of Sūryaprabha was ruler over us for a Kalpa of the gods, still he was only lord in the southern division, but in the northern division a prince called Śrutaśarman was emperor; but your Majesty, being destined for great good fortune, shall be sole emperor here over the wanderers of the air, and your dominion shall endure for a Kalpa."

When the Vidyādhara said this, Naravāhanadatta, in the presence of the King of Vatsa, said to him again out of curiosity: "How did Sūryaprabha, being a man, obtain of old time the sovereignty over the Vidyādharas? Tell us." Then in private—that is to say, in the presence of the queens and ministers—the King Vajraprabha began to tell that tale.

62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*<sup>1</sup>

Of old there was in the country of the people of Madra a town named Śākala<sup>2</sup>; Chandraprabha, the son of Angāraprabha, was king of it, whose name expressed his nature, as he delighted the whole world, but he was like fire in that he scorched his enemies. By his wife, named Kīrtimatī, there was born to that king a son, whose future glory was indicated by his exceedingly auspicious marks. And when he was born a clear voice sounded from heaven, which rained nectar into the ears of King Chandraprabha: "This king, now born, named Sūryaprabha, is appointed by Śiva as the future emperor over the kings of the Vidyādharas." Then that Prince Sūryaprabha grew up in the house of his father, who was distinguished by the delightful favour of the enemy of Pura,<sup>3</sup> and he, being very clever, gradually acquired, while still a child, all knowledge and all the accomplishments by sitting at the feet of a teacher; and then, when he was sixteen years old, and captivated the subjects by his virtues,

<sup>1</sup> This story, with the usual sub-stories introduced, stretches to the end of Book VIII, p. 121.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Identified by General Cunningham with the Sangala of Alexander (*Ancient Geography of India*, p. 179 *et seq.*).

<sup>3</sup> I.e. Śiva.

his father, Chandraprabha, appointed him Crown Prince, and he gave him the sons of his own ministers, many in number, Bhāsa, Prabhāsa, Siddhārtha, Prahasta and others.

And while he was bearing with them the burden of a crown prince's duty, one day a great Asura of the name of Maya came there, and Maya went up in the assembly hall to King Chandraprabha, who welcomed him, and said to him, in the presence of Sūryaprabha: "King, this son of yours, Sūryaprabha, has been appointed as the future emperor of the kings of the Vidyādhara by Śiva; so why does he not acquire the magic sciences that will put him in possession of the dignity? For this reason I am sent here by the god Śiva. Permit me to take him and teach him the right method of employing the sciences, which will be the cause of his obtaining the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara. For he has a rival in this business, a lord of the sky-goers, named Śrutaśarman; he too has been appointed by Śiva. But this prince, after acquiring the power of the sciences, shall conquer him with our help and become emperor over the lords of the Vidyādhara."

When Maya said this, King Chandraprabha said: "We are fortunate; let this auspicious one be taken by you wherever you wish." Then Maya took leave of the king, and quickly carried off to Pātāla Sūryaprabha and his ministers, whom the king permitted to depart. There he taught the prince ascetic practices of such a kind that by means of them the prince and his ministers quickly acquired the sciences. And he taught him also the art of providing himself with magic chariots, so that he acquired a chariot named Bhūtāsana.

Then Maya brought Sūryaprabha, mounted on that chariot, with his ministers, having acquired the sciences, back to his own city from Pātāla. And after he had led him into the presence of his parents he said to him: "Now I depart, enjoy here all the enjoyments given by your magic knowledge until I return." After saying this the Asura Maya departed, after having been duly honoured, and King Chandraprabha rejoiced in his son's having acquired the sciences.

Then Sūryaprabha, by virtue of the sciences, was continually roaming through many countries in his chariot, with his ministers, to amuse himself. And wherever any princess beheld him she was immediately bewildered by love and chose him for her husband. The first was the virgin daughter of the King of Tāmraliptī, who was called Vīrabhaṭa; her name was Madanāsenā, and she was the first beauty of the world. The second was Chandrikāvati, the daughter of Subhaṭa, the emperor of the western border, who had been carried off by the Siddhas and left somewhere else. And the third was the famous daughter of Kumbhīra, the king of the city of Kānchī, Varuṇasenā by name, remarkable for her beauty. And the fourth was the daughter of King Paurava, sovereign of Lāvānaka, Sulochanā by name, with lovely eyes. And the fifth was the daughter of King Suroha, the lord of the land of China, Vidyunmālā, with charming limbs, yellow as gold. And the sixth was the daughter of King Kāntisena, ruler in the land of Śrīkaṇṭha, surpassing in beauty the Apsarases. And the seventh was Parapushtā, the daughter of King Janamejaya, the lord of the city of Kauśāmbī, a sweet-voiced maid.

And though the relations of these maidens, who were carried off by a surprise, found out what had happened, still, as the prince was confident in the might of his supernatural science, they were pliant as canes. These wives also acquired the sciences, and Sūryaprabha associated with them all at the same time, taking many bodies<sup>1</sup> by his magic skill. Then he amused himself in the company of these wives, and of the ministers Prahasta and others, with roaming in the air, with concerts, drinking-parties and other amusements.

Possessing heavenly skill in painting, he drew the Vidyādhara females, and in that way, and by making sportive, sarcastic speeches, he enraged those charmers, and he was amused at their faces, furrowed with frowns, and with

<sup>1</sup> This division of personality (*kāya-vyūha*) is more usually practised by the gods. In the *Mahābhārata* (iii, 305) Sūrya impregnates Kuntī without destroying her virginity by transferring a portion of his own energy by means of his *yoga* power. See the note at the end of the next chapter.—N.M.P.

reddened eyes, and at their speeches, the syllables of which faltered on their trembling lips. And that prince went with his wives to Tāmraliptī, and roaming through the air sported in the gardens with Madanasenā.

And having left his wives there he went in the chariot Bhūtāsana and, accompanied by Prahasta only, visited the city called Vajrarātra. There he carried off the daughter of King Rambha before his eyes, Tārāvalī by name, who was enamoured of him and burning with the fire of love. And he came back to Tāmraliptī and there carried off again another maiden princess, by name Vilāsini. And when her haughty brother Sahasrāyudha was annoyed at it he paralysed him by his supernatural power. And he also stupefied Sahasrāyudha's mother's brother, who came with him, and all his retainers, and made his head shorn of hair, because he wished to carry off his beloved ones. But though he was angry he spared to slay them both, because they were his wife's relatives, but he taunted them, who were downcast on account of the overthrow of their pride, and let them go. Then Sūryaprabha, surrounded by nine wives, having been summoned by his father, returned in his chariot to his city Śākala.

And the King Virabhata sent from Tāmraliptī an ambassador to Sūryaprabha's father, King Chandraprabha, and gave him the following message to deliver: "Your son

*The King's  
Wish for a  
Proper  
Marriage* has carried off my two daughters, but let that be, for he is a desirable husband for them, as he is a master of supernatural sciences, but, if you love us, come here now, in order that we may make a friendship based upon the due performance of marriage rites and hospitality."

Thereupon King Chandraprabha rewarded the messenger and determined that he would quickly start for that place on the morrow. But he sent Prahasta as an ambassador to Virabhata, in order to make sure of his sincerity, and gave him Bhūtāsana to travel in. Prahasta went quickly and had an interview with King Virabhata and questioned him about the business, and was informed, and highly honoured by him,<sup>1</sup> and promised him, who smiled graciously, that his

<sup>1</sup> I read *bodhitāḥ*.

masters would come early next morning, and then he returned in a moment to Chandraprabha through the air. And he told that king that Virabhata was ready to receive him. The king, for his part, being pleased, showed honour to that minister of his son's. Then King Chandraprabha, with Queen Kirtimatī, and Sūryaprabha, with Vilāsinī and Madanasenā, mounted that chariot Bhūtāsana and went off early next day with retinue and ministers. In one watch only of the day they reached Tāmraliptī, being beheld, as they passed through the air, by the people with eyes the lashes of which were upraised through wonder. And descending from the sky they entered the city side by side with King Virabhata, who came out to meet them. The beautiful streets of the town were irrigated at every step with sandalwood water, and seemed to be strewn with blue lotuses by means of the sidelong glances of the city ladies. There Virabhata honoured his connection and his son-in-law, and duly performed the marriage ceremony of his daughters. And King Virabhata gave at the marriage-altar of those daughters a thousand loads of pure gold and a hundred camels laden with burdens of ornaments made of jewels, and five hundred camels laden with loads of various garments, and fifty thousand horses, and five thousand elephants, and a thousand lovely women adorned with beauty and jewels. And, moreover, he gratified his son-in-law Sūryaprabha and his parents with valuable jewels and territories. And he duly honoured his ministers, Prahasta and others, and he made a feast at which all the people of the city rejoiced. And Sūryaprabha remained there in the company of his parents and his beloved wives, enjoying delights, consisting of various dainties, wines and music.

In the meanwhile an ambassador arrived from Rambha, in Vajrarātra, and in the hall of assembly delivered this message from his master : " The Crown Prince Sūryaprabha, confiding in the might of his sciences, has insulted us by carrying off our daughter. But to-day we have come to know that he has undertaken to be reconciled to King Virabhata, whose misfortune is the same as ours. If in the same way you agree to be reconciled to us, come here also quickly ;

if not, we will in this matter salve our honour by death." When King Chandraprabha heard that, he honoured the ambassador, and said to him: "Go to that Rambha and give him this message from me: 'Why do you afflict yourself without cause? For Sūryaprabha is now appointed, by Śiva, the future emperor of the Vidyādhara, and inspired sages have declared that your daughter and others are to be his wives. So your daughter has attained her proper place, but you, being stern, were not asked for her. So be appeased, you are our friend; we will come to your residence also.'"

When Prahasta received this message from the king he went through the air and in a single watch he reached Vajrarātra. There he told his message to Rambha, and having been gladly received by him he returned as he came and reported it to King Chandraprabha. Then Chandraprabha sent his minister Prabhāsa, and had King Rambha's daughter Tārāvalī conducted to him from Śākala. Then he departed in the air chariot with Sūryaprabha, being dismissed with great honour by King Vīrabhaṭa and all others. And he reached Vajrarātra, which was full of people awaiting his arrival, and was met by Rambha, and entered his palace.

There Rambha, having performed the great feast of the marriage ceremony, gave his daughter countless stores of gold, elephants, horses, jewels and other valuables. And he gratified so lavishly his son-in-law, Sūryaprabha, that he forgot all his own luxuries. And while they were remaining there, delighted with feasts, an ambassador came from the city of Kāncī to Rambha. Rambha, having heard his message, said to King Chandraprabha: "King, the lord of Kāncī, named Kumbhīra, is my elder brother; he has today sent me a trustworthy messenger to speak this speech: 'Sūryaprabha first carried off my daughter, then yours. And now you have made friendship with him and his father, as I hear, so bring about my friendship also with them. Let them come to my house, that I may with my own hand give my daughter Varuṇasenā to Sūryaprabha.' So grant this request of my brother's." When Rambha made this request Chandraprabha granted it, and sent Prahasta and had Varuṇasenā brought quickly from the city of Śākala to her

father, Kumbhīra. And the next day he and Sūryaprabha and Rambha, and Virabhāṭa and all, with their attendants, went to the city of Kāñchī. And after they had been met by Kumbhīra they entered the city of Kāñchī, as it were the girdle of the earth, full of many jewels and adorned with excellences.<sup>1</sup> There Kumbhīra bestowed his daughter on Sūryaprabha, with the usual ceremonies, and gave much wealth to the young couple.

And when the marriage had taken place, Prahasta, after taking food, said to Chandraprabha, who was all joyfulness, in the presence of all : “ King, in the country of Śrīkaṇṭha I had an interview with the king of that land<sup>2</sup> ; there King Kāntisena, whom I thus happened to see, said to me : ‘ Let Sūryaprabha come to my house with that daughter of mine whom he has carried off. I will perform the ceremony for him according to rule. If he refuses I will abandon the body, distracted by love for my daughter.’ This is what he then said to me, and I have now mentioned it on the proper occasion.” When Prahasta said this King Chandraprabha answered : “ Go, then, take Kāntimatī to him ; we will go there also.” When the king said this to him Prahasta went off that moment through the air and did as he had commanded. And next morning Chandraprabha and all, with Kumbhīra, went to the land of Śrīkaṇṭha in the air-travelling chariot. There King Kāntisena came to meet them, and making them enter his palace performed the auspicious ceremony of his daughter’s marriage. Then he gave to Kāntimatī and Sūryaprabha an endless quantity of jewels, which excited the wonder of the kings.

While they were all remaining there, enjoying all kinds of pleasure, a messenger came from Kauśāmbī and said : “ King Janamejaya sends this message to your honours : ‘ My daughter, of the name of Parapushtā, has been carried off by someone lately. And I have found out to-day that

<sup>1</sup> Kāñchī means “ girdle,” *guṇa*, “ excellence ” and “ thread.” The last clause might be translated “ made of threads.”

<sup>2</sup> The D. text reads *prabhraman gataṁ aham* ; thus Prahasta says : “ King, in the course of my wandering I arrived in the country of Śrīkaṇṭha. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 116.—N.M.P.



she has come into the power of Sūryaprabha, so let him come with her to my house without fear. I will perform the marriage ceremony according to rule, and so dismiss him with his wife; otherwise you will be my enemies and I shall be yours.'” Having thus delivered his master’s message, the ambassador remained silent. Then King Chandraprabha said to them apart: “How can we go to the house of that king who sends such haughty messages?” When the king’s minister, named Siddhārtha, heard that he said: “Do not entertain wrong notions, King, for he is justified in using such language. For that king is very generous, learned and sprung of a noble race, a hero, one who has offered the *asvamedha* sacrifice,<sup>1</sup> ever unconquered by others. How can he have spoken anything unbecoming in speaking according to facts? And as for the enmity which he threatens, he does that now on account of Indra. So you must go to his house, for he is a king faithful to his engagements. Nevertheless, send someone to find out his intentions.” When they heard this speech of Siddhārtha’s they all approved it. Then King Chandraprabha sent Prahasta to sound Janamejaya, and honoured his messenger. And Prahasta went, and after making an agreement with the King of Kauśāmbī brought a letter from him and satisfied Chandraprabha.

The king quickly sent that Prahasta, and had Parapushtā conducted from Śākala to Janamejaya. Then Chandraprabha and the other kings, preceded by Sūryaprabha,<sup>2</sup> with Kāntisena, went to Kauśāmbī in the chariot. There the King Janamejaya courteously honoured his son-in-law, and his connection, and all the others, by advancing to meet them, and other ceremonies. And after he had performed the ceremony of the marriage rite he gave five thousand elephants and one hundred thousand excellent horses, and also five thousand camels laden with full burdens of jewels, gold, precious apparel, camphor and aloes-wood. And he made such a feast that even the realm of Yama<sup>3</sup> was exclusively

<sup>1</sup> See note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> I read *Sūryaprabha* for *Sūryachandra*.

<sup>3</sup> What Yama, the judge of the dead, is doing here seems hard to understand. The D. text clears the difficulty by its reading of *vādyanrittaikamayam*



engaged in dancing and music, a feast in which excellent Brāhmans were honoured and all kings gratified.

And in the meanwhile the heaven there suddenly became red, as if indicating that it would soon be dyed crimson with blood. And the sky suddenly became full of confused, hurtling noises, as if terrified at beholding a hostile army coming in the air. And a mighty wind immediately began to blow, as if exciting the inhabitants of earth to war against the wanderers of the air. And immediately a great Vidyādhara army was seen in the air, illuminating with brightness the circle of the horizon, loud-shouting, impetuous. And in the midst of it Sūryaprabha and the others beheld with astonishment a very handsome, heavenly youth. And at that moment the herald of the Vidyādharas proclaimed with a loud voice, in front of that youth, whose name was Dāmodara: "Victory to the Crown Prince Dāmodara, son of King Āshāḍha! O mortal, dweller on the earth, Sūryaprabha, fall at his feet. And do homage, O Janamejaya; why have you given your daughter to an undeserver? Propitiate, both of you, this god at once, otherwise he will not be appeased." When Sūryaprabha heard this, and saw that army, he was wroth and, seizing his sword and shield, he flew up into the heaven by his science. And all his ministers flew up after him, with their weapons in their hands, Prahasta, and Prabhāsa, and Bhāsa, and Siddhārtha, and Prajnādhya, and Sarvadamana, and Vītabhīti and Śubhankara. And the Vidyādharas fought a great fight with them. And on one side Sūryaprabha, and on the other Dāmodara advanced, not slaying their enemies with their swords, but receiving their weapons on their shields. Those men, few in number, and those air roamers, a hundred thousand in number, found equality in battle, fighting with one another. And all sword-blades there flashed red with blood, falling on the heads of heroes, like the glances of the God of Death. And the Vidyādharas fell on the earth, with their heads and their bodies, in front

*lokamahotsavam*, which simply means that "he gave a great festival to his guests which entirely consisted of music and dancing." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 116.—N.M.P.

of Chandraprabha, as if imploring protection out of fear. Sūryaprabha shone in the world with the glory of the Vidyā-dharas which he had seen. The sky was red with blood, as if with vermillion shed abroad. And Sūryaprabha at last reached, and fought face to face with, Dāmodara, who was armed with a sword and a shield. And as he fought he broke through his enemy's guard by a skilful management of his weapons, and laid him on the earth, having cleft his shield with his sword. And while he was preparing to cut off the head of his struggling foe, Viṣṇu came and made a threatening sound in the sky. Then Sūryaprabha, having heard that sound, and having beheld Hari, prostrated himself, and out of respect for the god spared to slay Dāmodara. Hari carried him off somewhere as his votary and saved him from death, for the adorable one delivers in this world and the next his faithful followers. And the troops of Dāmodara fled in different directions. Sūryaprabha, for his part, descended from heaven to his father's side. And his father, Chandraprabha, welcomed him on his returning unwounded with his ministers, and the other kings praised him now that his valour had been seen.

And while they were all engaged in joyfully talking over the combat another ambassador, belonging to Subhata, arrived there. And he came and delivered a letter in the presence of Chandraprabha; and Siddhārtha, opening it, read it out in the assembly. It ran as follows: "The august King Chandraprabha, the pearl-jewel of a noble race, is thus respectfully solicited by King Subhata in the Concan. We have learned that our daughter, who was carried off by some beings in the night, has come into the hands of thy son, and we rejoice thereat. Make an effort, thou and thy son Sūryaprabha, to come with her to our house, without raising any objection, in order that we may behold our daughter returned, as it were, from the other world, and perform for her at once the ceremony required for marriage." When this letter was read by Siddhārtha, the King Chandraprabha, consenting, welcomed the messenger and rejoiced. And he quickly sent Prahasta to the western border and had

*The other  
Kings seek  
the Ceremony  
of Marriage  
for their  
Daughters*

Subhata's daughter, Chandrikāvati, conducted into her father's presence. And the next morning they all went, with Sūryaprabha in front, and in company with Janamejaya, in the chariot to the western border. There King Subhata, pleased at recovering his daughter, showed them much honour, and celebrated his daughter's marriage festival. And he bestowed on Chandrikāvati jewels and other gifts in such liberal profusion that Virabhata and the others were ashamed at what they had given. Then, while Sūryaprabha was remaining there in the house of his father-in-law, there came from Lāvānaka also an ambassador belonging to King Paurava. He delivered to Chandraprabha this message from his master : " My daughter Sulochanā has been carried off by the fortunate Prince Sūryaprabha : that does not grieve me ; but why should he not be brought with her to my house, in order that we may perform the marriage ceremony ? " When King Chandraprabha heard that he honoured the messenger in his joy and had Sulochanā escorted by Prahasta into the presence of her father. Then they, Subhata and all, in the company of Sūryaprabha, went to Lāvānaka in the chariot, that came as soon as it was thought of. There Paurava performed the joyful marriage ceremony, and bestowed jewels liberally on Sūryaprabha and Sulochanā, and honoured the kings also. And while they were remaining there in delight, entertained by the king, Suroha, the King of China, also sent an ambassador. That king, like the others, requested, by the mouth of the ambassador, that, as his daughter had been carried off, they would come with her to his palace.

Then King Chandraprabha was delighted, and he had the King of China's daughter, Vidyunmālā, also conducted by Prahasta to her father's house. And on the next day Chandraprabha and all went, including Paurava, together with Sūryaprabha and his retinue, to the land of China. There the king came out to meet them, and led them into his own treasure-chamber, and there performed the marriage ceremony of his daughter. And he gave to Vidyunmālā and Sūryaprabha an immense quantity of gold, elephants, horses, jewels and silk garments. And, being invited by

Suroha, Chandraprabha and the others continued there for some days in various enjoyments. And Sūryaprabha, who was in the prime of youth, was adorned by that Vidyunmālā,<sup>1</sup> as the rainy season, when the clouds abound, is adorned by the lightning garland.

Thus Sūryaprabha and his relatives, accompanied by his various charmers, enjoyed delights here and there in the houses of his fathers-in-law. Then he took counsel with Siddhārtha and his other ministers and dismissed one by one to their own lands Virabhāṭa and the other kings, with numbers of horses, and then took leave of that King Suroha, and, accompanied by his daughter, with his own parents and followers ascended that chariot Bhūtāsana and went triumphant to his own city of Śākala. In that city great rejoicing took place on account of his arrival; in one place there was the occupation of dancing, in another the delight of music; in one place the amusement of drinking, in another the toilet rites of fair-eyed ladies; in another the voice of bards loud in the praise of him who had obtained what he desired. Then he had brought his other wives, who had remained in their fathers' houses, and with the stores of elephants and horses bestowed by their fathers, that were brought with them, and with the innumerable camels bowed down with burdens full of various jewels, he displayed in sport the wealth obtained by the conquest of the world, and aroused the wonder of his subjects.

Then Śākala, inhabited by that fortunate one, appeared glorious, as if the chiefs of the gods, of the followers of Kuvera and of the snakes,<sup>2</sup> had made in it many deposits of much wealth. Then Sūryaprabha dwelt there with Madanasenā, enjoying the pleasures he desired, happy in that all blessings were fully bestowed upon him, in the society of his parents, with his ministers, accompanied by his other wives, expecting every day Maya, who had made a promise to return.

<sup>1</sup> Vidyunmālā means "garland of lightning."

<sup>2</sup> The D. text reads . . . *bhujaga-nagaraiḥ* instead of . . . *bhujāṅga-varaiḥ*; thus we get a better meaning: ". . . appeared, by its great wealth and heavy treasures, as if it were made up of the cities of the gods, of Kubera, and of the Snakes, put together." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 116.—N.M.P.

NOTE ON THE *ĀSVAMEDHA*, OR HORSE-SACRIFICE

The *āsvamedha*, or "horse-sacrifice," is without doubt one of the most ancient and important sacrifices in the whole of Indian ritual. Its origin is uncertain, but evidence seems to point to Scythia as its home. We are naturally reminded of the Greek sacrifices of horses to the sea-god. Similar rites have been recorded of the Russians and Chinese (see Frazer, *Pausanias*, vol. iv, pp. 197-198). There has always been a close connection between horses and the sea-god, and also with the sun. The latter connection is due not merely, I think, to the fact that the horse was the "vehicle" of the sun-god, but because, through its swiftness, strength and activity, it was itself a symbol of the sun.

In *Rig-Veda* days the horse was naturally a much prized animal, and it seems highly probable that horseflesh was eaten only at the *āsvamedha*, and then not as flesh, but as a means of imparting to the eater the strength and endurance of the horse.

The rite found its way into the *Rig-Veda* at a very early date, and two hymns (i, 162, 163) describe the sacrifice. The most complete account, however, occurs in the *Śatapatha-Brāhmaṇa* (iii, 1-5) and the *Taittirīya-Brāhmaṇa* (iii, 8-9), as well as in certain ritualistic treatises, the *Śrautasūtras*.

The *āsvamedha* was the rite by which a king ratified his claim to suzerainty over his neighbours. It was, therefore, only performed by powerful monarchs whose strength, kingdom and wealth warranted such great privileges.

Among such kings may be mentioned Pushyamitra, Samudragupta, Kumāragupta I, Ādityasena, Rājādhirāja Choḷa and Śivaskandavarman. In some cases coins were struck to celebrate the event. A reproduction of one of those issued by Samudragupta will be found on the back cover of each volume of the *Ocean of Story*.

Beginning first as a simple rite of sympathetic magic, the *āsvamedha* increased in intricate detail until it assumed really huge dimensions, both as regards the time it took to perform and the expense it involved. The benefits resulting from the sacrifice were manifold: undisputed power, success in fresh enterprises, extension of empire, the attainment of all personal wishes and general increase of strength.

Unlike other sacrifices, which were confined to the priesthood, the *āsvamedha* became a great State function in which the populace took part, and into which were introduced secular and even obscene customs, all of which, however, are of the greatest interest.

Although it is impossible here to give full details of the sacrifice, the following brief account will afford some idea of the main sequence of events.

The most auspicious season for the commencement of the *āsvamedha* was the spring, about six or seven days before the full moon of the month Phālguna. There were four principal officiating priests—the *hotṛi*, whose duties usually consisted in reciting verses from the *Rig-Veda*; the *adhvaryu*, who did all manual labour connected with the sacrifice; the *brahman*, who recited verses

to Indra, the chief Vedic god of the Aryan warrior, whose chariot was drawn by tawny horses; and the *udgātṛi*, a singer of the *Sāma-Vēda* school.

The *adhvaryu* prepared a kind of rice-porridge (*brahmaudana*) sufficient for four persons, which the four priests ate. He then hung a gold ornament on the king who was making the sacrifice, and he, in his turn, presented the priests with four thousand cows and four gold plates of a hundred grains each (i.e. four hundred gold pieces). All these acts had symbolic meanings which helped to assure the success of the sacrifice and the full attainment of all desires of the sacrificer. In attendance on the king were four of his wives adorned with gold ornaments—the consecrated queen, the favourite, a discarded wife and a *Pālāgati*—i.e. low-caste daughter of a courier.

He now entered the hall of the sacrificial fires by the eastern door, and his wives by the southern door. After the evening performance of the *agnihōtra* (see Vol. II, p. 257) had been completed, the king lay between the legs of his favourite wife, behind the *gārhapatya* hearth, his head facing the north. He did not, however, enjoy her, so that his restraint might lend weight to a successful reign. The other wives sat behind, and silence was preserved throughout the night. The following morning various offerings were made with full symbolical ritual and appropriate verses.

At this point the horse was led up. It had to be of pure breed, and was specially chosen for its speed, auspicious markings and colouring. Now the symbolical act of tethering to the sacrificial post began. A bridle of special length was anointed with the *brahmaudana* butter and put on its head, during which appropriate verses were recited. It was then led to a stagnant pool and ceremoniously sprinkled. A low-caste man took a "four-eyed" dog (i.e. with dark patches over each eye), killed it with a club of *sidhraka* wood, and placing the body on a mat or hoop of rattan let it float under the horse, at the same time pronouncing a formula to ensure the destruction of anyone attempting to hinder the consummation of the sacrifice.

The horse was now led back to the fire, where oblations were offered corresponding to the number of drops falling from the horse in the process of drying. After a long series of ceremonies, including the offering of cakes (*purōdāśas*) to Savitṛi and gifts to the priests, on the third day the horse was released in a north-easterly direction. It could roam at its own sweet will for a whole year, and was accompanied by a hundred old horses. A hundred princes of the blood, a hundred high-born sons, and a hundred low-born sons of the officials, all armed according to their rank and fully instructed in their duties, were told off to guard it from any attempt at theft, from bathing in unclean water, from traps, or any connection with mares. Local battles or even wars might result from an attempt to steal the horse (cf. *Mahābhārata*, XIV, lxxi, 14; and *Mālavikāgnimitra*, Act V, Tawney's translation, p. 91). If it got lost or died another had to be taken and part of the previous ceremonies repeated.

During the year of the horse's wanderings the secular element began to assert itself at home. Daily offerings were made to Savitṛi, and daily recitals were given by the *hotṛi* before the king and the three other chief priests, who were seated on golden thrones. Festivities of various kinds were freely

indulged in by the people—singing, lute-playing, dramatic entertainments, story-telling, etc. The recitations of the *hotri* and the rites preceding the first appearance of the horse were repeated daily for the year. On its return the main ceremony began.

The *dikshā*, or consecration of the king, took place first. The place of sacrifice must lie to the east, with water in the vicinity. Twenty-one posts were erected, to each of which an animal was tied. The complete ceremony lasted three days. On the first day the animals were sacrificed to Agni-Soma and the heavenly Soma was pressed. On the second day, after singing hymns, the horse was yoked to a golden chariot with three other horses, all decked with gold, and driven to a pool, where it bathed. On its return the first three wives, according to their rank, anointed its fore, middle and hind quarters, at the same time weaving a hundred and one golden ornaments into its mane and tail, accompanied by the necessary formulæ. A corn oblation was then offered the horse, which, if not eaten, was thrown into the water.

At this juncture began the famous *brahmodya*, or asking of poetical riddles. Only the *hotri* and the *brahman* took part in this. (It is hard to explain the custom of asking riddles at certain times and in certain ceremonies as found in so many parts of the world. Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. ix, p. 121n<sup>3</sup>, suggests that they might have originally been circumlocutions adopted at times when for certain reasons the speaker was forbidden the use of direct terms.) The horse was now bound with a he-goat to the sacrificial post, and several hundreds of other animals were bound to similar posts.

The horse was then smothered with robes. The corpse was thereupon circumambulated three times from both directions, by the wives, who fanned it. The head queen proceeded to lie down next the horse and was covered with a cloak. In that position she performed a very obscene act with the horse symbolising the transmission to her of its great powers of fertility. Meanwhile the priests and women took part in a series of questions and answers, usually of a very free nature.

On the queen getting up, the horse was cut up, the way of the knife being directed by the three wives with a hundred and one needles each, of gold, silver and copper, according to their respective ranks. Another series of riddle-asking followed, and then came the roasting of the horse and offering it to Prajāpati. The third day was taken up with the purification of the sacrificer, and the giving of large presents, usually captured booty, to the priests.

For further details reference should be made to Eggeling's translation of the *Śatapatha-Brāhmaṇa*, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. xlv, pp. 15 *et seq.*, and 274-408; Barnett, *Antiquities of India*, pp. 169-171; K. Geldner, "Aśvamedha," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, p. 160; and Hillebrandt, *Ritualliteratur, Grundriss der Indo-Arischen Philologie und Altertumskunde*, vol. iii, part ii, pp. 149-152.—N.M.P.



## CHAPTER XLV

### 62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*

**T**HEN, one day, when King Chandraprabha was in the hall of assembly, and Sūryaprabha was there accompanied by all his ministers, they called to mind Maya à propos of a remark made by Siddhārtha, and suddenly the earth cleft open in the middle of the assembly. Then first a loud-sounding, fragrant breeze ascended from the aperture in the earth, and afterwards the Asura Maya rose up from it, looking like a mountain in the night, for his hair gleamed upon his black, lofty head like the potent herbs upon the mountain peaks, and his crimson robe resembled the flowing streams of cinnabar.

And the King of the Dānavas, after having been duly honoured by King Chandraprabha, spake from his seat on a jewelled throne : “ You have enjoyed these delights of earth, and now it is time for you to enjoy others ; set yourselves now to prepare for acquiring them. Send out ambassadors, and collect your subordinate kings, and your friends and connections ; then we will unite with Sumeru, Prince of the Vidyādharas, and we will conquer Śrutaśarman, and win the sovereignty of the sky-goers. And Sumeru is our ally, considering us as friends, for he received at the outset a command from Śiva to support Sūryaprabha and give him his own daughter.”

When the Asura Maya said this, Chandraprabha sent, as ambassadors to all the kings, Prahasta and the other ministers that travelled through the air ; and, by the advice of Maya, Sūryaprabha communicated the magic sciences to all his wives and ministers, on whom they had not been bestowed already.

And while they were thus engaged the hermit Nārada arrived, descending from the sky, illuminating the whole horizon with brightness.



And after he had received the *argha* he sat down and said to Chandraprabha : “ I am sent here by Indra, and he sends this message to your Highness : ‘ I have learned that, by the instigation of Śiva, you purpose, with the assistance of the Asura Maya, being all of you deluded by ignorance, to obtain for this Sūryaprabha, of mortal frame, the great dignity of emperor of all the chiefs of the Vidyādhara. That is improper, for I have conferred it on Śrutaśarman, and, besides, it is the hereditary right of that moon of the sea of the Vidyādhara race. And as for what you are doing in a spirit of opposition to me, and contrary to what is right, it will certainly result in your destruction. Moreover, before, when your Highness was offering a sacrifice to Rudra, I told you first to offer an *aśvamedha* sacrifice, but you did not do it. So the haughty enterprise you are engaged in, without regard to the gods, relying upon Śiva alone, will not turn out to your happiness.”

When Nārada had delivered in these words the message of Indra, Maya laughed and said to him : “ Great hermit, the king of gods has not spoken well. For what he says about the fact of Sūryaprabha being a mortal is beside the point ; for who was not aware of that fact when he met Dāmodara in fight ? For mortals who possess courage can obtain all powers. Did not Nahusha and others of old time obtain the dignity of Indra ? And as for his saying that he bestowed the empire on Śrutaśarman, and that it is his hereditary right, that also is absurd, for where Śiva is the giver, who has any authority ? Besides, did not he himself take away the sovereignty of the gods from Hiraṇyāksha, though it descended to him as the elder ? And as for his other remark about opposition, and our acting contrary to what is right, that is false, for he violently puts himself in opposition to us out of selfish motives ; and wherein, pray, are we acting contrary to what is right ? for we are only striving to conquer our rival ; we are not carrying off a hermit’s wife, we are not killing Brāhmans.<sup>1</sup>

“ And what he says about the necessity of first performing

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to Indra’s slaying the demon Vṛitra, who was regarded as a Brāhman, and to his conduct with Ahalyā.

an *asvamedha* sacrifice, and about contempt of the gods, is untrue, for when sacrifice to Śiva has been performed, what need is there of other sacrifices? And when Śiva, the god of gods, is worshipped, what god is not worshipped? And as for his remark that exclusive attention to Rudra<sup>1</sup> is not becoming, I answer: Of what importance are the hosts of the other gods where Śiva is in arms? When the sun has risen, do the other luminaries give light? So you must tell all this to the king of the gods, O hermit, and we shall continue to carry out what we are engaged in. Let him do what he can."

When the Rishi Nārada had been thus addressed by the Asura Maya, he said, "I will do so," and took back to the king of the gods that answer to his message. When that hermit had departed, the Asura Maya thus spake to King Chandraprabha, who was apprehensive on account of the message of Indra: "You must not be afraid of Indra; even if he is on the side of Śrutaśarman in fight, with the hosts of the gods, out of hostility to us, still we Daityas and Dānavas are countless in number, and, under the leadership of Prahlāda, we are ranged together on your side. And if the destroyer of Tripura<sup>1</sup> favours us and is active on our side, what other miserable creature in the three worlds has any power? So set about this expedition, heroes."

When Maya said this, all those there were pleased, and considered that it was as he said.

Then in accordance with the messages carried by the ambassadors, in course of time all the kings, Vīrabhaṭa and the others, assembled there, and all the other friends and relatives of Chandraprabha. When these kings with their armies had been duly honoured, the Asura Maya again said to Chandraprabha:

"Perform to-night, O King, a great sacrifice in honour of Śiva; afterwards you shall do all as I direct." When he heard this speech of Maya's, King Chandraprabha immediately had preparations made for a sacrifice to Śiva. Then he went to the forest at night and, under the instructions of Maya, himself performed devoutly a sacrifice to Rudra.

<sup>1</sup> I.e. Śiva.

And while the king was engaged in the fire-offering there suddenly appeared there Nandin, the prince of the host of Bhūtas. He was honoured duly by the delighted king, and said: "The god Śiva himself sends this command by me: 'Through my favour thou needst not fear even a hundred Indras; Sūryaprabha shall become emperor of the sky-goers.'" After he had delivered this message, Nandin received a portion of the offering and disappeared with the hosts of Bhūtas. Then Chandraprabha became confident in the future elevation of his son, and after completing the sacrifice, at the end of the fire-offering, re-entered the city with Maya.

And the next morning, when King Chandraprabha was sitting in secret conclave together with the queen, his son, the kings and his ministers, the Asura Maya said to him: "Listen, King; I will to-day tell you a secret long guarded. You are a Dānava, Sunītha by name, my mighty son, and Sūryaprabha is your younger brother, named Sumundika; after you were slain in the war of the gods you were born here as father and son. That Dānava body of yours has been preserved by me, skilfully embalmed with heavenly drugs and ghee. Therefore you must enter a cavern and visit Pātāla, and then return to your own body<sup>1</sup> by a charm which I will teach you. And when you have entered that body you will be so much superior in spirit and strength that you will conquer in fight the wanderers of the air. But Sūryaprabha, who is an incarnation of Sumundika, with this same beautiful body which he now possesses, shall soon become lord of the sky-goers."

When King Chandraprabha heard this from Maya, he was delighted, and agreed to it, but Siddhārtha said this: "O excellent Dānava, what ground of confidence have we if this doubt should arise, 'Why has the king entered another body; has he then died?' And, moreover, will he forget us when he enters another body, like a man gone to the other world? Who is he, and who are we?"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Similar phrases of comparison are found throughout the East, especially in Egypt and Syria. The main uses of such expressions are to show the great

When the Asura Maya heard this speech of Siddhārtha's, he answered: "You yourselves must come and see him with your own eyes entering another body, of his own free will, by the employment of a charm. And hear the reason why he will not forget you. A man who does not die of his own free will, and is born in another womb, does not remember anything, as his memory is destroyed by old age and other afflictions, but whoever of his own free will enters another's body, penetrating by the employment of magic the internal organs and the senses, without his mind and intellect being impaired, and passes, as it were, from one house to another, that prince among *Yogins* has supernatural knowledge and remembers all. So do not feel doubtful; so far from there being any reason for it, this king will obtain a great divine body, free from old age and sickness. Moreover, you are all *Dānavas*, and by merely entering *Rasātala*,<sup>1</sup> and drinking nectar, you will obtain divine bodies free from sickness."

When the ministers heard this speech of Maya's, they all said, "So be it," and consented to his proposal, abandoning their apprehensions out of the confidence they reposed in him. And by his advice Chandraprabha, with all the kings, went on the next day to the confluence of the Chandrabhāgā and the *Airāvati*.<sup>2</sup> There Chandraprabha left the kings outside, and committed to their care the wives of *Sūryaprabha*, and then he entered in company with *Sūryaprabha*, the queen, and the ministers with Siddhārtha at their head,

social difference between two parties, or the distance of some far-off place. Readers will remember that in the *Nights*, at the end of each separate night, Shahrazad, on her sister saying how delightful she found the story, replies: "And what is this compared to what I can tell thee, the night to come, if I live, and the king spare me." In a note Burton compares this to the Indian: "Where is Rajah Bhoj and where is Gangā the oil-man?" Cf. also Supp., vol. ii, p. 7: "Where am I and where is the daughter of the Kazi Amin al-Hukm?" While in vol. vii, p. 344, great distance is expressed by, "but where is this land and where lies China-land?"—N.M.P.

<sup>1</sup> One of the seven underworlds—the others being *Mahātala*, *Atala*, *Sutala*, *Vitala*, *Talātala* and *Pātala*. They are, however, collectively known as *Pātālas*, and lie directly above the six hells, and below *Vasumati*, the earth. For details see H. Jacobi, "Cosmogony and Cosmology (Indian)," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. iv, pp. 155-161.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. *Acesines* and *Hydraotes*.

an opening in the water pointed out by Maya, and after entering he travelled a long distance, and beheld a heavenly temple, and entered it with all of them.

And in the meanwhile the Vidyādhara descended with troops on those kings who were remaining there outside the opening; and paralysing the kings by supernatural arts, they carried off the wives of Sūryaprabha, and immediately a voice was heard from the sky: *Sūryaprabha's Wives are stolen* "Wicked Śrutaśarman, if you touch these wives of the emperor you shall immediately perish with your host. So guard them respectfully, treating them like your mother; there is a reason for my not immediately slaying you and setting them free; so let them remain as they are at present." And when the kings, Vīrabhaṭa and the others, saw them carried off, they prepared to die by fighting with one another. But a voice from heaven forbade their attempt, saying: "No harm will befall these daughters of yours; you shall obtain them again, so you must not act rashly; prosperity befall you!" So the kings remained waiting there.

In the meantime Chandraprabha was in the temple in Pātāla surrounded by all his companions, and there Maya said to him: "King, listen attentively to this wonderful thing: I will show you the supernatural art of entering another body."

He said this, and recited the Sāṅkhya and the Yoga doctrine with its secrets, and taught him the magic art of entering another body; and that chief of Yogins said: "This is the famous supernatural power, and the independence of knowledge, the dominion over matter that is characterised by lightness and the other mystic properties.<sup>1</sup> The chief of the gods, possessing this power, do not long for liberation; in order to obtain this power others endure the hardship of muttering prayers and performing asceticism. Men of lofty soul do not love the pleasures of heaven even when attained. And listen, I will tell you a story in illustration of this.

<sup>1</sup> See note at the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

62A. *The Brāhman Kāla and his Prayers*

In a former Kalpa<sup>1</sup> there was a certain Brāhman, of the name of Kāla. He went to the holy bathing-place Pushkara and muttered prayers day and night. While he was muttering, two myriads of years of the gods passed away. Then there appeared a great light inseparable from his head, which, streaming forth in the firmament like ten thousand suns,<sup>2</sup> impeded the movement of the Siddhas and others there, and set the three worlds on fire.

Then Brahmā, Indra and the other gods came to him and said: "Brāhman, these worlds are on fire with your brightness. Receive whatever boon you desire." He answered them: "Let me have no other pleasure than muttering prayers; this is my boon, I choose nothing else." When they importuned him, that mutterer of prayers went far off and remained on the north side of the Himālayas, muttering prayers.

When this extraordinary brightness of his gradually became intolerable even there, Indra sent heavenly nymphs to tempt him. That self-restrained man did not care a straw about them when they endeavoured to seduce him. Then the gods sent him Death as plenipotentiary. He came to him and said: "Brāhman, mortals do not live so long, so abandon your life; do not break the law of nature." When the Brāhman heard this, he said: "If the limit of my life is attained, why do you not take me? What are you waiting for? But I will not of myself abandon my life, O thou god with the noose in hand; indeed, if I were wilfully to abandon my life, I should be a self-murderer." When he said this, and Death found that he could not take him on account of his power, he turned away from him and returned as he came.

<sup>1</sup> I.e. a day of Brahmā consisting of 1000 Yugas.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the halo or *aureole* round the heads of Christian saints, the circle of rays and nimbus round the head of Greek divinities, and the beam that came out of Charles the Great's mouth and illumined his head (Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, translated by Stallybrass, p. 323). Cf. Livy, i, 39; and *Le Lotus de la Bonne Loi* (Burnouf), p. 4.

Then Indra, repenting, seized that Kāla,<sup>1</sup> who had conquered Time the destroyer, in his arms and took him up to heaven by force. There he remained averse to the sensual enjoyments of the place, and he did not cease from muttering prayers, so the gods made him descend again, and he returned to the Himālayas.

And while all the gods were trying to induce him there to take a boon, the King Ikshvāku came that way. When he heard how affairs stood, he said to that mutterer of prayers: "If you will not receive a boon from the gods, receive one from me." When the mutterer of prayers heard that, he laughed, and said to the king: "Are you able to grant me a boon, when I will not receive one even from the gods?" Thus he spoke, and Ikshvāku answered the Brāhman: "If I am not able to grant you a boon, you can grant me one; so grant me a boon." Then the mutterer said: "Choose whatever you desire and I will grant it." When the king heard this, he reflected in his mind: "The appointed order is that I should give, and that he should receive; this is an inversion of the due order, that I should receive what he gives."

Whilst the king was delaying, as he pondered over this difficulty, two Brāhmans came there disputing; when they saw the king they appealed to him for a decision. The first said: "This Brāhman gave me a cow with a sacrificial fee: why will he not receive it from my hand when I offer to give it back to him?" Then the other said: "I did not receive it first, and I did not ask for it, then why does he wish to make me receive it by force?" When the king heard this, he said: "This complainant is not in the right; why, after receiving the cow, do you try to compel the man who gave it to take it back from you?" When the king said this, Indra, having found his opportunity, said to him: "King, if you hold this view of what is right, then, after you have asked the Brāhman, who mutters prayers, for a boon, why do you not take it from him when it is granted?" Then the king, being at a loss for an answer, said to that muttering Brāhman: "Revered sir, give me the fruit of

<sup>1</sup> Kāla means Time, Fate, Death.



half your muttering as a boon." Then the muttering Brāhman said: "Very well, receive the fruit of half my muttering," and so he gave the king a boon. By means of that boon the king obtained access to all the worlds, and that muttering Brāhman obtained the world of the gods called Sivas.<sup>1</sup> There he remained for many Kalpas, and then returned to earth, and by mystic contemplation obtained independence and gained everlasting supernatural power.

62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*

"Thus this supernatural power is desired by wise men, who are averse to heaven and such low enjoyments; and you have obtained it, O King; so, being independent, enter your own body." When Maya said this to King Chandraprabha, after communicating to him the doctrine of mystic contemplation giving supernatural power,<sup>2</sup> he and his wife and his son and his ministers rejoiced exceedingly.

Then the king, with his son and companions, was led by Maya to a second underworld and made to enter a splendid city. And there they saw a gigantic hero, reclining at full length upon a beautiful couch, as if asleep, anointed with potent herbs and ghee, awful from the ghastly transformation of his features, surrounded by the daughters of the kings of the Daityas, with their lotus-faces full of melancholy. Then Maya said to Chandraprabha: "This is your body, surrounded by your former brides; enter it." The king had recourse to the magic contemplation taught by Maya, and entered the body of that hero, abandoning his own frame.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I divide *sa śivākhyānām* and take *sa* to be the demonstrative pronoun.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* the Yoga system.

<sup>3</sup> This superstition appears to be prevalent in China. See Giles's *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, vol. i, p. 23, and other passages. It was no doubt carried there by the same wave of Buddhism that carried there many similar notions connected with the transmigration of souls, for instance the belief that children are born able to speak, and that this is very inauspicious. (*Cf.* Giles, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 184, with the story of Dharmagupta and Chandraprabhā in the seventeenth chapter of this work.) The existence of this latter belief in Europe is probably to be ascribed to the influence of Buddhism.



Then the hero yawned slowly, opened his eyes and rose up from the bed, as if awaking out of sleep. Then a shout arose from the delighted Asura brides: "Happy are we that our husband, the god Sunītha, is to-day restored to life." But Sūryaprabha and the others were immediately despondent, beholding the body of Chandraprabha lying lifeless. But Chandraprabha-Sunītha, appearing as if arisen from a refreshing sleep, saw Maya, and falling at his feet honoured his father. That father too embraced him, and asked him in the presence of all: "Do you remember both your lives, my son?" He said: "I do remember them," and related what had happened to him in his life as Chandraprabha, and also what had happened to him in his life as Sunītha, and he comforted one by one Sūryaprabha and the others, and also his queens, mentioning each by name, and also the Dānava ladies, his wives in his first life. And he preserved the body which he had as Chandraprabha, carefully laid by, embalmed by means of drugs and ghee, saying: "It may possibly be useful to me." Then Sūryaprabha and the others, tranquil now that they had gained confidence, bowed before him, and joyfully congratulated him.

Then Maya, having conducted all of them in high delight out of that city, led them to another city adorned with gold and jewels. When they entered it they beheld a lake of the appearance of beryl, filled with nectar, and they all sat down on the bank of it. And they drank that nectarous draught there, more excellent than the Water of Life, in curiously ornamented cups formed of jewels, which were brought to them by the wives of Sunītha. And by that draught they all rose up, as from a sleep of intoxication, and became possessed of divine bodies, and of great strength and courage.

Then the Asura Maya said to Chandraprabha-Sunītha: "Come, my son, let us go and see your mother after so long a separation." And Sunītha said: "So be it," and prepared

*Lālāvatī, the* to go, conducted by Maya, and so proceeded to  
*Wife of* the fourth underworld with Sūryaprabha and  
*Maya* the others. There they beheld curious cities made of various metals, and at last they all reached a city built entirely of gold. There, on a pillar composed of jewels,

adorned with every luxury, they beheld that mother of Sunītha, the wife of Maya, by name Līlāvātī, surpassing in beauty the nymphs of heaven, surrounded with Asura maidens, and adorned with all ornaments. The moment she beheld that Sunītha, she rose up in a state of excitement, and Sunītha, after saluting her, fell at her feet. Then she embraced with gushing tears the son whom she once more held in her arms after so long an interval, and again praised her husband Maya, who was the cause of her regaining him.

Then Maya said: "Queen, your other son, Sumundika, has been born again as the son of your son, and here he is, Sūryaprabha by name. He has been appointed by the god Śiva the future emperor of the Vidyādhara, and is destined to rule over them in the body which he now possesses."

When Sūryaprabha heard this, and saw her look at him with an eye of longing affection, he and his ministers fell at her feet. And Līlāvātī gave him her blessing, and said to him: "My darling, you do not require the body of Sumundika; in this you are sufficiently glorious."

When his sons were thus triumphant, Maya called to mind his daughter Mandodarī, and Vibhīṣaṇa, and when called to mind, they came. And Vibhīṣaṇa, welcomed with triumphant rejoicings, said to him: "O Prince of the Dānavas, if you will listen to my advice, I will give it you. You are among the Dānavas singularly virtuous and prosperous, so you ought not to take up a causeless enmity against the gods, for you will gain nothing but death from your hostility to them. For Asuras have been slain in battle by the gods, but not gods by Asuras."

When Maya heard this, he said: "We are not forcing on war, but if Indra violently makes war on us, tell me, how can we remain passive? And as for those Asuras who were slain by the gods, they were reckless; but did the gods slay Bali and others who were not infatuated?" That king of the Rākshasas having, with his wife Mandodarī, been addressed with these and similar speeches by Maya, took leave of him, and went to his own dwelling.

Then Sunītha, with Sūryaprabha and the others, was

conducted to the third underworld to visit King Bali. In that world, which surpassed even heaven, they all beheld Bali, adorned with chain and tiara, surrounded with Daityas *The Third* and Dānavas. Sunītha and his companions *Underworld* fell at his feet in due order, and he honoured them with appropriate welcome. And Bali was delighted with the tidings related by Maya, and he quickly had summoned Prahlāda and the other Dānavas. Sunītha and the others honoured them also by falling at their feet, and they, being full of joy, congratulated them as they bent before them. Then Bali said: "Sunītha became Chandra-prabha on the earth, and is now restored to life for us by regaining his body. And we have also gained Sūryaprabha, who is an incarnation of Sumundika. And he has been appointed by Śiva the future emperor of the Vidyādhara: and by the power of the sacrifice offered by Chandraprabha my bonds have been relaxed. So without doubt we have gained prosperity by recovering these."

When Śukra, the spiritual adviser of the Dānavas, heard this speech of Bali's, he said: "In truth, those who act according to right never fail of prosperity in any matter; so act according to right, and do on this occasion also what I bid you." When the Dānavas, the princes of the seven underworlds, who were assembled there, heard that, they agreed to it and bound themselves so to act. And Bali made a feast there, out of joy at the recovery of Sunītha.

In the meanwhile the hermit Nārada arrived there again, and after taking the *argha* he sat down, and said to those Dānavas: "I have been sent here by Indra, and he in truth *The Arrival* says this to you: 'I am exceedingly delighted *of Nārada* at the fact that Sunītha has come back to life; so you must not take up a causeless enmity against me, and you must not fight against my ally Śrutaśarman.'"

When the hermit had thus delivered Indra's message, Prahlāda said to him: "Of course Indra is pleased that Sunītha has come back to life; how could it be otherwise? But we, at any rate, are not taking up causeless hostility. This very day we all took an engagement that we would not do so, in the presence of our spiritual adviser. But if Indra makes

himself a partisan<sup>1</sup> of Śrutaśarman, and violently opposes us, how are we to be blamed for it? For Sūryaprabha's ally, Śiva, the god of gods, has long ago appointed him, because he propitiated him first. So what have we to do with this matter which has been settled by the lord Śiva? It is clear that this, which Indra says, is without cause and and not right."

When Prahlāda, the King of the Dānavas, said this to Nārada, he blamed Indra by expressing his agreement with it, and disappeared. When he had gone, Uśanas<sup>2</sup> said to the kings of the Dānavas: "Indra is evidently determined to oppose us in this matter. But, as Śiva has decidedly girded up his loins to show us favour, what is his power, or what will his reliance upon Viṣṇu do?"

The Dānavas heard and approved this speech of Śukra's, and, taking leave of Bali and Prahlāda, went to their own homes. Then Prahlāda went to the fourth underworld, his habitation, and King Bali, rising up from the assembly, retired within. And Maya and Sunītha and the others, Sūryaprabha and all, bowed before Bali, and went to their own habitations.

After they had eaten and drunk there sufficiently, Līlavatī, the mother of Sunītha, came to him and said: "My son, you know that these wives of yours are the daughters of mighty ones, Tejasvatī being the daughter of the God of Wealth, Mangalāvati of Tumburu; and as for Kīrtimatī, that wife that you married in your existence as Chandra-prabha, her you know to be the daughter of the Vasu Prabhāva, so you must look upon these three with an equal eye, my son." After saying this, she commended to him his three principal wives. Then, that night, Sunītha entered his sleeping apartment with the eldest Tejasvatī.

But Sūryaprabha, in another chamber, with his ministers, reclined on a couch without any of his wives that night, and the Goddess of Sleep<sup>3</sup> did not come to him, who remained

<sup>1</sup> Here I read *Śrutaśarma-sapakṣatvam*.

<sup>2</sup> Uśanas here means Śukra, the spiritual guide of the Asuras.

<sup>3</sup> The word translated by Tawney as "goddess of sleep" is *nidrā-stṛī*, but *nidrā*, being feminine already, does not need *stṛī* as well. In the D. text it belongs to the next word, and the sense now becomes that the sleep-deity

continually alone, saying to herself: "What is the use of this unloving man, who leaves his wives outside?" And she would not approach Prahasta out of jealousy, as he was so exclusively in love with the cares of his official duties, but the other ministers around Sūryaprabha went to sleep comfortably.

In the meanwhile Sūryaprabha and Prahasta beheld an incomparable maiden entering, accompanied by a female friend. She was so beautiful that Providence seemed, after creating her, to have placed her in the lower regions in order that the nymphs of heaven, also his creation, might not be eclipsed by her.

And while Sūryaprabha was debating who she might be, she approached each of his friends, one by one, and looked at them; and as they did not seem to possess the distinguishing marks of emperors, she left them, and seeing that Sūryaprabha possessed them, she approached him, who was lying in the midst of them; and she said to her friend: "Here he is, my friend; so touch him on the feet, wake him up with those hands of yours cool as water." When her friend heard that, she did so, and Sūryaprabha ceased to feign sleep, and opened his eyes, and beholding those maidens, he said: "Who are you, and why do you come here?"

When the friend of the lady heard that, she said to him: "Listen, King: in the second underworld there is a victorious king named Amīla, a chieftain of the Daityas, the son of Hiranyāksha; this is his daughter Kalāvati, whom he loves more than life. Her father came back to-day from the Court of Bali, and said: 'I am fortunate in that I have to-day beheld Sunītha once more restored to life; and I have also seen the young man Sūryaprabha, an incarnation of Sumundika, who has been brought into the world by Śiva as the future emperor of the Vidyādhara. So I will now offer a congratulatory tribute to Sunītha. I will give my daughter Kalāvati to Sūryaprabha, for she cannot be given to Sunītha because she belongs to the same family; but Sūryaprabha is his son in his birth as a king, not in his birth as an Asura, thus (considering) did not come to him who was in the habit of (enjoying) female company, though he was alone. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 117.—N.M.P.

and any honour paid to his son will be paid to him.' When my friend heard this speech of her father's, her mind being attracted by your virtues, she came here out of curiosity to see you."

When that friend of the lady's said this, Sūryaprabha pretended to be asleep in order to discover the real object of her wish. The maiden slowly approached the sleepless Prahasta, and after telling him all by the mouth of her friend, went out. And Prahasta advanced towards Sūryaprabha and said: "King, are you awake or not?" And he, opening his eyes, said to him: "My friend, I am awake, for how could I sleep to-day being alone? But I will tell you a strange fact; listen, for what can I hide from you? I saw a moment ago a maiden enter here with her friend; her equal is not beheld in these three worlds. And she departed in a moment, taking my heart with her. So look for her at once, for she must be somewhere hereabout."

When Sūryaprabha said this to him, Prahasta went out, and seeing the maiden there with her friend, he said to her: "I, to please you, have again awakened my master here, so you, to please me, must once more grant him an interview. Behold once more his form that gives satisfaction to your eyes,<sup>1</sup> and let him, who was overpowered by you as soon as he beheld you, behold you again. For when he woke up he said to me, speaking of you: 'Bring her from some place or other and show her to me, otherwise I cannot survive.' Then I came to you; so come and behold him yourself."

When she was thus addressed by Prahasta, she hesitated to go in boldly, owing to the modesty natural to a maiden, and reflected; and then Prahasta, seizing her hand, led her into the presence of Sūryaprabha. And Sūryaprabha, when he saw that Kalāvati had come near him, said: "Fair one, was this right of you to come in to-day and steal away my heart, as you did, when I was asleep? So, thief, I will not leave you unpunished to-day."

<sup>1</sup> I read *paśyāsyā rūpam*. This gives a better sense. It is partly supported by a MS. in the Sanskrit College. The same MS. in the next line reads *tvām tu paśyati chaiko'pi*. I read *tvām tu paśyatu chaisho'pi*.—The D. text has now proved this reading correct.—N.M.P.

When her sly friend heard this, she said to him : " Since her father knew of it before, and determined to assign this thief to you for punishment, who can forbid you to punish her ? Why do you not inflict on her to your heart's content the punishment due for thieving ? " When Sūryaprabha heard that, he wanted to embrace her, but Kalāvati, being modest, said : " Do not, my husband, I am a maiden. " Then Prahasta said to her : " Do not hesitate, my queen, for the *gāndharva* marriage is the best of all marriages in the world. " When Prahasta had said this, he went out with all the rest, and Sūryaprabha that very moment made Kalāvati, the maiden of the underworld, his wife.

And when the night came to an end Kalāvati went to her own dwelling, and Sūryaprabha went to Sunītha and Maya. They all assembled and went into the presence of *The Great Feast* Prahlāda, and he, seated in the hall of audience, after honouring them appropriately, said to Maya : " We must do something to please Sunītha on this day of rejoicing, so let us all feast together. " Maya said : " Let us do so ; what harm is there in this ? "

And then Prahlāda invited, by means of messengers, the chiefs of the Asuras, and they came there in order from all the underworlds. First came King Bali, accompanied by innumerable great Asuras. Close behind him came Amīla and the brave Durāroha and Sumāya, and Tantukachchha, and Vikaṭāksha and Prakampana, and Dhūmaketu and Mahāmāya, and the other lords of the Asuras ; each of these came accompanied by a thousand feudal chiefs. The hall of audience was filled with the heroes, who saluted one another, and after they had sat down in order of rank Prahlāda honoured them all. And when the time of eating arrived they all, with Maya and the others, after bathing in the Ganges, went to a great hall to dine. It was a hundred *yojanas* wide, and had a pavement of gold and jewels, and was adorned with jewelled pillars, and full of curiously wrought jewelled vessels. There the Asuras, in the company of Prahlāda, and with Sunītha and Maya, and with Sūryaprabha, accompanied by his ministers, ate heavenly food of various kinds, containing all the six flavours, solid,



liquid and sweetmeats, and then drank the best of wine. And after they had eaten and drunk they all went to another hall, which was made of jewels, and beheld the skilful dance of the Daitya and Dānava maidens.

On that occasion Sūryaprabha beheld the daughter of Prahlāda, named Mahallikā, who came forward to dance, by order of her father. She illuminated the world with her beauty, rained nectar into his eyes, and seemed like the moon-goddess<sup>1</sup> come to the underworld out of curiosity. She had her forehead ornamented with a patch,<sup>2</sup> beautiful anklets on her feet, and a smiling face, and seemed as if all made of dancing by the Creator. With her curling hair, her pointed teeth, and her breasts that filled up the whole of her chest,<sup>3</sup> she seemed, as it were, to be creating a new style of dance. And that fair one, the moment she was beheld by Sūryaprabha, forcibly robbed him of his heart, though it was claimed by others. Then she also beheld him from a distance, sitting among the Asura princes, like a second God of Love made by the Creator, when the first God of Love had been burnt up by Śiva. And when she saw him her mind was so absorbed in him that her skill in the expression of sentiments by gesture forsook her, as if in anger at beholding her want of modesty. And the spectators beheld the emotion of those two, and brought the spectacle to an end, saying : "The princess is tired."

Then Mahallikā was dismissed by her father, looking askance at Sūryaprabha, and after she had bowed before the princes of the Daityas she went home. And the princes of the Daityas went to their respective houses, and Sūryaprabha too went to his dwelling at the close of day.

And when the night came Kalāvati again came to visit him, and he slept secretly within with her, with all his followers sleeping outside. In the meanwhile Mahallikā also came there, eager to see him, accompanied by two confidantes. Then a minister of Sūryaprabha's, named Prajnāḍhya, who

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "the shape of the moon"; put for the moon, because the author is speaking of a woman. See Böhtlingk and Roth *s.v.*

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. II, p. 22n<sup>3</sup>.—N.M.P.

<sup>3</sup> See Vol. I, p. 30n<sup>2</sup>.—N.M.P.



happened at that moment to have his eyes forsaken by sleep, saw her attempting to enter. And he, recognising her, rose up and said: "Princess, remain here a moment until I enter *Kalāvati's* and come out again." She, alarmed, said: "Why *Secret Visit* are we stopped, and why are you outside?" Prajnādhya again said to her: "Why do you enter in this sudden way when a man is sleeping at his ease? Besides, my lord sleeps alone to-night on account of a vow." Then the daughter of Prahāda, being ashamed, said: "So be it; enter"; and Prajnādhya went inside.

Seeing that Kalāvati was asleep, he woke up Sūryaprabha and himself told him that Mahallikā had arrived. And Sūryaprabha, hearing of it, gently rose up and went out, and beholding Mahallikā with two others, he said: "This person has been supremely blessed by your arrival; let this place be blessed also; take a seat."

When Mahallikā heard this, she sat down with her friends, and Sūryaprabha also sat down, with Prajnādhya by his side. And when he sat down he said: "Fair one, although you showed contempt for me by seeming to look on others in the assembly with respect, nevertheless, O rolling-eyed one, my eyes were blessed as soon as they beheld your dancing as well as your beauty."

When Sūryaprabha said this, the daughter of Prahāda answered him: "This is not my fault, noble sir<sup>1</sup>; he is in fault who made me ashamed in the hall of assembly by putting me beside my part in the pantomime."

When Sūryaprabha heard this, he laughed and said: "I am conquered." And then that prince seized her hand with his, and it perspired and trembled, as if afraid of the rough seizure. And she said: "Let me go, noble sir. I am a maiden under my father's control."

Then Prajnādhya said to that daughter of the chief of the Asuras: "Is not there such a thing as the *gāndharva* marriage of maidens? And your father, who has seen your heart, will not give you to another; moreover, he will certainly do some honour to this prince here; so away with timidity! Let not such a meeting be thrown away!"

<sup>1</sup> I.e. *āryaputra*, used by a wife in addressing a husband.

While Prajnādhya was saying this to Mahallikā, Kalāvati woke up within. And not seeing Sūryaprabha on the bed, after waiting a long time, she was terrified and apprehensive, and went out. And seeing her lover in the company of Mahallikā, she was angry and ashamed and terrified. Mahallikā too, when she saw her, was terrified and angry and ashamed, and Sūryaprabha stood motionless like a painted picture. Kalāvati came to his side, thinking: "Now that I have been seen, how can I escape? Shall I display shame or jealousy?" And she said with a spiteful intonation to Mahallikā: "How are you, my friend; how comes it that you have come here at night?" Then Mahallikā said: "This is my house; as you have arrived here from another mansion of the underworld, you are to-day my guest here."

When Kalāvati heard that, she laughed and said: "Yes, it is clearly the case that you entertain with appropriate hospitality every guest as soon as he arrives here." When Kalāvati said this, Mahallikā answered: "When I spoke to you kindly, why do you answer in such an unkind and spiteful way, shameless girl? Am I like you? Did I, without being bestowed in marriage by my parents, come from a distance, and in a strange place sleep in the bed of a strange man alone at night? I came to see my father's guest, as he was going away, in accordance with the duty of hospitality, a moment ago, accompanied by two female friends. When this minister entered, after first reproaching me, I guessed the real state of the case; you have now of yourself revealed it."

When thus addressed by Mahallikā, Kalāvati departed, looking askance at her beloved with an eye red with anger. Then Mahallikā too said to Sūryaprabha in wrath: "Now I will depart, man of many favourites," and went away. And Sūryaprabha remained in heartless despondency, as was reasonable, for his heart, devoted to his loved ones, went with them.

Then he woke up his minister Prabhāsa and sent him to discover what Kalāvati had done after she had separated from him in anger; and in the meanwhile he sent Prahasta to find out about Mahallikā, and he remained with Prajnādhya

awaiting their report. Then Prabhāsa returned from investigating the proceedings of Kalāvati, and, being questioned, he said as follows : “ From this place I went to the

*Prabhāsa  
follows  
Kalāvati by  
the help of  
his Science*

private apartment of Kalāvati in the second underworld, concealing myself by my science. And outside it I heard the conversation of two maids. The one said : ‘ My friend, why is Kalāvati distressed to-day ? ’ Then the second said :

‘ My friend, hear the reason. There is at present in the fourth underworld an incarnation of Sumundika, named Sūryaprabha, who in beauty surpasses the God of Love ; she went secretly and gave herself to him. And when she had repaired to him to-day of her own accord at nightfall, Mahallikā, the daughter of Prahlada, chose to come there too. Our mistress had a jealous quarrel with her, and was in consequence preparing to slay herself, when she was seen by her sister, Sukhāvati, and saved. And then she went inside, and, flinging herself down on a bed, she remained with that sister, who was despondent when she learnt by inquiry what had taken place.’ When I had heard this conversation of the two maids, I entered the apartment, and beheld Kalāvati and Sukhāvati, who resembled one another exactly.”

While Prabhāsa was saying this to Sūryaprabha in private, Prahasta also came there, and, being questioned, he said as follows : “ When I arrived from this place at the private apartment of Mahallikā, she entered despondent with her two intimate friends. And I entered also, invisible, by the employment of magic science, and I saw there twelve friends like her ; and they sat round Mahallikā, who reclined on a sofa ornamented with splendid jewels ; and then one said to her : ‘ My friend, why do you seem to be suddenly cast down to-day ? What is the meaning of this despondency when your marriage is about to come off ? ’ When the daughter of Prahlada heard that, she answered her friend pensively : ‘ What marriage for me ? To whom am I betrothed ? Who told you ? ’ When she said that, they all exclaimed : ‘ Surely your marriage will take place to-morrow, and you are betrothed, my friend, to Sūryaprabha. And your mother, the queen, told us to-day when you were not

present, and ordered us to decorate you for the marriage ceremony. So you are fortunate, in that you will have Sūryaprabha for a husband, through admiration for whose beauty the ladies of this place cannot sleep at night. But this is a source of despondency to us—what a gulf there will now be between you and us! When you have obtained him for a husband, you will forget us.' When Mahallikā heard this from their mouth, she said: 'Has he been seen by you, and is your heart attached to him?' When they heard that, they said to her: 'We saw him from the top of the palace, and what woman is there that a sight of him would not captivate?' Then she said: 'Then I will persuade my father to cause all of you to be given to him.<sup>1</sup> So we shall live together and not be separated.' When she said this, the maidens were shocked, and said to her: 'Kind friend, do not do so. It would not be proper, and would make us ashamed.' When they said this, the daughter of the King of the Asuras answered them: 'Why is it not proper? I am not to be his only wife; all the Daityas and Dānavas will give him their daughters, and there are other princesses on the earth whom he has married, and he will also marry many Vidyādhara maidens. What harm can it do to me that you should be married among these? So far from it, we shall live happily in mutual friendship; but what intercourse can I hold with those others who will be my enemies? And why should you have any shame about the matter? I will arrange it all.' While these ladies were thus conversing, with hearts devoted to you, I came out at my leisure and repaired to your presence."

When Sūryaprabha had heard this from the mouth of Prahasta, he passed that night in happiness, though he remained sleepless in his bed.

In the morning he went to the Court of Prahlāda, the King of the Asuras, with Sunītha and Maya and his ministers, to visit him. Then Prahlāda said to Sunītha, after showing him respect: "I will give to this Sūryaprabha my daughter Mahallikā, for I must show him some hospitable entertainment which will be agreeable to you."

<sup>1</sup> A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *asau* where Brockhaus reads *amūr*,

Sunītha received with joy this speech of Prahāda's. Then Prahāda made Sūryaprabha ascend an altar-platform, in the middle of which a fire was burning, and which was adorned with lofty jewelled pillars illuminated by the brightness of the flame, and there gave him his daughter, with splendour worthy of the imperial throne of the Asuras. And he gave to his daughter and her bridegroom heaps of valuable jewels, obtained by his triumph over the gods, resembling the summit of Mount Meru.

And then Mahallikā boldly said to Prahāda: "Father, give me also those twelve companions whom I love." But he answered her: "Daughter, they belong to my brother, for they were taken captive by him, and I have no right to give them away."

And Sūryaprabha, after the marriage feast was ended, entered at night the bridal chamber with Mahallikā.

And the next morning, when Prahāda had gone to the hall of assembly with his followers, Amīla, the King of the Dānavas, said to Prahāda and the others: "To-day you must all come to my house, for I intend to entertain there this Sūryaprabha, and I will give him my daughter Kalāvati, if you approve." This speech of his they all approved, saying: "So be it." Then they all went in a moment to the second underworld, where he dwelt, with Sūryaprabha, Maya and others. There Amīla gave, by the usual ceremony, to Sūryaprabha his daughter, who had previously given herself. Sūryaprabha went through the marriage ceremony in the house of Prahāda, and, surrounded by the Asuras, who had feasted, spent the day in tasting the enjoyments which they provided for him.

On the next day Durāroha, Prince of the Asuras, invited and conducted them all to his own underworld, the fifth. There, by way of hospitality, he gave to Sūryaprabha his own daughter Kumadāvatī, as the others had done, in the prescribed manner. There Sūryaprabha spent the day in enjoyment with all these united. And at night he entered the apartment of Kumudāvatī. There he spent that night

in the society of that lovely and loving woman, the beauty of the three worlds.

And the next day Tantukachchha invited and conducted him, surrounded with his companions, headed by Prahlāda, to his palace in the seventh underworld. There that king of the Asuras gave him his daughter Manovatī, adorned with splendid jewels, bright as molten gold. There Sūryaprabha spent a highly agreeable day, and passed the night in the society of Manovatī.

And the next day Sumāya, a prince of the Asuras, after presenting an invitation, conducted him with all his friends to his underworld, the sixth; there he too gave him his daughter, by name Subhadrā, with body black as a stalk of *durvā* grass, like a female incarnation of the God of Love; and Sūryaprabha spent that day with that black maiden, whose face was like a full moon.

And the next day King Bali, followed by the Asuras, in the same way led that Sūryaprabha to his own underworld, the third. There he gave him his own daughter, named Sundarī, with complexion lovely as a young shoot, and resembling a cluster of *mādhavī* flowers. Sūryaprabha then spent that day with that pearl of women in heavenly enjoyment and splendour.

The next day Maya also in the same way reconducted the prince, who was in the fourth underworld, to his own palace, which possessed curiously adorned jewelled terraces, was constructed by his own magic power and, on account of its refulgent splendour, seemed to be new every moment. There he gave him his own daughter, named Sumāyā, whose beauty was the wonder of the world, who seemed to be his own power incarnate, and he did not think that she ought to be withheld from him on account of his being a mere mortal. The fortunate Sūryaprabha remained there with her. Then the prince divided his body by his magic science,<sup>1</sup> and lived

<sup>1</sup> The magical powers obtained by Yogis include also the ability to become invisible, to change one's size, to reach distant objects with ease, to be transported anywhere at will, etc. See R. Garbe, "Yoga," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. xii, pp. 831-833. Further details will be found in the note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

at the same time with all those Asura ladies, but with his real body he lived principally with his best beloved, Mahallikā, the daughter of the Asura Prahāda.

And one night, when he was happy in her presence, he asked the noble Mahallikā in the course of conversation: "My dear, those two female friends, who came with you, where are they? I never see them. Who are they, and where have they gone?" Then Mahallikā said: "You have done well to remind me. My female friends are not only two, but twelve in number, and my father's brother carried them off from Indra's heaven. The first is named Amṛitaprabhā, the second Keśinī; these are the auspiciously marked daughters of the hermit Parvata. And the third is Kāṇḍī, the fourth Bhadrakā, and the fifth is the noble Kamalā with beautiful eyes. These three are the daughters of the great hermit Devala. The sixth is named Saudāminī, and the seventh Ujjvalā; these are both of them daughters of the Gandharva Hāhā. The eighth is by name Pīvarā, the daughter of the Gandharva Huhu. And the ninth is by name Anjanikā, the daughter of the mighty Kāla. And the tenth is Keśarāvalī, sprung from the Gaṇa Pingala. And the eleventh is Mālinī by name, the daughter of Kam-bala, and the twelfth is Mandāramālā, the daughter of a Vasu. They are all heavenly nymphs, born from Apsarases, and when I was married they were taken to the first underworld, and I must bestow them on you, in order that I may be always with them. And this I promised them, for I love them. I spoke too to my father, but he refused to give them, out of regard for his brother."

When Sūryaprabha heard this, he said to her with a downcast expression: "My beloved, you are very magnanimous, but how can I do this?" When Sūryaprabha said this to her, Mahallikā said in anger: "In my presence you marry others, but my friends you do not desire, separated from whom I shall not be happy even for one moment." When she said this to him, Sūryaprabha was pleased, and consented to do it. Then that daughter of Prahāda immediately took him to the first underworld and gave him those twelve maidens. Then Sūryaprabha married those



heavenly nymphs in order, commencing with Amṛitaprabhā. And, after asking Mahallikā's leave, he had them taken by Prabhāsa to the fourth underworld and concealed there. And Sūryaprabha himself went there secretly with Mahallikā, but he went to the hall of Prahlāda, as before, to take his meals.

There the King of the Asuras said to Sunītha and Maya : "Go all of you to visit the two goddesses, Diti and Danu." They said : "So be it." And immediately Maya, Sunītha

*The Goddesses*  
*Diti and*  
*Danu* and Sūryaprabha left the lower world, accompanied by the Asuras in order of precedence, and ascended the chariot Bhūtāsana, which came to them on being thought of, and repaired to the hermitage of Kaśyapa, situated on a ridge of Mount Sumeru. There they were announced by hermits who showed them all courtesy, and after entering they beheld in due order Diti and Danu together, and bowed their heads at their feet. And those two mothers of the Asuras cast a favourable look upon them and their followers, and after shedding tears and kissing them joyfully upon their heads,<sup>1</sup> and bestowing their blessing upon them, said to Maya : "Our eyes are to-day blessed, having seen this thy son Sunītha restored to life, and we consider thee one whose merits have procured him good fortune. And beholding with heartfelt satisfaction this prosperous Sumundika, born again in the character of Sūryaprabha, possessed of heavenly beauty and of extraordinary virtue, destined to be successful and glorious, abounding in unmistakable marks of future greatness, we openly adore him here with our bodies. Therefore rise up quickly, darlings, and visit Prajāpati here, our husband ; from beholding him you shall obtain success in your objects, and his advice will be helpful to you in your affairs."

When Maya and the others received this order from the goddesses, they went as they were commanded, and beheld the hermit Kaśyapa in a heavenly hermitage. He was like pure molten gold in appearance, full of brightness, the refuge

<sup>1</sup> The Petersburg lexicographers remark that *sampadād* is "*wohl fehlerhaft*." A MS. in the Sanskrit College has *sādarād*. But this seems improbable with *sādare* in the line above. Babu S. C. Mukhopādhyāya suggests *sammadād*, which I have adopted.—This is confirmed by the D. text.—N.M.P.



of the gods, wearing matted locks yellow as flame, irresistible as fire. And, approaching, they fell at his feet with their followers, in order ; then the hermit gave them the customary blessing, and after making them sit down, out of delight at their arrival, said to them : “ I am exceedingly glad that I have beheld all you my sons ; thou art to be praised, Maya, who, without diverging from the good path, art a treasure-house of all sciences ; and thou art fortunate, Sunītha, who hast recovered thy life though lost ; and thou, O Sūryaprabha, art fortunate, who art destined to be the king of the sky-goers. So you must all continue now in the path of righteousness, and hearken to my word, by means of which you will obtain the highest fortune, and taste perpetual joys, and by which you will not again be conquered by your enemies ; for it was those Asuras, that transgressed law, that became a prey for the discus of the vanquisher of Mura. And those Asuras, Sunītha, that were slain by the gods are incarnate again as human heroes. He who was thy younger brother, Sumundika, has been born again now as Sūryaprabha. And the other Asuras, who were your companions, have been born as his friends ; for instance, the great Asura named Śambara has been born as his minister Prahasta. And the Asura named Triśiras has been born as his minister named Siddhārtha. And the Dānava named Vātāpi is now his minister Prajnādhya. And the Dānava named Ulūka is now his companion named Subhankara, and his present friend Vītabhīti was in a former birth a foe of the gods, named Kāla. And this Bhāsa, his minister, is an incarnation of a Daitya by name Vishaparvan, and his minister Prabhāsa is an incarnation of a Daitya named Prabala. He was a great-hearted Daitya, with a frame composed of jewels, who, when asked by the gods, though they were his enemies, hewed his body to pieces, and so passed into another state of existence, and from that body of his all the jewels in the world have originated. The goddess Durgā was so pleased at that that she granted him a boon, accompanied by another body, by virtue of which he has now been born as Prabhāsa, mighty, and hard to be overcome by his enemies. And those Dānavas, who formerly existed under the names

of Sunda and Upasunda,<sup>1</sup> have been born as his ministers Sarvadamana and Bhayankara. And the two Asuras, who used to be called Vikaṭāksha and Hayagrīva, have been born as his two ministers here, Sthirabuddhi and Mahā-buddhi. And the others connected with him, these fathers-in-law, ministers and friends of his, are also incarnations of Asuras, who have often vanquished Indra and his crew. So your party has again gradually acquired strength. Be of good courage; if you do not depart from the right you shall obtain the highest prosperity."

While the Rishi Kaśyapa was saying this, all his wives, the daughters of Daksha, headed by Aditi, arrived at the time of the midday sacrifice. When they had given their *The Arrival of Indra* blessing to Maya and the others, who bowed before them, and had performed their husband's orders for the day, Indra also came there with the Lokapālas<sup>2</sup> to visit the sage. And Indra, after saluting the feet of Kaśyapa and his wives, and after having been saluted by Maya and the others, looking angrily at Sūrya-prabha, said to Maya: "This is the boy, I suppose, that is desirous of becoming emperor of the Vidyādhara; how is he satisfied with so very little, and why does he not desire the throne of heaven?"

When Maya heard this, he said: "The throne of heaven was decreed to you by Śiva, and to him was appointed the sovereignty of the sky-goers."<sup>3</sup> When Indra heard this, he said, with an angry laugh: "This would be but a small matter for this comely shape of a youth who is furnished with such auspicious marks." Then Maya answered him: "If Śrutaśarman deserves the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara, then surely this shape of his deserves the throne of heaven."

When Maya said this, Indra was angry, and rose and uplifted his thunderbolt, and then the hermit Kaśyapa made a threatening noise of anger. And Diti and the other wives became enraged, and their faces were red with anger, and they loudly cried: "Shame!" Then Indra, afraid of being

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. II, pp. 13-14n.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> The eight Lokapālas, or guardians of the world.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. the Vidyādhara.

cursed, withdrew his weapon and sat down with bowed head. Then Indra fell at the feet of that hermit Kaśyapa, the sire of gods and Asuras, who was surrounded by his wives, and after striving to appease him, made the following representation, with hands folded in supplication: "O reverend one, this Sūryaprabha is attempting to take away from Śrutaśarman the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara, which I bestowed on him. And Maya is exerting himself in every way to procure it for Sūryaprabha."

When Prajāpati heard that, he said, seated with Diti and Danu: "Thou lovest Śrutaśarman, O Indra, but Śiva loves Sūryaprabha, and his love cannot be fruitless, and he long ago ordered Maya to do what he has done. So what is all this outcry that thou art making against Maya; what offence has he committed herein? For he is one who abides in the path of right, wise, discreet, submissive to his spiritual superior. The fire of my wrath would have reduced thee to ashes, if thou hadst committed that sin, and thou hast no power against him. Dost thou not recognise his might?"

When that hermit with his wives said that, Indra was abashed with shame and fear, and Aditi said: "What is that Śrutaśarman like? Let him be brought here and shown to us."

When Indra heard this, he sent Mātali<sup>1</sup> and had brought there immediately that Śrutaśarman, the prince of the sky-goers. The wives of Kaśyapa, when they had seen that Śrutaśarman, who prostrated himself, looked at Sūryaprabha, and said to the hermit Kaśyapa: "Which of these two is the richer in beauty and in auspicious marks?" Then that chief of hermits said: "Śrutaśarman is not even equal to his minister Prabhāsa; much less is he equal to that incomparable one. For this Sūryaprabha is furnished with various heavenly marks of such excellence that, if he were to make the attempt, he would even find the throne of Indra easy to obtain." When they heard that speech of Kaśyapa's, all there approved it, and said: "So it is."

Then the hermit gave Maya a boon in the hearing of great Indra: "Because, my son, thou didst remain undaunted,

<sup>1</sup> His charioteer.

even when Indra lifted up his weapon to strike, therefore thou shalt remain unharmed by the plagues of sickness and old age, which are strong as the thunderbolt. Moreover, these two magnanimous sons of thine, who resemble thee, shall always be invincible by all their enemies. And this son of mine, Suvāsakumāra, resembling in splendour the autumn moon, shall come when thou thinkest of him, and assist thee in the night of calamity."

When the hermit had thus spoken, his wives and the Rishis and the Lokapālas in the same way gave boons to them, to Maya and the rest, in the assembly. Then Aditi said to Indra: "Desist, Indra, from thy improper conduct; conciliate Maya, for thou hast seen to-day the fruit of discreet conduct, in that he has obtained boons from me."

When Indra heard that, he seized Maya by the hand and propitiated him, and Śrutaśarman, eclipsed by Sūryaprabha, was like the moon in the day. Then the king of the gods immediately prostrated himself before Kaśyapa, his spiritual guide, and returned as he came, accompanied by all the Lokapālas; and Maya and the others, by the order of that excellent hermit, departed from his hermitage to meet success in their proposed undertaking.

## NOTE ON THE POWER OF ENTERING ANOTHER'S BODY

On page 22 we were told that magic art was founded on Sāṃkhya and Yoga, and could be described as the "supernatural power, and the independence of knowledge, the dominion over matter that is characterised by lightness and other mystic properties."

Thus in a sentence we see the connecting link between philosophy and fiction, and we realise to what an extent magic has been enhanced by having such a philosophy for its foundation. If we briefly look into the teachings of this philosophy we shall see how easy and natural it was for the Hindu story-tellers to reach heights of imagination undreamt of by those of other nations, for they already had living examples of the strange powers acquired by Yoga practices. What some of these practices were we have already seen in Vol. I, p. 79n<sup>1</sup>. These, however, are largely examples of asceticism which can be witnessed any day in India, and many of them are, of course, merely pretexts for obtaining money.

But if we look at the original teachings of the Yogasūtras of Patañjali, and still more the later Yoga teachings, we shall see how supernatural powers, such as those described in this and the preceding chapter of the *Ocean of Story*, are not in themselves a means of obtaining perfection, but form merely one stage in a progressive course to the final goal of salvation and emancipation.

In the present work, however, the greatest stress must be laid upon the magical technique of the Yoga philosophy, because to be king of the Vidyā-dharas, or magic-science holders, was the aim and destiny of our hero, Naravāhanadatta. Moreover, we are continually reading of men practising asceticism in order to obtain some magic power, which, when obtained, may be used either for good or bad purposes. Sometimes a certain magic power is awarded by a deity pleased at the asceticism performed in his or her name; such a power, as we have already seen (Vol. II, p. 212, 212n<sup>1</sup>) is termed a *vidyā*—i.e. "science" or "art"—hence, of course, the name of the immortal beings who hold these "arts" by divine right—the Vidyā-dharas. The particular *vidyā* with which we are concerned here is that of entering another's body. It is known by various names, such as *paraśarīra-āveśa*, *parapurapraveśa*, *parakāyapraveśa*; the usual terms in the *Kathā* are *dehāntara-āveśa* or *anyadehapraveśako yogaḥ*.

There are two distinct ways of entering the body of another, which we might distinguish as active and passive.

The active method is by far the commoner in folk-lore: a body is found abandoned, and another (often an enemy) enters into it, leaving the original occupant bodiless. There is, of course, the odd chance of the bodiless man finding the abandoned body of the other man and perforce entering it, and thus the two continue to dwell in each other's bodies.

Readers will remember the incident of King Nanda in the Story of Vararuchi, the first of our collection. Here (Vol. I, p. 37 *et seq.*) Indradatta

enters the body of the dead king and rules the kingdom before it is known that the real Nanda is dead. The minister Śakatāla, however, suspects the truth and manages to destroy Indradatta's vacated body, thus compelling him to remain in the dead Nanda's body permanently. Cf. Tawney's translation of *Prabandhacintāmaṇi*, p. 170. (In his article on this *motif* in *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lvi, 1917, p. 9, Bloomfield has, by mistake, referred to p. 271.)

In other cases, a dead body hanging from a stake, or lying on a pyre in a burning-ground, is animated by some mischievous Vetāla or Piśācha, who uses this as a means to achieve some nefarious object of his own, or merely to frighten the unwary soul who has wandered into the burning-ground. Such incidents usually lead to most gruesome and thrilling adventures, and (as we shall see in a later volume) sometimes form the frame-story of an important collection like the *Vetāla-Panchaviṃśatikā*.

The passive method is what we might call the philosophical aspect, in which a man merely transfers his "mind-stuff" into that of another by concentration—a kind of hypnotism. It is obvious what a much better folklore *motif* the former makes, although the latter has also good possibilities. (See e.g. *Mahābhārata*, XIII, xl *et seq.*, and to a lesser extent, XII, ccxc, and XV, xxvi.)

In his interesting article "On the Art of Entering Another's Body," already referred to, Prof. Bloomfield gives numerous references to, and extracts from, works in Sanskrit literature in which the *motif* under discussion occurs.

A good example is found in the *Kathākośa* (Tawney, p. 39 *et seq.*). Here Prince Amarachandra, wishing to test the extent of his wife's love, abandons his body (having recently been taught the art in return for a meritorious act), thus appearing dead. The faithful queen immediately prepares to ascend the funeral pyre, when the Prince reanimates his own body.

The most important of all such stories are those which concern either King Mukunda or Vikrama. The chief parts are played by a devoted queen, a hunchback and a parrot. The outline of this cycle of stories is very briefly as follows:—By a clever trick a hunchback manages to enter the abandoned body of the king, who has entered that of a dead Brāhman. The queen suspects the truth owing to the false king's bad behaviour when in her presence, and finally obtains conclusive evidence on the point. After conferring with the chief minister she arranges a trap by means of a parrot which has just died. Lamentations fill the palace, and the queen calls aloud for some magician to make her pet live again, even if only for a short time. The false king, through conceit at his powers, at once abandons the king's body and enters that of the parrot. This is the moment the queen has been waiting for. She calls her husband, who is still in the dead Brāhman's body. He immediately abandons it and re-enters his own, leaving the hunchback, we may suppose, the choice of his own body, the parrot or the dead Brāhman.

This story also occurs (though not so fully) in Bloomfield's *Life and Stories of Pārçvanātha*, pp. 74-83.

For variants see Frere, *Old Deccan Days*, p. 102 *et seq.*; J. H. Knowles, *Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs*, p. 98; Anaryan (*i.e.* F. F. Arbuthnot), *Early Ideas*, p. 131 *et seq.*; Butterworth, *Zig-Zag Journeys in India*, p. 167; E. J. W. Gibb, *History of the Forty Vezirs*, p. 313; Stein and Grierson, *Hatim's Tales*, p. xxxi; and E. Cosquin, *Études Folkloriques*, 1922, p. 520 *et seq.* See also Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 288, for several variants to the tale as it appears in *Les Mille et un Jours* (vol. ii, p. 81, of the 1783 Lille edition).—N.M.P.

## CHAPTER XLVI

### 62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*

**T**HEN Maya and Sunītha and Sūryaprabha, all of them, left that hermitage of Kaśyapa and reached the junction of the Chandrabhāgā and Airāvati, where the kings, the friends and connections of Sūryaprabha, were awaiting him. And the kings who were there, when they saw Sūryaprabha arrived, rose up weeping in despair, eager to die. Sūryaprabha, thinking that their grief arose from not seeing Chandraprabha, told them the whole occurrence as it happened. Then, as they still remained despondent, he questioned them, and they reluctantly related how his wives had been carried off by Śrutaśarman. And they also told him how they were preparing to commit suicide through grief at that outrage, when they were forbidden by a heavenly voice. Then Sūryaprabha in wrath made this vow: "Even if Brahmā and all the other gods protect Śrutaśarman, I will certainly overthrow him, a villain who carries off the wives of others, addicted to treacherous insolence." And having made this vow, he appointed a moment fixed by the astrologers on the seventh day for marching to his overthrow.

Then Maya, perceiving that he was determined, and had made up his mind to conquer his enemy, again confirmed him with his speech, and said to him: "If you really have made up your mind, then I will tell you this: it was I that on that occasion carried off your wives by magic, and I placed them in the underworld, thinking that thus you would set about your victorious expedition in an impetuous manner, for a fire does not of itself burn so fiercely as it does when fanned by a breeze. So come, let us go to the underworld; I will show you those wives of yours."

When they heard that speech of Maya's, they all rejoiced,



and they entered again by the same opening as before, and went to the fourth underworld, Maya leading the way. There Maya brought those wives of Sūryaprabha's out of a dwelling-house and delivered them over to him. Then Sūryaprabha, after receiving those wives, and the others, the daughters of the Asuras, went by the advice of Maya to visit Prahāda. He, having heard from Maya that Sūryaprabha had obtained boons, and being desirous of proving him, took up his weapon and said with feigned anger as he bowed before him: "I have heard, wicked one, that you have carried off the twelve maidens captured by my brother, so I will slay you now; behold me."

When Sūryaprabha heard that, he said to him, without changing countenance: "My body is at your disposal; punish me, for I have acted improperly." When he said this, Prahāda laughed, and said to him: "As far as I have tested you, you have not a drop of pride in you. Choose a boon. I am pleased with you."

When Sūryaprabha heard this, he consented, and chose as his boon devotion to his superiors and to Śiva. Then, all being satisfied, Prahāda gave to Sūryaprabha a second daughter of his, named Yāminī, and that prince of the Asuras gave him two of his sons as allies. Then Sūryaprabha went with all the rest into the presence of Amīla. He too was pleased on hearing that he had obtained boons, and gave him Sukhāvati, his second daughter, and two of his sons to help him.

Then Sūryaprabha remained there during those days, accompanied by his wives, inducing other kings of the Asuras to make common cause with him. And he heard, in the company of Maya and the others, that the three wives of Sunītha and his own wives, the daughters of the kings, had all become pregnant, and when asked what they longed for, they all said, to see that great battle; and the Asura Maya rejoiced at it, perceiving that the Asuras who were slain in old time had been conceived again in them. "This," said he, "is the cause of their desire."

So six days passed, but on the seventh Sūryaprabha and the others, with their wives and all, set out from the under-

world. Delusive portents, which their rivals displayed to impede them, were dissipated by Suvāsakumāra, who came when thought of. Then they anointed Ratnaprabha, the *The Gathering of the Forces* son of Chandraprabha, king of the earth, and ascended the chariot Bhūtāsana,<sup>1</sup> and went all of them, by the advice of Maya, to a wood of ascetics on the bank of the eastern Ganges, the dwelling of Sumeru, the King of the Vidyādhara. There Sumeru received them with all honour, as they had come on a friendly visit, having been told the whole story by Maya, and remembering the previous command of Siva. And while Chandraprabha and the others were in that place, they summoned each of them all their own forces, and also their relations and friends. First came those princes, the sons of the fathers-in-law of Sūryaprabha, who had acquired from Maya the required sciences, eager for the fray. They were sixteen in number, headed by Haribhaṭa, and each was followed by a force consisting of a myriad of chariots and two myriads of footmen. After them came the Daityas and Dānavas, true to their agreement, brothers-in-law, fathers-in-law, friends and other connections of Sūryaprabha.

Hṛishtaroman, and Mahāmāya, and Sinhadaṃśhṭra and Prakampana, and Tantukachchha and Durāroha, and Sumāya, and Vajrapanjara, and Dhūmaketu, and Pramatana, and the Dānava Vikāṭāksha, and many others came from as low down as the seventh underworld. One came with seven myriads of chariots, another with eight, another with six, and another with three, and the least powerful of all arrived with one myriad. One brought three hundred thousand footmen, another two hundred thousand, another one hundred thousand, and the pettiest potentate of all fifty thousand. And each brought a corresponding number of horses and elephants. And another innumerable host came, belonging to Maya and Sunītha. And Sūryaprabha's own countless army also arrived, and those of Vasudatta and the other kings, and that of Sumeru.

Then the Asura Maya addressed this question to the

<sup>1</sup> I read *samārūḍha-Bhūtāsana-vimānakāḥ*.—This is confirmed by the D. text.—N.M.P.

hermit Suvāsakumāra, who came to him when thought of, in the presence of Sūryaprabha and the others : “ Reverend sir, we cannot review this army here because it is scattered ; so tell me where we could get a view of the whole army at once extended in long array.” The hermit answered : “ Not more than a *yojana* from here there is a place called Kalāpagrāma ; go there and behold it drawn up in line.”

When the hermit said that, all the princes went with him and Sumeru to Kalāpagrāma. There they made the armies of the Asuras and the kings take up their positions, and *The Army* going to an elevated spot they reviewed them *is reviewed* separately. Then Sumeru said : “ Śrutaśarman has a larger force, for he has under him a hundred and one chiefs of the Vidyādhara. And every single one of these is lord of two and thirty kings. Never mind ! I will draw some away and make them join you. So let us go in the morning to the place named Valmika. For to-morrow is the eighth lunar day of the black fortnight of Phālguna, which is a high day. And on that day there is produced there a sign to show the future emperor, and for that reason the Vidyādhara are going there in a great hurry on that day.”<sup>1</sup>

When Sumeru gave that opinion with regard to the army, they spent that day in accordance with the law, and went on the morrow to Valmika in chariots with their army. There they encamped with shouting forces on the southern plateau of the Himālayas, and beheld many Vidyādhara kings that had arrived. And those Vidyādhara had lighted fires there in fire-cavities, and were engaged in sacrificing, and some were occupied with muttering prayers. Then, where Sūryaprabha made a fire-cavity, the fire burst forth of itself, owing to the power of his magic science.

<sup>1</sup> In the B. text we are not told what the sign is, but on page 54 we discover it was a quiver, which first appeared in the shape of a serpent. In the D. text, however, the quiver is actually mentioned, the reading being *tūṇam* instead of *tūrṇam*, and in the next line we find *sainyasaṃvidhinā* instead of *sainye, suvidhinā*. Thus in translating the present text we should insert “quiver” after the word “emperor,” and continue with : “After Sumeru had spoken thus, they spent that day with the arrangement of the army, and went on the morrow to Valmika in chariots with the army.” This is according to Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 117, 118.—N.M.P.

When Sumeru saw it he was pleased, but envy arose in the breasts of the Vidyādhara at the sight. Then one said to him: "For shame, Sumeru! Why do you abandon your rank as a Vidyādhara and follow this inhabitant of earth named Sūryaprabha?" When Sumeru heard this, he angrily rebuked him. And when Sūryaprabha asked his name, he said: "There is a Vidyādhara of the name of Bhīma, and Brahmā loved his wife at will; from this connection he sprang. Since he sprang from Brahmā in a secret way, he is called Brahmagupta. Hence he speaks in a style characteristic of his birth."

After saying this, Sumeru also made a fire-cavity. And in it Sūryaprabha sacrificed with him to the God of Fire. And in a moment there suddenly rose from the hole in the ground an enormous and terrible serpent. In his arrogance that chief of the Vidyādhara, named Brahmagupta, by whom Sumeru was blamed, ran to seize it. That serpent thereupon sent forth a hissing wind from its mouth, which carried Brahmagupta a hundred feet, and flung him down with such violence that he fell like a withered leaf. Then a chief of the Vidyādhara, named Tejahprabha, ran to seize it; he was flung away by it in the same manner. Then a lord of the Vidyādhara, named Duṣṭadamana, approached it; he was hurled back like the others by that blast from its mouth. Then a prince of the sky-goers, named Virūpaśakti, approached it; he too was flung away as easily as a blade of grass by that breath. Then two kings, named Angāraka and Vijrimbhaka, ran towards it together, and it flung them to a distance with its breath. Thus all the princes of the Vidyādhara were flung away one after another, and rose up with difficulty, with their limbs bruised with stones.

Then Śrutaśarman, in his pride, went forward to seize the serpent, but it hurled him back with the blast of its breath, like the others. He fell at a short distance, and rose up again, and ran again towards it, when it carried him a greater distance with its breath and flung him to earth. Then Śrutaśarman rose up abashed, with bruised limbs, and Sumeru sent Sūryaprabha to lay hold of the serpent. And then the Vidyādhara ridiculed him, saying: "Look! he

too is trying to catch the snake ! Oh, these men, thoughtless as monkeys, imitate whatever they see another doing."

Even while they were mocking him, Sūryaprabha went and seized the serpent, whose mouth was quiet, and dragged it out of the hole. But that moment the serpent became a priceless quiver, and a rain of flowers fell from the sky on his head. And a heavenly voice *Sūryaprabha obtains the Magic Quiver* sounded aloud : "Sūryaprabha, thine is this imperishable quiver equal to a magic power, so take it." Then the Vidyādhara were cast down, Sūryaprabha seized the quiver, and Maya and Sunītha and Sumeru were delighted.

Then Śrutaśarman departed, accompanied by the host of the Vidyādhara, and his ambassador came to Sūryaprabha and said : "The august Lord Śrutaśarman thus commands : 'Give me that quiver, if you value your life.' " Then Sūryaprabha said : "Ambassador, go and tell him this : 'Your body shall become a quiver, bristling all over with my arrows.' " When the ambassador heard this speech, he turned and went away, and all laughed at that furious message of Śrutaśarman's,<sup>1</sup> and Sumeru, joyfully embracing Sūryaprabha, said to him : "I am delighted that that speech of Śiva's has without doubt been fulfilled, for now that you have acquired this excellent quiver you have practically acquired sovereign empire ; so come and obtain now a splendid bow with calm intrepidity."

When they heard Sumeru say this, and he himself led the way, they all, Sūryaprabha and the others, went to the mountain Hemakūṭa. And on the north side of it they reached a beautiful lake named Mānasa, which seemed to have been the first assay of the Creator's skill when making the sea, which eclipsed with its full-blown golden lotuses, shaken by the wind, the faces of the heavenly nymphs sporting in the water. And while they were contemplating the beauty of the lake, Śrutaśarman and all the others came there.

And then Sūryaprabha made a sacrifice with lotuses and ghee, and immediately a terrible cloud rose up from that

<sup>1</sup> Reading *rabhasokti* for *nabhasokti*. Perhaps *siddhimitam* in *śl.* 78a should be *siddhamidam*.

lake. That cloud filled the heaven and poured down a great rain, and among the raindrops fell from the cloud a black serpent. By the order of Sumeru, Sūryaprabha rose up and seized that serpent with a firm grasp, though *The Magic Bow* it resisted; thereupon it became a bow. When it became a bow a second snake fell from the cloud, through fear of the fiery poison of which all the sky-goers fled. That serpent too, when seized by Sūryaprabha, like the first, became a bow-string, and the cloud quickly disappeared. And after a rain of flowers a voice was heard from heaven: "Sūryaprabha, you have won this bow, Amitabala, and this string which cannot be cut; so take these priceless treasures." And Sūryaprabha took that excellent bow with the string. Śrutaśarman, for his part, went despondent to his wood of ascetics, and Sūryaprabha and Maya and the others were delighted.

Then they asked Sumeru about the origin of the bow, and he said: "Here there is a great and marvellous wood of bamboo canes<sup>1</sup>; whatever bamboos are cut from it and thrown into this lake become great and wonderful bows; and these bows have been acquired by several of the gods before yourself, and by Asuras and Gandharvas, and distinguished Vidyādharas. They have various names, but the bows appropriated to emperors are all called Amitabala, and were in old time deposited in the lake by the gods. And they are obtained, through the favour of Śiva, with these exertions, by certain men of virtuous conduct destined to be emperors. Hence it comes that Sūryaprabha has to-day procured this great bow, and these companions of his shall procure bows suited to them. For they, being heroes who have acquired the sciences, are appropriate recipients for them, for they are still procured by worthy men, as is right."

When the companions of Sūryaprabha, Prabhāsa and the others, heard this speech of Sumeru's they went to the bamboo grove, and after defeating the King Chandradatta, who guarded it, they brought the bamboos and threw them into the lake. And these heroic men, by fasting on the bank of the lake, and muttering prayers, and sacrificing, obtained

<sup>1</sup> See Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 113.—N.M.P.

bows in seven days. When they returned and told their adventure, Sūryaprabha returned with them and Maya and the others to that wood of ascetics, in which Sumeru dwelt.

Then Sumeru said to him: "It is strange that your friends have conquered Chandradatta, the king of the bamboo wood, though he is invincible. He possesses a science called the bewildering science; for that reason he is hard to conquer. Surely he must have been keeping it to use against a more important enemy. For this reason he did not employ it against these companions of yours on the present occasion, for it can succeed only once in his hands, not repeatedly. For he employed it once against his spiritual preceptor to try its force; thereupon he laid upon him this curse. So this matter should be thought upon, for the might of sciences is hard to overcome, and for that reason you should consult the revered Maya. What can I say in his presence? Of what avail is a candle in the face of the sun?"

When Sumeru had said this to Sūryaprabha, Maya said: "Sumeru has told you the truth in few words. Listen to this which I now say: From undeveloped matter there spring in this world various powers and subordinate powers. Among them the sound expressed by Anusvāra arises from the power of breathing, and becomes a spell of force in magic sciences, when accompanied with the doctrine of the highest truth. And of those sciences which deal with spells, and which are acquired by supernatural knowledge, or austerity, or the holy command of holy men, the power is hard to resist. So, my son, you have obtained all the sciences except two, in which you are deficient—namely, the science of bewildering and that of counteracting. But Yājñavalkya knows them; therefore go and ask him to bestow them on you."

When thus advised by Maya, Sūryaprabha went into the presence of that Rishi.

That hermit made him dwell for seven days in the serpent lake, and ordered him to perform austerities for three days in the midst of the fire. And he gave him the bewildering power when he had endured for seven days the bite of the snakes, and the counteracting power when he had resisted



for three days the force of the fire.<sup>1</sup> And when he had obtained these sciences that hermit ordered him again to enter the fire-cavity, and he consented and did it. And immediately there was bestowed on Sūryaprabha a chariot in the form of a white lotus, that moved at the will of the possessor and travelled through the air, which was furnished with a hundred and eight<sup>2</sup> wings, and the same number of dwellings, and constructed of precious jewels of various kinds. And a voice from heaven addressed that resolute one: "You have obtained this chariot suitable for an emperor, and you must place your wives in all these dwellings, in order that they may be safe from your enemies." Then he, bending low, addressed this petition to his preceptor, Yājñavalkya: "Tell me what fee I am to pay." The hermit answered him: "Remember me at the time when you are anointed emperor; this in itself will be sufficient fee; in the meanwhile go to your army." Then he bowed before that hermit, and ascended that chariot and went to his army, that was encamped in the place where Sumeru dwelt. There he told his story, and Maya and the others, with Sunītha and Sumeru, congratulated him, now that he had obtained a magic chariot.

Then Sunītha called to mind that Suvāsakumāra, and he came and said to Maya and the others, with the kings: "Sūryaprabha has obtained a chariot and all the magic sciences; so why do you even now remain indifferent about conquering your enemies?" When Maya heard that, he said: "Reverend sir, you have spoken rightly, but first let an ambassador be sent and let policy be employed." When Maya said this, the hermit's son said: "So be it! What harm can this do? Let this Prahasta be sent. He is discerning, eloquent, and understands the nature of business and occasions, and he is stern and enduring; he possesses all the qualities of an ambassador." All approved this speech of his, and after giving Prahasta instructions they sent him off as ambassador to Śrutaśarman.

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College I find *soḍhāhidanśasya* and *visoḍhavalneś*.

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. I, p. 242n<sup>3</sup>.—N.M.P.



When he had gone, Sūryaprabha said to all his followers : “Hear the strange, wonderful vision that I have had—I remember I saw, toward the end of last night, that we were *Sūryaprabha's* all carried away by a great stream of water, and *Dream* while we were swept away we kept dancing ; we did not sink at all. Then that stream was turned back by a contrary breeze. Then a certain man of fiery brightness drew us out and threw us into the fire, and we were not burned by the fire. Then a cloud rained a stream of blood, and that blood filled the whole sky ; then my sleep came to an end with the night.”

When he said this, Suvāsakumāra said to him : “This dream indicates success preceded by a struggle. The stream of water is battle ; it is due to valour that you did not sink, but danced, and were carried along by the water ; the wind, that turned back the water for you, is some saviour to whom men resort for protection ; and the man of fiery brightness, who drew you out of it, is Śiva in bodily form. And that he threw you into the fire means that you are cast into a great war ; and that the clouds arose, that means the returning again of fear ; and the rain of a stream of blood, that means the destroying of fear ; and the filling of all the quarters with blood, that means great success for you. Now dreams are of many kinds,<sup>1</sup> the rich-sensed, the true-sensed and the senseless. A dream which quickly reveals its meaning is called rich-sensed, a dream in which a propitious god gives a command is called true-sensed, and one which is brought about by deep meditation and anxiety they call senseless. For a man under the influence of sleep, with mind bewildered by the quality of passion and withdrawn from outward objects, sees a dream on account of various causes. And it depends upon the time when it is seen whether it is fulfilled soon or late ; but this kind of dream which is seen at the end of the night is quickly fulfilled.”<sup>2</sup> When Sūryaprabha and his companions heard this from the hermit’s son, they were much pleased, and, rising up, they performed the duties of the day.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *aneko dhanyārtho*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Odyssey*, iv, 841, ὡς οἱ ἐναργὲς ὄνειρον ἐπέσσυτο νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ, where some suppose ἀμολγὸς to mean the four hours before daybreak.

In the meanwhile Prahasta returned from the Court of Śrutaśarman, and, when asked by Maya and the others, he described his adventures: "I went rapidly hence to the city named Trikūṭapatākā, situated on the mountain Trikūṭa, built of gold. And being introduced by the doorkeeper, I entered, and beheld Śrutaśarman surrounded by various Vidyādhara kings, by his father Trikūṭasena, and also by Vikramaśakti and Dhurandhara and other heroes, Dāmodara among them. And sitting down, I said to Śrutaśarman: 'I am sent to visit you by the august Sūryaprabha; and he commissioned me to give you this command: "By the favour of Śiva I have obtained precious sciences, and wives and allies. So come and join my army, together with those chiefs of the sky-goers. I am the slayer of those that oppose, but the saviour of those that bend. And as for your carrying off from her relations<sup>1</sup> the maiden Kāmachūḍāmaṇi, the daughter of Sunītha, who ought not to be approached, set her at liberty, for that is a deed of shame."' When I said this, they all exclaimed in wrath: 'Who is he that sends us this haughty command? Let him give commands to mortals, but who is he compared with Vidyādharas? Since he assumes such airs, though he is a miserable mortal, he should be destroyed.' When I heard that, I said: 'What, what? Who is he? Listen: he has been created by Śiva as your future emperor. If he is a mortal, then mortals have attained divinity, and the Vidyādharas have seen the valour of that mortal; moreover, if he comes here we shall soon see which party will be destroyed.' When I said this in wrath, that assembly was disturbed. And Śrutaśarman and Dhurandhara rushed forward to slay me. And I said to them: 'Come now, let me see your valour!' Then Dāmodara rose up and restrained them, exclaiming: 'Peace! An ambassador and a Brāhman must not be slain.' Then Vikramaśakti said to me: 'Depart, ambassador, for we, like your master, are all created by Śiva. So let him come, and we will see whether we are able to entertain him or not.' When he said this in a

<sup>1</sup> Instead of *hṛita jñāteḥ* the D. text reads *hṛitājñāte*, "carried off stealthily."—N.M.P.

haughty manner, I laughed, and said : ‘ The swans utter their cries in the lotus bower and enjoy themselves much, until they see the cloud that comes darkening the heaven.’ After saying this, I rose up in a contemptuous manner, left the court and came here.”

When Maya and the others heard this from Prahasta, they were pleased. And they all, Sūryaprabha and the rest, determined on preparing for battle, and made Prabhāsa, the impetuous in war, their general. And receiving the command from Suvāsakumāra, they all prepared that day with strict vows to consecrate themselves for the combat.<sup>1</sup>

And at night Sūryaprabha, as he was lying sleepless, saw a wonderful and beautiful maiden enter the chamber, in which he was occupying a solitary couch in accordance with *The Two Visitors* his vow. She came boldly up to him, who pretended to be asleep, with his ministers sleeping round him, and said to her confidante, who was with her : “ If he possesses such glorious beauty when he is asleep, and all the graceful motion of his body is still, what must it be, my friend, when he is awake ? So let be ! We must not wake him up. I have gratified the curiosity of my eyes. Why should I fix my heart too fondly on him ? For he will have a battle with Śrutaśarman, and who can say what will befall either party in it ? For the feast of battle is for consuming the lives of heroes. And should he not be fortunate, we shall have to take some other resolve.” And how could one like me captivate the soul of a man who, when roaming in the air, beheld Kāmachūdāmaṇi ? ”

When she said this, her confidante answered : “ Why do you say this ? Why, fair one, is it your duty not to allow your heart to attach itself to him ? Why should not he, the sight of whom captivated the heart of Kāmachūdāmaṇi, captivate the heart of any other lady, were she even Arundhatī in bodily presence ? And do you not know that he will prosper in fight by the force of science ? And when he is emperor you and Kāmachūdāmaṇi and Suprabhā, of the

<sup>1</sup> I read *cha raṇadīkshāyām*.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *tatrāsyāstu śivam tāvat*, “let him succeed in the battle.”

same family, are to be his wives; so say the holy sages; and in these very days he has married Suprabhā. So, how can he be unsuccessful in fight? For the predictions of the sages are never falsified. And will you not captivate the heart of the man whose heart was captivated by Suprabhā? For you, blameless one, exceed her in beauty. And if you hesitate through regard for your relations, that is not right, for good women have no relations but their husbands."

That excellent maiden, when she heard this speech of her confidante's, said: "You have spoken truth, my friend; I need no other relations. And I know my husband will conquer in fight by his science. He has obtained jewels and sciences, but my mind is grieved because, up to the present time, he has not obtained the virtuous herbs. Now they are all in a cave of the mountain Chandrapāda. But they are to be obtained by an emperor possessing virtue. So, if he were to go there and procure those mighty drugs, it would be well, for his great struggle is nigh at hand, even to-morrow."

When Sūryaprabha heard this, he flung off all his feigned sleep and, rising up, said respectfully to that maiden: "Lovely-eyed one, you have shown great favour to me, so I will go there; tell me who you are." When the maiden heard that, she was abashed with shame and silent, thinking that he had heard all; but her friend said: "This is a maiden named Vilāsinī, the daughter of Sumeru, the Prince of the Vidyādhara, who was desirous of beholding you." When her friend said this, Vilāsinī said to her: "Come, let us go now," and went out of the room.

Then Sūryaprabha woke up his ministers, Prabhāsa and the rest, and told them of that method of procuring the drugs which the lady spoke of. And he sent Prabhāsa, a fit person to accomplish that, to tell it to Sunītha and Sumeru and Maya. And when they came and approved of it, Sūryaprabha, accompanied by his ministers, went with them in the night to the mountain Chandrapāda. And as they were gradually advancing the Yakshas, Guhyakas and Kumbhāṇḍas,<sup>1</sup> being alarmed, rose up to bar their way, armed with numerous

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. I, pp. 202, 203.—N.M.P.

weapons. Some of them Sūryaprabha and his friends bewildered with weapons, some they paralysed by science, and at last they reached that mountain Chandrapāda. When they reached the mouth of the cavern in that mountain, the Gaṇas<sup>1</sup> of Śiva prevented them from entering, assuming strange, deformed countenances. Then Suvāsakumāra said to Sūryaprabha and the others: "We must not fight with these, for the revered god Śiva might be angry. Let us praise that giver of boons by his eight thousand names, and that will make the Gaṇas favourably disposed to us."

Then they all agreed, and praised Śiva; and the Gaṇas, pleased at hearing their master praised, said to them: "We abandon this cave to you; take its potent simples. But Sūryaprabha must not enter it himself; let Prabhāsa enter it, for it will be easy for him to enter." Then that cave, as soon as Prabhāsa entered it, though before enveloped in darkness, became irradiated with light. And four very terrible Rākshasas, who were servants there, rose up and, bending before him, said to him: "Enter." Then Prabhāsa entered, and collected those seven divine herbs, and coming out, gave them all to Sūryaprabha. And that moment a voice was heard from heaven, saying: "Sūryaprabha, of great power are these seven drugs which you have obtained to-day."

When Sūryaprabha and the others heard that, they were delighted, and quickly returned to the dwelling of Sumeru to greet their army. Then Sunītha asked Suvāsakumārā: "Hermit, why was Prabhāsa allowed by the Gaṇas to enter the cave, and not Sūryaprabha, and why was he also welcomed by the servants?" When the hermit heard that, he said in the hearing of all: "Listen, I will explain this—Prabhāsa is a great benefactor to Sūryaprabha, being a second self to him; there is no difference between them. Moreover, no one is equal in might and courage to Prabhāsa, and this cave belongs to him on account of his good deeds in a former life; and listen, I will tell you what sort of a person he was in a former existence.

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. I., pp. 202, 203.—N.M.P.

62B. *The Generous Dānava Namuchi*

In old times there was an excellent Dānava named Namuchi, who was devoted to charity and very brave, and did not refuse to give anything to anybody that asked, even if he were his enemy. He practised asceticism as a drinker of smoke for ten thousand years, and obtained as a favour from Brahmā that he should be proof against iron, stone and wood. Then he frequently conquered Indra and made him flee, so the Rishi Kaśyapa entreated him and made him make peace with the gods. Then the gods and Asuras, as their enmity was at an end, deliberated together, and went to the ocean of milk and churned it, with the mountain Mandara. And as Viṣṇu and the other gods received Lakshmī and other things as their shares, so Namuchi gained the horse Uchchaiḥśravas; and the other gods and Asuras received other various shares, appointed by Brahmā, of the things that rose from the sea when churned. And the Amṛita at last came up at the end of the churning, and the gods stole it, so a quarrel again took place between them and the Asuras. Then, as fast as the gods killed an Asura in their fight with them, the horse Uchchaiḥśravas immediately restored him to life by smelling him. The consequence was that the gods found it impossible to conquer the Daityas and Dānavas. Then Bṛihaspati said in secret to Indra, who was in despair: "There is only one expedient left—adopt it without delay; go to Namuchi yourself and ask him for that excellent horse, for he will certainly give it to you, though you are his enemy, sooner than mar the glory of open-handedness, which he has been accumulating since his birth."

When the preceptor of the gods said that to him, great Indra went with the gods and craved as a boon that horse Uchchaiḥśravas from Namuchi. Then the great-hearted Namuchi reflected: "I never turn back a suppliant, so I will not turn back Indra; and how can I, as long as I am Namuchi, refuse to give him the horse? If the glory of generosity, which I have long been acquiring in the worlds, were to wither, what would be the use to me of prosperity or life?" Accordingly he gave the horse to Indra, although

Sukra warned him not to do it. Then Indra, after he had been given the horse, lulled him to security, and as he could not be slain by any other weapon, killed him with foam of the Ganges, in which he had placed a thunderbolt. Alas! terrible in the world is the thirst for enjoyment, carried away by which even gods do not shrink from unbecoming and infamous conduct.

When Danu, the mother of Namuchi, heard this, being afflicted with grief, she made by virtue of her asceticism a solemn resolve for the allaying of her sorrow: "May that mighty Namuchi be born again in my womb, and may he again become invincible by the gods in battle." Then he was again conceived in her womb, and born as an Asura composed all of jewels, named Prabala on account of his strength. Then he performed asceticism, and satisfying suppliants even with his life, became successful, and as Prince of the Dānavas conquered Indra a hundred times. Then the gods took counsel together, and came to him, and said to him: "By all means give us your body for a human sacrifice."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The word which I have translated "human sacrifice" is *purushamedha*. For the prevalence of human sacrifices among all nations of antiquity see Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, translated by Stallybrass, vol. i, pp. 44 *et seq.*; see also Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii, pp. 246, 353, 361, 365. Dr Rajendra Lal Mitra, Rai Bahādur, in an essay in the *Journ. As. Soc. Bengal* for 1876, entitled "Human Sacrifices in India," traces the history of the practice in India, and incidentally among the principal nations of antiquity. The following is his own summary of his conclusions with respect to the practice in India: (1) That, looking to the history of human civilisation, and the rituals of the Hindus, there is nothing to justify the belief that in ancient times the Hindus were incapable of sacrificing human beings to their gods. (2) That the Śunaṣṣepha hymns of the *Rig-Veda Saṁhitā* most probably refer to a human sacrifice. (3) That the *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa* refers to an actual, and not a typical, human sacrifice. (4) That the *purushamedha* originally required the actual sacrifice of men. (5) That the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa* sanctions human sacrifice in some cases, but makes the *purushamedha* emblematic. (6) That the *Taittirīya Brāhmaṇa* enjoins the sacrifice of a man at the Horse Sacrifice. (7) That the *Purāṇas* recognise human sacrifices to Chāṇḍikā, but prohibit the *purushamedha* rite. (8) That the *Tantras* enjoin human sacrifices to Chāṇḍikā and require that, when human victims are not available, an effigy of a human being should be sacrificed to her. Of the sacrifices to Chāṇḍikā we have enough and to spare in the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. Strange to say, it appears that human sacrifices were offered in Greece on Mount Lykaion in Arcadia



When he heard that, he gave them his own body, although they were his enemies; noble men do not turn their backs on a suppliant, but bestow on him even their lives. Then that Dānava Prabala was cut to pieces by the gods, and he has been again born in the world of men with the body of Prabhāsa.

62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādhara*

"So Prabhāsa was first Namuchi, and then he was Prabala, and then he became Prabhāsa; therefore on account of his merit he is hard for his enemies to conquer. And that cave of herbs, which belonged to that Prabala, is for that reason the property of Prabhāsa, and is at his command with its servants. And below it there is Pātāla,<sup>1</sup> the mansion of Prabala, and in it there are his twelve head wives, beautifully adorned, and various jewels, and many kinds of weapons, and a wishing-stone, and a hundred thousand warriors, and also horses. This all belongs to Prabhāsa, and was acquired by him in a former life. Such a hero is Prabhāsa; in him nothing is wonderful."

When they heard this from the hermit's son, Sūryaprabha and his followers, with Maya and Prabhāsa, went immediately to that cavern belonging to Prabhāsa, that led down to Pātāla, for the purpose of securing the jewels. Prabhāsa alone went in by that entrance and secured his

even in the time of Pausanias. [See Frazer's edition, vol. iv, p. 386.] Dim traditions with respect to the custom are still found among the inhabitants of that region (Bernhard Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen*, p. 27). Cf. the institution of the *φάρμακὸν* connected with the worship of Apollo (Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. i, p. 202; see also pp. 240, 257, and vol. ii, pp. 310, 466); Herodotus, vii, 197; Plato, *Minos*, p. 315; and Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 104.—See Vol. I, p. 116n<sup>1</sup>. The whole question of human sacrifice in all parts of the world has been fully treated by a number of scholars in Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vi, pp. 840-867. I would, however, add one useful reference: E. M. Loeb, "The Blood Sacrifice Complex," *Memoirs of the Amer. Anth. Ass.*, No. 30, 1923.—N.M.P.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chapter XLV. In Chapter LXXIII will be found another instance of a "rifted rock whose entrance leads to hell." Cf. the *Hercules Furens* of Seneca, v, 662 *et seq.*



former wives, and the wishing-stone, and the horses, and the Asura warriors, and coming out again with all his wealth, he gave great satisfaction to Sūryaprabha. Then that Sūryaprabha, having quickly obtained what he wished, returned to his own camp with Maya and Sunītha and Prabhāsa, followed by Sumeru and the other kings and the ministers. There, after the Asuras and kings and others had gone to their own quarters, he again was consecrated for the fight, restraining his passions, and spent the rest of the night on a bed of *kuśa* grass.

## CHAPTER XLVII

### 62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādhara*

EARLY the next morning Sūryaprabha set out from the hermitage of Sumeru with his forces to conquer Śrutaśarman. And arriving near the mountain of Trikūṭa, his dwelling-place, he encamped, driving away the enemy's army with his own force, which was established there. And while he was encamped there with Sumeru, Maya and others, and was in the hall of council, an ambassador came from the lord of Trikūṭa. And when he came he said to Sumeru, the Vidyādhara prince: "The king, the father of Śrutaśarman, sends you this message: 'We have never entertained you, as you were far off; now you have arrived in our territory with guests, so now we will show you appropriate hospitality.'" When Sumeru heard this scoffingly ambiguous message, he said in answer: "Bravo! you will not get another guest such a fit object of hospitality as we are. Hospitality will not bear its fruit in the next world; its fruit is in this. So here we are, entertain us." When Sumeru said this, the ambassador returned to his master as he came.

Then Sūryaprabha and the others, established upon an elevated place, surveyed their armies encamped separately. Then Sunītha said to his father-in-law, the Asura Maya: *The Personnel of the Army* "Explain to me the arrangement of the warriors in our army." Then that all-knowing prince of the Dānavas said: "I will do so; listen," and pointing them out with his finger he began to say: "These kings, Subāhu, Nirghāta, Mushtika, and Gohara, and Pralamba, and Pramātha, and Kankaṭa, and Pingala, and Vasudatta and others, are considered half-power warriors.<sup>1</sup> And

<sup>1</sup> For a parallel to the absurdities that follow see Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, p. 202.

Ankurin, and Suviśāla, and Daṇḍin, and Bhūṣhaṇa, and Somila, and Unmattaka, and Devaśarman, and Pitṛīśarman, and Kumāraka, and Haridatta and others are all full-power warriors. And Prakampana, and Darpita, and Kumbhīra, and Mātripālita, and Mahābhāṭa, and Vīrasvāmin, and Surādhara, and Bhāṇḍīra, and Siṃhadatta and Guṇavarman, with Kīṭaka and Bhīma and Bhayankara—these are all warriors of double power. And Virochana, and Vīrasena, and Yajnasena, and Khujjara, and Indravarman, and Śevāraka, and Krūrakarman, and Nirāsaka—these princes are of triple power, my son. And Suśarman, and Bāhuśālin, and Viśākha, and Krodhana, and Prachanḍa—these princes are warriors of fourfold power. And Junjarin, and Vīraśarman, and Pravīravara, and Supratijna, and Marārāma, and Chaṇḍadanta, and Jālika, and the three, Siṃhabhāṭa, Vyāghrabhāṭa and Śatrubhāṭa—these kings and princes are warriors of fivefold power. But this Prince Ugravarman is a warrior of sixfold power. And the Prince Viśoka, and Sutantū, and Sugama, and Narendrasarman are considered warriors of sevenfold power. And this King Sahasrāyu is a great warrior. But this Śatānika is lord of a host of great warriors. And Subhāsa, Harsha and Vimāla, the companions of Sūryaprabha, Mahābuddhi, and Achalabuddhi, Priyankara and Śubhankara are great warriors, as also Yajnaruchi and Dharmaruchi. But Viśvaruchi, and Bhāsa and Siddhārtha, these three ministers of Sūryaprabha, are chiefs of hosts of great warriors. And his ministers Prahasta and Mahārtha are leaders of hosts of transcendent warriors. And Prajñādhya and Sthirabuddhi are leaders of hosts of hosts of warriors; and the Dānava Sarvadamana, and Pramathana here, and Dhūmraketu, and Pravahana and Vajrapanjara, and Kālachakra, and Marudvega are leaders of warriors and transcendent warriors. Prakampana and Siṃhanāda are leaders of hosts of leaders of hosts of warriors. And Mahāmāya, and Kāmbalika, and Kālakampana here, and Prahṛiṣṭaroman, these four lords of the Asuras, are kings over chiefs of hosts of transcendent warriors. And this Prabhāsa, the general of the army, who is equal to Sūryaprabha, and this son of Sumeru, Kunjarakumāra—these two are leaders of hosts of

chiefs of hosts of great warriors. Such heroes are there in our army, and others besides, girt with their followers. There are more in the hostile army, but Śiva being well disposed towards us, they will not be able to resist our host."

While the Asura Maya was saying this to Sunītha another ambassador came from the father of Śrutaśarman and said thus to him : "The King of Trikuṭa sends this message to

*The* you : 'This is a great feast for heroes—the feast  
*Formations of* which goes by the name of battle. This ground  
*the Army*

is narrow for it, therefore let us leave it and go to a place named Kalāpagrāma, where there is a wide space.' "

When Sunītha and the other chiefs with their soldiers heard this, they agreed, and all of them went with Sūryaprabha to Kalāpagrāma. And Śrutaśarman and his partisans also, eager for battle, went to that same place, surrounded with the hosts of the Vidyādhara. When Sūryaprabha and his chiefs saw elephants in the army of Śrutaśarman, they summoned their contingent of elephants, which was conveyed in the chariot that flew through the air. Then Dāmodara, that excellent Vidyādhara, drew up his army in the form of a large needle ; Śrutaśarman himself took up his position on the flank with his ministers, and Dāmodara was in front, and other great warriors in other places. And Prabhāsa, the leader of Sūryaprabha's army, arranged it in the form of a crescent ; he himself was in the centre and Kunjarakumāra and Prahasta at the two horns ; and Sūryaprabha and Sunītha and the other chiefs all remained in the rear. And Sumeru, with Suvāsakumāra, stood near him. Thereupon the war-drums were beaten in both armies.

And in the meanwhile the heaven was filled with the gods come to see the battle, together with Indra, and the Lokapālas, and the Apsarases. And Śiva, the lord of all, came there with Pārvatī, followed by deities, and the Gaṇas, and demons, and the mothers.<sup>1</sup> And holy Brahmā came, ✓

<sup>1</sup> The personified energies of the principal deities, closely connected with the worship of the god Śiva. Professor Jacobi compares them with the Greek goddesses called *μητέρες*, to whom there was a temple in the Sicilian town of Engyion (*Indian Antiquary*, January 1880).—The mothers are sixteen in number, and are worshipped at sacrifices, weddings, house-warmings, etc. At

accompanied by the Vedas, incarnate in bodily form, beginning with the Gāyatrī, and the Śāstras and all the great Rishis. And the god Vishṇu came, riding on the king of birds, bearing his weapon the discus, accompanied by goddesses, of whom the Goddesses of Fortune, Glory and Victory were the chief. And Kaśyapa came with his wives, and the Ādityas and the Vasus, and the chiefs of the Yakshas, Rākshasas and snakes, and also the Asuras, with Prahlāda at their head. The sky was obscured with them, and the battle of those two armies began, terrible with the clashing of weapons, accompanied with loud shouts. The whole heaven was darkened by the dense cloud of arrows, through which the flashes, made by the arrows striking against one another, played like lightning, and rivers of blood flowed, swollen with the gore of many elephants and horses wounded with weapons, in which the bodies of heroes moved like alligators. That battle gave great delight to heroes, jackals and goblins, that danced, waded and shouted in blood.

When the confused *mêlée*, in which countless soldiers fell, had abated, Sūryaprabha and the other chiefs gradually began to perceive the distinction between their own army and that of the enemy, and heard in order from Sumeru the names and lineage of the chiefs fighting in front of the enemy's host. Then first took place a single combat between King Subāhu and a chief of the Vidyādharas, named Aṭṭahāsa. Subāhu fought a long time, until Aṭṭahāsa, after riddling him with arrows, cut off his head with a crescent-headed shaft. When Mushtika saw that Subāhu was slain, he rushed forward in wrath; he too fell, smitten by Aṭṭahāsa with an arrow in the heart. When Mushtika was slain, a king named Pralamba in wrath rushed on and attacked Aṭṭahāsa with showers of arrows, but Aṭṭahāsa slew his retainers, and striking the hero Pralamba with an arrow in

a wedding fourteen are worshipped in the house, one outside the village and one near the front door where the wedding is celebrated. As the mothers are supposed to be the planets which influence the unborn child, they are also worshipped to bring about an easy delivery. For further details see R. E. Enthoven, *The Folk-Lore of Bombay*, 1924, pp. 185-187.—N.M.P.

a mortal place, laid him low on the seat of his chariot. A king named Mohana, when he saw Pralamba dead, engaged with Aṭṭahāsa and smote him with arrows. Then Aṭṭahāsa cut his bow and slew his charioteer, and laid him low, slain with a terrific blow. When the host of Śrutaśarman saw that the dexterous Aṭṭahāsa had slain those four warriors, expecting the victory, they shouted for joy. When Harsha, the companion of Sūryaprabha, saw that, he was wroth, and with his followers attacked Aṭṭahāsa and his followers; and with shafts he repelled his shafts, and he slew his followers and killed his charioteer, and two or three times cut his bow and his banner, and at last he cleft asunder his head with his arrows, so that he fell from his chariot on the earth, pouring forth a stream of blood. When Aṭṭahāsa was slain there was such a panic in the battle that in a moment only half the two armies remained. Horses, elephants and footmen fell down there slain, and only the trunks of slaughtered men remained standing in the van of battle.

Then a chief of the Vidyādharas, named Vikṛitadamaśhṭra, angry at the slaughter of Aṭṭahāsa, showered arrows upon Harsha. But Harsha repelled his arrows, struck down his

*The Single  
Combats  
continue*

chariot horses, and his banner and his charioteer, and cut off his head with its trembling earrings. But when Vikṛitadamaśhṭra was killed a Vidyādhara king, named Chakravāla, in wrath attacked Harsha; he slew Harsha still fighting on, though fatigued with combat, after his bow had been frequently cut asunder and his other weapons damaged. Angry at that, King Pramātha attacked him, and he too was slain by that Chakravāla in fight. In the same way four other distinguished kings, who attacked him one by one, were slain one after another by that Chakravāla—namely, Kankaṭa, and Viśāla, and Prachanḍa and Ankurin.

When King Nirghāta saw that, he was wroth, and attacked Chakravāla, and those two, Chakravāla and Nirghāta, fought for a long time, and at last they broke one another's chariots to pieces and so became infantry soldiers, and the two, rushing furiously together, armed with sword and discus, cleft with sword-strokes one another's heads and fell dead on the

earth. Then the two armies were dispirited, seeing those two warriors dead, but nevertheless a king of the Vidyā-dharas, named Kālakampana, stepped forward to the front of the fight. And a prince, named Prakampana, attacked him, but he was in a moment struck down by that Kālakampana. When he was struck down, five other warriors attacked Kālakampana—namely, Jālika, and Chaṇḍadatta, and Gopaka, and Somila, and Pitṛīsarman; all these let fly arrows at him at the same time. But Kālakampana deprived all five of their chariots, and slew them at the same time, piercing the five with five arrows in the heart.

That made the Vidyādhara shout for joy, and the men and Asuras despond. Then four other warriors rushed upon him at the same time, Unmattaka and Praśasta, Vilambaka and Dhurandhara; Kālakampana slew them all easily. In the same way he killed six other warriors that ran towards him, Tejika, and Geyika, and Vegila, and Sākhila, and Bhadrakara and Daṇḍin, great warriors with many followers. And again he slew five others that met him in fight, Bhīma, Bhīṣaṇa, Kumbhīra, Vikāṭa and Vilochana.

And a king, named Sugana, when he saw the havoc that Kālakampana had made in the battle, ran to meet him. Kālakampana fought with him until both had their horses and charioteers killed and were compelled to abandon their chariots; then Kālakampana, reduced to fight on foot, laid Sugana, who was also fighting on foot, low on the earth with a sword-cut. Then the sun, having beheld that surprising struggle of Vidyādhara with men, went grieved to rest.<sup>1</sup> Not only did the field of battle become red, filled with streaming blood, but the heaven also became red, when evening set her footprints there. Then the corpses and demons began their evening dance, and both armies, stopping the battle, went to their camps. In the army of Śrutaśarman were slain that day three heroes, but thirty-three distinguished heroes were slain in the army of Sūryaprabha.

Then Sūryaprabha, grieved at the slaughter of his kinsmen and friends, spent that night apart from his wives. And, eager for the fight, he passed that night in various

<sup>1</sup> For *āvaham* I read *āhavam*.

military discussions with his ministers, without going to sleep. And his wives, grieved on account of the slaughter of their relations, met together in one place that night, having come for the sake of mutual condolence. But even on that melancholy occasion they indulged in miscellaneous conversation; there is no occasion on which women are not irrelevant in their talk.<sup>1</sup> In the course of this conversation one princess said: "It is wonderful! How comes it that to-night our husband has gone to sleep without any of his wives?" Hearing that, another said: "Our husband is to-day grieved on account of the slaughter of his followers in battle, so how can he take any pleasure in the society of women?" Then another said: "If he were to obtain a new beauty he would that instant forget his grief." Then another said: "Do not say so; although he is devoted to the fair sex, he would not behave in this way on such a sad occasion." While they were thus speaking, one said with wonder: "Tell me why our husband is so devoted to women, that, though he has carried off many wives, he is perpetually marrying new princesses and is never satisfied."

One of the wives, a clever woman of the name of Manovatī, said when she heard this: "Hear why kings have many loves. The good qualities of lovely women are different, varying with their native land, their beauty, their age, their gestures and their accomplishments; no one woman possesses all good qualities. The women of Karnāṭa, of Lāṭa, of Saurāshṭra and Madhyadeśa please by the peculiar behaviour of their various countries. Some fair ones captivate by their faces like an autumn moon, others by their breasts full and firm like golden ewers, and others by their limbs, charming from their beauty. One has limbs yellow as gold, another is dark like a *priyangu*, another, being red and white, captivates the eyes as soon as seen. One is of budding beauty, another of

<sup>1</sup> Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 118) considers Tawney's interpretation of *aparāṇṣayāḥ* by "not irrelevant in their talk" as being too forced. The D. text reads the last two words of the line as *kathā svapurāṇṣayā*, which Speyer would translate, "... there is no occasion on which women would not talk of the *chronique scandaleuse* of their town."—N.M.P.



full-developed youth, another is agreeable on account of her maturity, and distinguished by increasing coquetry. One looks lovely when smiling, another is charming even in anger, another charms with gait resembling that of an elephant, another with swan-like motion. One, when she prattles, irrigates the ears with nectar ; another is naturally beautiful when she looks at one with graceful contraction of the eyebrows. One charms by dancing, another pleases by singing, and another fair one attracts by being able to play on the lyre and other instruments. One is distinguished for good temper, another is remarkable for artfulness, another enjoys good fortune from being able to understand her husband's mind. But, to sum up, others possess other particular merits ; so every lovely woman has some peculiar good point, but of all the women in the three worlds none possesses all possible virtues. So kings, having made up their minds to experience all kinds of fascinations, though they have captured many wives for themselves, are for ever seizing new ones.<sup>1</sup> But the truly noble never, under any circumstances, desire the wives of others. So this is not our husband's fault, and we cannot be jealous."

When the head wives of Sūryaprabha, beginning with Madanasenā, had been addressed in this style by Manovatī they made one after another remarks to the same effect. Then, in their merriment, they laid aside all the ties of reserve, and began to tell one another all kinds of secrets. For, unfortunately, there is nothing which women will not let out when they are met together in social intercourse and their minds are interested in the course of the conversation. At last that long conversation of theirs was somehow or other brought to an end, and in course of time the night passed away, during which Sūryaprabha was longing to conquer the host of his enemies, for he was alone, intently waiting for the time when the darkness should depart.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Labdhakakshyāḥ* is probably a misprint for *baddhakakshyāḥ*.

<sup>2</sup> I read *abhikāṅkshā* for *abhikāṅksho*, which is found in Brockhaus's text. This is supported by a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

### 62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*

**T**HE next morning Sūryaprabha and his party, and Śrutaśarman and his supporters, again went to the field of battle armed, with their forces. And again the gods and Asuras, with Indra, Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Rudra, and with the Yakshas, snakes and Gandharvas, came to see the fight. Dāmodara drew up the troops of Śrutaśarman in the form of a discus, and Prabhāsa drew up the troops of Sūryaprabha in the form of a thunderbolt. Then the battle of those two armies went on, deafening the horizon with drums and the shouts of champions, and the sun hid himself in flights of arrows, as if out of fear that the warriors smitten with weapons would certainly pierce his disk. Then Prabhāsa, by command of Sūryaprabha, broke the discus arrangement of the enemy's host, hard for another to break, and entered alone. And Dāmodara himself came and defended that opening in the line, and Prabhāsa fought against him unaided. And Sūryaprabha, seeing that he had entered alone, sent fifteen great warriors to follow him, Prakampana, and Dhūmraketu, and Kālakampana, and Mahāmāya, and Marudvega, and Prahasta, and Vajrapanjara, and Kālachakra, and Pramathana, and Simhanāda, and Kambala, and Vikaṭāksha, and Pravahana, and Kunjarakumāraka, and Prahṛishṭaroman, the heroic Asura prince: all those great warriors rushed forward to the opening in the line; then Dāmodara exhibited his wonderful heroism, in that alone he fought with those fifteen.

When Indra saw that, he said to the hermit Nārada, who was at his side: "Sūryaprabha and the others of his party are incarnations of Asuras, but Śrutaśarman is a portion of me, and all these Vidyādharas are portions of the gods; so observe, hermit, this is a disguised fight between the gods

and Asuras. And observe, in it Vishṇu is, as ever, the ally of the gods, for Dāmodara, who is a portion of him, is fighting here."

While Indra was saying this, fourteen great warriors came to assist the general Dāmodara: Brahmagupta and Vāyubala, and Yamadaṁshṭra, and Suroshaṇa, and Roshāvaroha, and Atibala, and Tejaḥprabha, and Dhurandhara, and Kuveradatta, and Varuṇaśarman, and Kambalika, and the hero Dusṭadamana, and Dohana and Ārohaṇa. And those fifteen heroes, joined with Dāmodara, fighting in front of the line, kept off the followers of Sūryaprabha.

Then single combats took place between them. Prakampana carried on a missile fight with Dāmodara, and Dhūmraketu fought with Brahmagupta, and Mahāmāya fought *More Single* with Atibala, the Dānava Kālakampana fought *Combats* with Tejaḥprabha, and the great Asura Marudvega with Vāyubala, and Vajrapanjara fought with Yamadaṁshṭra, and the heroic Asura Kālachakra with Suroshaṇa; Pramathana fought with Kuveradatta, and the King of the Daityas, named Siṁhanāda, with Varuṇaśarman. Pravahana fought with Dusṭadamana, and the Dānava Prahrishtaroman fought with Roshāvaroha; and Vikāṭāksha fought with Dhurandhara, Kambala fought with Kambalika, and Kunjarakumāraka with Ārohaṇa, and Prahasta with Dohana, who was also called Mahotpāta.

When these pairs of warriors were thus fighting in the front of the line, Sunītha said to Maya: "Alas! observe, our heroic warriors, though skilled in the use of many weapons, have been prevented by these antagonists from entering the enemy's line; but Prabhāsa entered before recklessly alone, so we do not know what will become of him there."

When Suvāsakumāra heard this, he said: "All the gods, Asuras and men in the three worlds are not a match for this Prabhāsa unaided; much less, then, are these Vidyādhara. So why do you fear without reason, though you know this well enough?"

While the hermit's son was saying this, the Vidyādhara Kālakampana came to meet Prabhāsa in fight. Then Prabhāsa said to him: "Ha! ha! you have rendered me

a great service, so let me now see your valour here." Saying this, Prabhāsa let fly at him a succession of arrows, and Kālakampana in return showered sharp arrows upon him. Then that Vidyādhara and that man fought together with arrows and answering arrows, making the worlds astonished. Then Prabhāsa, with a sharp arrow, struck down the banner of Kālakampana; with a second he killed his charioteer, with four more his four horses, and with one more he cut his bow in half, with two more he cut off his hands, with two more his arms, and with two more his two ears, and with one sharp-edged arrow he cut off the head of his foe, and thus displayed wonderful dexterity. Thus Prabhāsa, as it were, chastised Kālakampana, being angry with him because he had slain so many heroes in his own army. And the men and Asuras, when they saw that Vidyādhara chief slain, raised a shout, and the Vidyādharas immediately proclaimed their despondency.<sup>1</sup>

Then a king of the Vidyādharas, named Vidyutprabha, lord of the hill of Kālanjara, in wrath attacked Prabhāsa. When he was fighting with Prabhāsa, Prabhāsa first cut asunder his banner, and then kept cutting his bows in two, as fast as he took them up. Then the Vidyādhara, being ashamed, by his delusive power flew up invisible into the sky, and rained swords, clubs and other weapons upon Prabhāsa. Prabhāsa, for his part, swept away his succession of missiles with others, and by the illuminating weapon made that Asura manifest, and then, employing the weapon of fire, he burned up Vidyutprabha with its blaze, and bringing him down from the heaven laid him dead on the earth.

When Śrutaśarman saw this, he said to his warriors: "Observe, this man has slain two chiefs of hosts of great warriors. Now why do you put up with it? Join together and slay him."

When they heard that, eight warriors in anger surrounded Prabhāsa. One was a king of the Vidyādharas named Ūrdhvaroman, a lord of hosts of warriors, dwelling in the great mountain named Vankaṭaka. And the second warrior was a chief of the Vidyādharas named Vikrośana, the

<sup>1</sup> The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *jagme*.

king of the rock Dharapīdhara. And the third was the hero Indramālin, a prince of the Vidyādharas, lord of a host of distinguished warriors, and his home was the mountain Līlā.

*Prabhāsa is repeatedly attacked* And the fourth was an excellent Vidyādhara named King Kākaṇḍaka, a chief of a host of warriors, and his dwelling was in the mountain Malaya. And the fifth was Darpavāha by name, lord of the hill Niketa, and the sixth was Dhūrtavyayana, the lord of the mountain Anjana, and both these Vidyādharas were chiefs of excellent warriors. And the seventh one, whose chariot was drawn by asses, was named Varāhasvāmin, king of the mount Kumuda, and he was chief of a host of great warriors. And the eighth warrior was like him, Medhāvara, King of Dundhubhi.

Prabhāsa repelled the numerous arrows which these eight came and discharged, and he pierced them all at the same time with arrows. And he slew the horse of one, and of one the charioteer, and he cut in half the banner of one, and the bow of another. But Medhāvara he struck at the same time with four arrows in the heart, and at once laid him dead on the earth. And then he fought with the others, and cut off with an *anjali*<sup>1</sup> the head of Ūrdhvaroman, with its curled and plaited hair; and of the other six he killed the horses and charioteers, and at last laid themselves low, cutting off their heads with crescent-headed arrows. And then a rain of flowers fell on his head from heaven, encouraging the kings of the Asuras, and discouraging the Vidyādharas.

Then four more great warriors, armed with bows, sent by Śrutaśarman, surrounded Prabhāsa: one was named Kācharaka, the lord of the mountain Kuraṇḍa; the second Diṇḍimālin, whose home was the hill of Panchaka; the third was Vibhāvasu, king of the mountain Jayapura; the fourth was named Dhavala, the ruler of Bhūmituṇḍika. Those excellent Vidyādharas, chiefs of hosts of great warriors, let fly five hundred arrows at the same time at Prabhāsa. But Prabhāsa easily disposed of all, one by one, each with eight arrows: with one arrow he cut down the banner, with

<sup>1</sup> Possibly an arrow with a head resembling two hands joined.

one cleft the bow, with one he killed the charioteer, with four the horses, and with one more he cut off the head of the warrior, and then shouted triumphantly.

Then another four Vidyādhara, by the order of Śrutaśarman, assembled in fight against Prabhāsa. The first was named Bhadrakara, dark as the blue water-lily, sprung from Mercury in the house<sup>1</sup> of Viśvāvasu, but the second was Nīyantraka, like the fire in brightness, sprung from Mars in the house of Jambaka, and the third was called Kālakopa, very black in hue, with tawny hair, sprung from Saturn in the house of Dāmodara. And the fourth was Vikramaśakti, like gold in brightness, sprung from the planet Jupiter in the house of the Moon. The three first were lords of hosts of lords of hosts of transcendent warriors, but the fourth was a great hero surpassing the rest in valour. And those haughty chiefs attacked Prabhāsa with heavenly weapons. Prabhāsa repelled their weapons with the weapon of Nārāyaṇa and easily cut asunder the bow of each eight times; then he repelled the arrows and clubs which they hurled, and slaying their horses and charioteers, deprived them all of their chariots.

When Śrutaśarman saw that, he quickly sent other ten lords of the Vidyādhara, chiefs of lords of hosts or lords of hosts of warriors, two called Dama and Niyama, who exactly resembled one another in appearance, two sons born to the Aśvins in the house of the lord of Ketumālā, and Vikrama and Sankrama, and Parākrama and Ākrama, and Sammar-dana and Mardana, and Pramardana and Vimardana, the eight similar sons of the Vasus born in the house of Makaranda. And when they came the previous assailants mounted other chariots. Wonderful to say, though all those fourteen joined together and showered arrows on Prabhāsa, he alone fought with them fearlessly. Then, by the order of Sūrya-prabha, Kunjarakumāra and Prahasta left the *mêlée* and, flying up from the front of the line, weapons in hand, white and black in hue, came to the aid of Prabhāsa, like Rāma

<sup>1</sup> There is probably a pun here. *Kshetra*, besides its astrological sense, means a wife on whom issue is begotten by some kinsman or duly appointed person, as in the Jewish law.

and Kṛishṇa over again. They, though fighting on foot, harassed Dama and Niyama by cutting asunder their bows and killing their charioteers. When they, in their fear, soared up to heaven Kunjarakumāra and Prahasta soared up also, weapons in hand.

When Sūryaprabha saw that, he quickly sent them his ministers Mahābuddhi and Achalabuddhi to act as charioteers. Then Prahasta and Kunjarakumāra discovered, by employing magic collyrium, those two sons of the Vidyā-dharas, Dama and Niyama, though they had made themselves invisible by magic power, and riddled them so with showers of arrows that they fled. And Prabhāsa, fighting with the other twelve, cleft all their bows asunder, though they kept continually taking fresh ones. And Prahasta came and killed at the same time the charioteers of all, and Kunjarakumāra slew their horses. Then those twelve together, being deprived of their chariots, and finding themselves smitten by three heroes, fled out of the battle.

Then Śrutaśarman, beside himself with grief, anger and shame, sent two more Vidyādharas, captains of hosts of warriors and distinguished warriors: one was called Chandragupta, born in the house of the lord of the great mountain Chandrakula, beautiful as a second moon; and the second was his own minister, named Narangama, of great splendour, born in the house of the lord of the mountain Dhurandhara. They also, after discharging a shower of arrows, were in a moment deprived of their chariots by Prabhāsa and his comrades, and disappeared.

Then the men and Asuras shouted for joy; but there-upon Śrutaśarman came himself, with four great warriors of mighty force, named Mahaugha, Ārohaṇa, Utpāta and Vetravat, the sons respectively of Tvashtṛi,<sup>1</sup> Bhaga, Aryaman and Pūshan, born in the house of the four Vidyādhara kings, Chitrapada and others, that ruled over mount Malaya.

<sup>1</sup> Tvashtṛi is the Vulcan of the Hindus. Bhaga is an Āditya regarded in the Vedas as bestowing wealth, and presiding over marriage, his Nakshatra is the Uttara Phālgunī. Aryaman is also an Āditya; Pūshan, originally the sun, is in later times an Āditya. The "canopy of arrows" reminds us of the saying of Dieneses, Herodotus, vii, 227, and of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi, 666.



And Śrutaśarman himself, blinded with furious anger, was the fifth, and they all fought against Prabhāsa and his two companions. Then the host of arrows, which they shot at one another, seemed like a canopy spread in the sky by the fortune of war in the full blaze of the sun. Then those other Vidyādhara, who had been deprived of their chariots and had fled from the battle, came back into the fight.

Then Sūryaprabha, seeing many of them assembled in fight, under the leadership of Śrutaśarman, sent other great warriors of his own to support Prabhāsa and his comrades, his own friends with Prajñādhyā at their head, and the princes of whom Śatānīka and Vīrasena were the chief. They flew through the air, and Sūryaprabha sent the other warriors also through the air in the chariot Bhūtāsana. When all those archers had gone chariot-borne, the other Vidyādhara kings, who were on the side of Śrutaśarman, also came up. Then a fight took place between those Vidyādhara princes on the one side and Prabhāsa and his comrades on the other, in which there was a great slaughter of soldiers. And in the single combats between the two hosts many warriors were slain on both sides, men, Asuras and Vidyādhara. Vīrasena slew Dhūmrālochana and his followers, but, having been deprived of his chariot, he was in his turn killed by Hariśarman. Then the Vidyādhara hero Hiraṇyākṣa was killed by Abhimanyu, but Abhimanyu and Haribhāṭa were slain by Sunetra. And Sunetra was killed by Prabhāsa, who cut off his head. And Jvālāmālīn and Mahāyu killed one another. But Kumbhīraka and Nirāsaka fought with their teeth, after their arms were cut off, and so did Kharva and the mighty Suśarman. And the three, Śatrubhāṭa, Vyāghrabhāṭa and Siṃhabhāṭa, were slain by Pravahana, the Vidyādhara king. Pravahana was killed by the two warriors Suroha and Viroha, and those two were slain by Siṃhabala, the dweller in the cemetery. That very Siṃhabala, whose chariot was drawn by ghosts, and Kapilaka, and Chitrāpīḍa, the Vidyādhara king, and Jagajjvara, and the hero Kāntāpati, and the mighty Suvarṇa, and the two Vidyādhara kings, Kāmaghana and Krodhapati, and King Baladeva



and Vichitrāpīḍa—these ten were slain by the Prince Śatānīka.

When these heroes had been slain, Śrutaśarman, beholding the slaughter of the Vidyādharas, himself attacked Śatānīka in his anger. Then a terrible fight took place between those two, lasting to the close of the day, and causing a great slaughter of soldiers, exciting the wonder even of the gods; and it continued until hundreds of corpses, rising up all round, laid hold of the demons as their partners, when the time arrived for the joyous evening dance. At the close of day the Vidyādharas, depressed at the great slaughter of their army, and grieved at the death of their friends, and the men and Asuras having won the victory by sheer force, stopped the combat, and went each of them to their own camps.

At that time two Vidyādharas, chiefs of captains of bands of warriors, who had deserted the cause of Śrutaśarman, came, introduced by Sumeru, and said to Sūryaprabha, after bowing before him: “We are named Mahāyāna and Sumāya, and this Siṃhabala was the third of us; we had obtained magic power by having the rule of a great cemetery, and were unassailable by the other Vidyādharas. While we, such as you have heard, were once taking our ease in a corner of the great cemetery, there came to us a good witch named Śarabhānanā, of great and godlike power, who is always well disposed towards us. We bowed before her and asked her: ‘Where have you been, honoured lady, and what have you seen there strange?’ She thereupon related this adventure.

#### 62c. *Adventure of the Witch Śarabhānanā*

I went with the witches to visit my master, the god Mahākāla,<sup>1</sup> and while I was there a king of the Vetālas came and reported: “See, O master, the chiefs of the Vidyādharas have killed our commander-in-chief, named Agnika, and one named Tejaḥprabha is swiftly carrying off his lovely daughter. But the holy sages have foretold that she shall

<sup>1</sup> An epithet of Śiva in his character of the destroying deity.

be the wife of the Emperor of the Vidyādhara, so grant us a boon and have her released before he forcibly carries her off to a distance."

When the god heard this speech of the afflicted Vetāla, he said to me: "Go and set her free." Then I went through the air and came up with the maiden. Tejahprabha said: "I am carrying off the girl for our rightful emperor, Śrutaśarman." But I paralysed him by my magic power, and bringing back the maiden, gave her to my master. And he made her over to her own family. I, in truth, went through this strange adventure. Then I remained there some days, and after taking a reverent farewell of the god I came here.

62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādhara*

"When that witch Śarabhānā had said this, we said to her: 'Tell us, who is to be the future emperor of the Vidyādhara? You, in truth, know all.' She said: 'Sūryaprabha will certainly be.' Whereupon Simhabala said to us: 'This is untrue, for have not the gods and Indra girded up their loins to support the cause of Śrutaśarman?' When the noble woman heard that, she said to us: 'If you do not believe this, listen. I tell you that soon there will be war between Sūryaprabha and Śrutaśarman, and when this Simhabala shall be slain before your eyes by a man in battle you will recognise this token, and will know that this speech of mine is true.' When that witch had said this, she departed, and those days passed away, and now we have seen with our own eyes that in truth this Simhabala has been slain. Relying upon that, we think that you are indeed appointed emperor of all the Vidyādhara, and submitting ourselves to your rule, we have repaired to your two lotus-like feet."

When the Vidyādhara Mahāyāna and Sumāya said this, Sūryaprabha, in concert with Maya and the rest, received them into confidence and honoured them, and they rejoiced. When Śrutaśarman heard that, he was in great consternation, but Indra comforted him by a message, sending to him

Viśvāvasu, and commissioning him to say : "Be of good cheer ! To-morrow I will aid thee with all the gods in the van of battle." This he said to him out of love, to comfort him. And Sūryaprabha, having been encouraged by beholding the breaking of his enemy's line, and having seen in the front of battle the slaughter of his rival's partisans, again forwent the society of his charmers, and entered his dwelling at night surrounded by his ministers.

## CHAPTER XLIX

### 62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*

**T**HEN Sūryaprabha, lying on his couch at night, eager for battle, apart from his wives, said to his minister Vītabhīti: "I cannot sleep, so tell me, my friend, some strange story of courage and endurance, to amuse me during the night." When Vītabhīti heard this request of Sūryaprabha's, he answered: "I will obey your order"; and he told this story:

#### 62D. *King Mahāsena and his Virtuous Minister Guṇaśarman*

There is a city Ujjayinī, the ornament of this earth, full of numberless jewels of pellucid water. In that city there lived a king named Mahāsena, beloved by the virtuous, an unequalled treasury of accomplishments, having the beauty both of the sun and moon. He had a wife named Aśokavatī, whom he loved as his life; there was not another woman in the three worlds equal to her in beauty. The king ruled his realm with her for consort, and he had besides a friend, a Brāhman named Guṇaśarman, whom he respected and loved. And that Brāhman was brave and very handsome, and, though young, had thoroughly mastered the lore of the Vedas, and knew the accomplishments, the Śāstras, and the use of weapons, and was always in attendance on the king.

And one day, as he was within the palace, a conversation arose about dancing, and the king and queen said to Guṇaśarman, who was in attendance: "You know everything, there is no doubt about that; so we have a curiosity to see you dancing. If you know how to dance, kindly exhibit your skill." When Guṇaśarman heard this, he said, with a smile on his face: "I know how to dance, but dancing is a thing not becoming in the king's court; foolish dancing is

generally ridiculous and is censured in the Śāstras. And far from me be shame here in the presence of the king and queen." When Guṇaśarman said that, the king answered him, being urged on to it by the queen out of curiosity: "This will not be like a dance on the stage, or in such places, which would make a man feel ashamed, but merely a private display of skill in the society of friends. And at present I am not your king; I am your friend without ceremony; so rest assured that I will not eat to-day until I have seen your skill in dancing."

When the king pressed him in this style, the Brāhman consented to do it. For how can servants refuse the request of an importunate lord? Then that Guṇaśarman danced so skilfully with his body that the hearts of both the king and queen danced for joy. And at the end of it the king gave him a lyre to play upon, and the moment he tested its tones he said to the king: "This lyre is not in good order, so give me another one; there is a puppy inside this, your Majesty—I know that by the indications of the twanging of the strings." Saying this, Guṇaśarman let go the lyre from under his arm. Then the king sprinkled it, and unscrewed and examined it, and a puppy came out of it.<sup>1</sup> Then King Mahāsenā praised Guṇaśarman's omniscience, and was much astonished, and had another lyre brought. He played on that lyre, which, like the Ganges, that flows in three worlds,<sup>2</sup> was charming from its swift stream of music,<sup>3</sup> and purged the ear by its sound. Then in the presence of the king, who with his wife looked on astonished, he exhibited in turn his skill in the nobler studies. Then the king said to him: "If you are skilled in fighting, then show me a specimen of the art of binding the enemy's limbs with your own hands unarmed." The Brāhman answered him: "King, take your weapons and strike at me, that I may show you a specimen of my skill." Then, as fast as the king took a sword or other weapon and struck at him, Guṇaśarman, by that artifice of fettering the limbs, immediately disarmed

<sup>1</sup> See note on next page.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> There are three different styles of music called *tāra*, *udāra* and *mudāra*. So the word *mārga* contains a pun.

<sup>3</sup> *Ogha* means "current," and also "quick time" in music.

him with ease, and frequently fettered his hand and body, without receiving a wound. Then the king, seeing that he was capable of aiding him in his political affairs, praised that excellent Brāhman of transcendent ability and honoured him highly.

But Queen Aśokavatī, having beheld again and again the beauty and abilities of that Brāhman, suddenly fell in love with him. She thought to herself: "If I cannot obtain him, of what use is my life to me?" Then she artfully said to the king: "Do me a kindness, my husband, and order this Guṇaśarman to teach me to play on the lyre. For when I beheld to-day his skill in playing on the lyre I took a desperate fancy to the instrument." When the king heard this, he said to Guṇaśarman: "By all means teach the queen to play on the lyre." Then Guṇaśarman said: "I will do so, my sovereign; we will begin the practising on an auspicious day." Then he took leave of the king and went home. But he put off for many days beginning to teach the queen the lyre, seeing the changed expression of the queen, and afraid of some mischief.

One day he was standing near the king when he was eating, and when the cook was giving him some condiment he prevented him, saying: "Stop! Stop!" The king asked what this meant, then the discreet man said: "This sauce is poisoned, and I detected it by certain indications.<sup>1</sup> For when the cook was giving you the sauce he looked at my face, trembling with fear, and with an eye that rolled apprehensively. And we can at once find out whether I am right. Let this sauce be given to someone to eat and I will counteract the effect of the poison." When he said this, the king made the cook eat the sauce, and immediately after he had eaten it he became senseless. Then Guṇaśarman counteracted

<sup>1</sup> This "Quintessence" or "Deduction" *motif*, as it might be called, is widely spread in Eastern folk-tales, and occurs in Chapter LXXXII, where I shall add a note on the subject. As we saw in my note on the "Story of Hariśarman" in Vol. III, pp. 75, 76, the "lucky guess" or "Dr Knowall" *motif* merges into the above in stories where the "guess" is changed into a "deduction."—N.M.P.

the effect of the poison on the cook by a spell, and when the king asked the cook the truth of the whole matter he said this: "King, your enemy, King Vikramaśakti, sovereign of Gauḍa, sent me here to give you poison. I introduced myself to your Majesty as a foreigner skilful in the culinary art, and entered your kitchen. So to-day I have been discovered by that shrewd man in the act of giving you poison in sauce. Your Majesty knows what to do now."

When the cook said this, the king punished him, and being much pleased, gave Guṇaśarman a thousand villages for saving his life.

And the next day, as the queen kept vigorously pressing him, the king made Guṇaśarman begin to teach her the lyre. Then, while he was teaching her the lyre, the Queen Aśoka-  
*The Queen declares her Love* vatī indulged in perpetual coquetry, laughter and mirth. One day, wounded with the arrow of love, she scratched him with her nails frequently in secret, and said to the chaste Guṇaśarman, who entreated her to desist: "It was yourself that I asked for, handsome man, under the pretext of learning to play the lute, for I am desperately in love with you, so consent to my wishes." When she said this, Guṇaśarman answered her: "Do not talk so, for you are my master's wife, and such a one as I am should not commit such treason; desist from this reckless conduct." When Guṇaśarman said this, the queen continued: "Why do you possess in vain this beauty and skill in accomplishments? How can you look with a passionless eye on me who love you so much?"

When Guṇaśarman heard this, he answered sarcastically: "You are right. What is the use of beauty and skill which is not tarnished with infamy by seducing the wife of another, and which does not in this world and the next cause one to fall into the ocean of hell?" When he said this, the queen said to him, pretending to be angry: "I am determined to die if you do not do what I say, so, being despised by you, I will slay you before I die." Then Guṇaśarman said: "By all means let it be so. For it is better to live for

one moment, bound by the bonds of righteousness, than to live unrighteously for hundreds of *crores* of Kalpas. And it is far preferable for me to die without reproach, having done no wrong, than for me to have done wrong and to be put to death by the king, with reproach attaching to my name."

When the queen heard that, she went on to say to him: "Do not commit treason against yourself and me. Listen, I will tell you something. The king does not neglect to do what I tell him, even if it is impossible; so I will ask him and get territories given to you, and I will have all your servants made barons, so you will become a king, for you are distinguished for good qualities. So what have you to fear? Who can overpower you and how? So grant my wishes fearlessly, otherwise you will not live."

When the king's wife said this, seeing that she was determined, Guṇaśarman said to her artfully, in order to put her off for a moment: "If you are persistently set on this, then I will obey your command; but it will not be advisable to do so immediately, for fear it should get abroad; wait for some days; believe that what I say is true. What object have I in incurring your enmity, which would ensure my destruction?" Thus Guṇaśarman comforted her with that hope, and agreed to her request, and then departed with heart lightened.

Then, in the course of some days, King Mahāsenā went and surrounded King Somaka in his treasure-city. And when the King of Gauḍa, Vikramaśakti, knew that he had arrived there he went and surrounded King Mahāsenā; then King Mahāsenā said to Guṇaśarman: "While we are occupied in besieging one enemy we are besieged by another, so now how are we to fight with two enemies, as we are unequal in force? And how long, being brave men, can we remain without fighting a battle? So what are we to do in this difficulty?"

When Guṇaśarman, who was at the side of the king, was asked this question, he answered: "Be of good courage, my sovereign; I will devise a stratagem that will enable us to get out of this situation, difficult as it is." He comforted



the king with these words and put on his eyes an ointment<sup>1</sup> that rendered him invisible, and at night went, without anyone seeing him, to the camp of Vikramaśakti. And he entered into his presence, and woke him up while asleep, and said: "Know, O King, that I am come a messenger from the gods. Make peace with King Mahāsenā and depart quickly, otherwise you will certainly be destroyed here with your army. And if you send an ambassador he will agree to your proposals of peace. I have been sent by the holy Viṣṇu to tell you this. For you are a votary of his, and he watches over the safety of his votaries."

*Guṇaśarman  
resorts to  
Magical  
Strategy*

When King Vikramaśakti heard this, he thought: "Certainly this is true; if he were any other, how could he enter this carefully guarded tent? This is not what a mere mortal could accomplish." When the king had gone through these reflections he said: "I am fortunate in receiving such a command from the god; I will do what he bids me." When the king said that, Guṇaśarman disappeared by the help of his magic collyrium, thus confirming the king's confidence in him, and went away. And he came and told King Mahāsenā what he had done; he threw his arms round his neck and hailed him as the preserver of his life and throne. And the next morning Vikramaśakti sent an ambassador to Mahāsenā, and after making peace with him returned home with his army. But Mahāsenā conquered Somaka, and having obtained elephants and horses, returned to Ujjayinī a victor, thanks to Guṇaśarman. And while he was there Guṇaśarman saved him from a crocodile while bathing in the river, and from the poison of a snake-bite while in his garden.

Then, after some days had passed, King Mahāsenā, having got together an army, went to attack his enemy Vikramaśakti. And that king, as soon as he heard of his approach, marched out to meet him in fight, and a great battle took place between the two. And in the course of it the two kings met in single combat and disabled one another's

<sup>1</sup> In the *Nights* (Burton, vol. v, p. 308) we read of a similar magic ointment which has the power of conveying dry-shod over the water anyone who anoints his feet with it.—N.M.P.

chariots. Then, in their fury, they rushed forward sword in hand, and King Mahāsenā through carelessness stumbled and fell on the earth. Then the King Vikramaśakti tried to strike him on the ground, but Guṇaśarman cut off his arm with a discus, sword and all, and striking him again in the heart with an iron mace, laid him low. And King Mahāsenā rose up, and was pleased when he saw his enemy dead, and said repeatedly to Guṇaśarman: "What am I to say? This is the fifth time that you have saved my life, heroic Brāhman." Then Mahāsenā conquered the army and kingdom of Vikramaśakti, who had been slain by Guṇaśarman, and after overcoming other kings by the aid of Guṇaśarman he returned to Ujjayinī and dwelt there in happiness.

But Queen Aśokavatī did not cease from importunately soliciting Guṇaśarman day and night. But he would never consent to that crime. Good men prefer death to immodest conduct. Then Aśokavatī, finding out that he *Scorned Love of Woman* was resolved, one day, out of enmity to him, affected to be unhappy, and remained with tearful countenance.<sup>1</sup> Then Mahāsenā, coming in, and seeing her in that condition, said: "What is this, my beloved? Who has offended you? Tell me the name of the man whose life and property I am to take by way of punishment?" Then the unforgiving queen said with affected reluctance to the king, who had thus addressed her: "You have no power to punish the man who has injured me; he is not a man you can chastise, so what is the good of revealing the injury to no purpose?" When she said this, the king pressed her, and she said deceitfully: "My husband, if you are very anxious to know, listen; I will tell you. Guṇaśarman, who pretends to be a loyal servant,<sup>2</sup> made an agreement with the King of Gauḍa, and in order to get money from him undertook to do you an injury. The wicked Brāhman secretly sent his confidential messenger to Gauḍa, to make the king hand over treasure and so on. Then a confidential

<sup>1</sup> See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> *Chhalāhataḥ* is a mistake for *chhalādrītaḥ*. See Böhtlingk and Roth (s.v. *han* with *ā*). The MS. in the Sanskrit College has *chhalādataḥ*.

servant, seeing the king despondent, said to him : ' I will manage this affair for you ; do not waste your wealth.' When the King of Gauda heard this, he had that messenger of Guṇaśarman's cast into prison <sup>1</sup> . . . and the cook who was to administer the poison came here, carefully keeping the secret. In the meanwhile Guṇaśarman's messenger escaped from prison and came here to him. And he, knowing the whole story, revealed it all, and pointed out to Guṇaśarman <sup>2</sup> that cook, who had entered into our kitchen. Then that scoundrelly Brāhman detected the cook in the act of administering the poison and denounced him to you, and so had him put to death. Then the mother and the wife and the younger brother of that cook came here to find out what had become of him, and the sagacious Guṇaśarman, finding it out, put to death his wife and mother, but his brother escaped somehow or other and entered my palace. While he was imploring my protection and telling me the whole story, Guṇaśarman entered my apartment. When the brother of that cook saw Guṇaśarman and heard his name, he went out and fled from my presence, whither I know not. Guṇaśarman, for his part, when he saw him who had been previously pointed out to him by his servants, was abashed, and seemed to be thinking over something. And I, wanting to know what it was, said to him in private : ' Guṇaśarman, why do you seem to be altered to-day ? ' And he, being anxious to win me over to his side, as he was afraid of the matter being revealed, said to me : ' Queen, I am consumed with passion for you, so consent to my wishes, otherwise I cannot live ; bestow on me life as a Brāhman's fee.' When he had said this, as the room was empty, he fell at my feet. Then I drew away my foot and rose up in

<sup>1</sup> Here Brockhaus makes a hiatus. But Speyer (*op. cit.*, pp. 119, 120) shows that there is no necessity for such a supposition, as, by the D. text, it is obvious that the cook is first mentioned in *śl.* 104, not 105—thus instead of "servant" we should read "cook." Barnett would also change the adjective to "trusty." There is also some difficulty in *śl.* 106. Speyer conjectures *tadrakṣhacāpalyenaiva tato nirgatya bandhanāt*, "afterwards, having made his escape from prison in consequence of the negligence of his gaolers." For fuller details see Speyer as quoted above.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> I read *Guṇaśarmanah* or *Guṇaśarmāṇe*.

bewilderment, and he, rising up, embraced me, a weak woman, by force. And my maid Pallavikā came in at that very moment. The instant he saw her he fled out alarmed. If Pallavikā had not come in the villain would certainly have outraged me. This is the injury he has done me to-day."

When the queen had told this false tale, she stopped and wept. For in the beginning wicked women sprang from Lying Speech.<sup>1</sup> And the moment the king heard it he was all on fire with anger, for reliance upon the words of women destroys the discrimination even of the great. And he said to his dear wife: "Be comforted, fair one; I will certainly punish that traitor with death. But he must be slain by artifice, otherwise we might be disgraced, for it is well known that five times he has saved my life. And we must not proclaim abroad his crime of offering violence to you." When the king said this to the queen, she answered: "If that crime may not be published, may that other one of his be published, that out of friendship for the King of Gauḍa he attempted treason against his master?" When she said this, he answered: "You are quite right." And so King Mahāsena went to his hall of audience.

Then all the kings and princes and barons came to visit the king. And in the meanwhile Guṇaśarman left his house to go to the court, and on the way he saw many unfavourable omens. There was a crow on his left hand, a dog ran from the left to the right, a snake appeared on his right, and his left arm and shoulder throbbed.<sup>2</sup> He thought to himself: "These evil omens indicate

<sup>1</sup> In this *śloka* the D. text reads *asatyavacanam paścāj* instead of *asatyavacanāt pāpā*, thus meaning, "for in the beginning Lying Speech was born, thereafter wicked women."—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the English superstitions with regard to the raven, crow and magpie (Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, pp. 95 and 96; Hunt's *Romances and Drolls of the West of England*, p. 429; Thiselton Dyer, *English Folk-Lore*, pp. 80, 81). See also Horace, *Odes*, iii, 27. In Europe the throbbing or tingling of the left ear indicates calamity (Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 327; Hunt, *op. cit.*, p. 430; Thiselton Dyer, *op. cit.*, p. 279). See also Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. ii, p. 313, and Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, pp. 374-378 and 404. For similar superstitions in

calamity to me without doubt, so whatever happens to me, I hope no misfortune may befall the king, my master." With these thoughts he entered the hall of audience and prayed loyally that nothing untoward might befall the palace. But when he bowed and took his seat, the king did not salute him as before, but looked askance at him with an eye glowing with anger. And when Guṇaśarman was alarmed as to what it might mean, the king rose up from the seat of justice and sat at his side, and said to the astonished courtiers: "Hear what Guṇaśarman has done to me."<sup>1</sup>

Then Guṇaśarman said: "I am a servant, you are my master, so how can our suit be equal? Ascend your seat of judgment and afterwards give what order you like." When the resolute man said this, the king, by the advice of the other ministers, ascended the seat of judgment and said again to his courtiers: "You know that I made this Guṇaśarman equal to myself, preferring him to my hereditary ministers. Now hear what treason he attempted to commit against me, after making an agreement with the King of Gauḍa by sending messengers to and fro." After saying this, the king related to them all the fictitious account of the matter which Aśoka-vatī had given him. And the king also told to his confidential ministers, after dismissing the crowd, the lying tale of an attempt to outrage her, which she had told against Guṇaśarman.

Then Guṇaśarman said: "King, who told you such a

ancient Greece see Jebb's *Characters of Theophrastus*, p. 163: "The superstitious man, if a weasel run across his path, will not pursue his walk until someone else has traversed the road, or until he has thrown three stones across it. When he sees a serpent in his house, if it be the red snake, he will invoke Sabazius, if the sacred snake, he will straightway place a shrine on the spot. . . . If an owl is startled by him in his walk, he will exclaim 'Glory be to Athene!' before he proceeds." Jebb refers us to *Ar. Eccl.*, 792.—For notes on unfavourable omens see Vol. III, pp. 46n<sup>2</sup>, 86n<sup>1</sup>, and for lucky omens pp. 122, 122n<sup>1</sup>, 171n<sup>1</sup> of this volume. For an interesting list of both auspicious and inauspicious omens see R. E. Enthoven, *The Folklore of Bombay*, 1924, pp. 249-253.—N.M.P.

<sup>1</sup> The Sanskrit College MS. reads *nyāyam* for *prāptam*, "hear my suit against Guṇaśarman." This makes far better sense.

falsehood, who painted this aerial picture?" When the king heard that, he said: "Villain, if it is not true, how did you know that the poison was in the dish of rice?" When Guṇaśarman said, "Everything is known by wisdom," the other ministers, out of hatred to him, said: "That is impossible." Then Guṇaśarman said: "King, you have no right to speak thus without inquiring into the truth of the matter, and a king devoid of discrimination is not approved of by those who understand policy." When he repeated this over and over again, the king exclaimed that he was an insolent wretch, and aimed a sword-cut at him. But he avoided that blow by employing his trick of fence, and then the other followers of the king struck at him. And he eluded their swords by his artifices of fence and baffled the exertions of them all. And he fettered them, binding them with one another's hair, showing wonderful skill in the employment of his trick of disarming. And he made his way out by force from that hall of assembly of the king, and he killed about a hundred warriors, who pursued him. Then he put on his eyes that ointment serving to render him invisible, which he had in the corner of his garment, and immediately left that country without being seen. And he made towards the Deccan, and as he was going along he thus reflected on the way: "Surely that foolish king was set on by that Aśokavatī. Alas! women whose love is slighted are worse than poison! Alas! kings who do not investigate the truth are not to be served by the good!"

While engaged in such reflections, Guṇaśarman came at last to a village; there he saw a worthy Brāhman under a banyan-tree teaching his pupils. He went up to him and hailed him. The Brāhman, after welcoming him, immediately asked him: "O Brāhman, what recension of the Vedas do you recite? Tell me." Then Guṇaśarman answered that Brāhman: "Brāhman, I recite twelve recensions: two of the *Sāma Veda*, two of the *Rig-Veda*, seven of the *Yajur Veda*, and one of the *Atharva-Veda*." Then the Brāhman said: "You must be a god." And he went on to say to Guṇaśarman, whose shape revealed his excellence: "Tell me, what country and what family did you adorn by being

born in them ? What is your name, and how did you learn so much ? ” When Guṇaśarman heard this, he said to him :

62DD. *Ādityaśarman, the Father of Guṇaśarman*

In the city of Ujjayinī there was a Brāhman's son named Ādityaśarman, and when he was a child his father died, and his mother entered the fire with her husband.<sup>1</sup> Then Ādityaśarman grew up in that city in his uncle's house, reading the Vedas and the books of knowledge, and also the treatises on accomplishments. And after he had acquired knowledge, and was engaged in a vow of muttering prayers, he struck up a friendship with a certain wandering hermit. That wandering hermit went with his friend Ādityaśarman and performed a sacrifice in a cemetery to get a Yakshiṇī into his power. Then a heavenly maiden, beautifully adorned, appeared to him in a chariot of gold, surrounded with beautiful maidens. She said to him in a sweet voice : “ Mendicant, I am a Yakshī named Vidyunmālā, and these others are Yakshiṇīs. Take a suitable wife from my following according to your pleasure. So much have you obtained by your employment of spells ; you have not discovered the perfect spell for obtaining me ; so, as I am obtained by that only, do not take any further trouble to no purpose.”

When the Yakshī said this to him, the mendicant consented, and chose one Yakshiṇī from her retinue. Then Vidyunmālā disappeared, and Ādityaśarman asked that Yakshiṇī, whom the hermit had obtained : “ Is there any Yakshiṇī superior to Vidyunmālā ? ” When the Yakshiṇī heard that, she answered : “ Yes, handsome man, there is. Vidyunmālā, Chandralekhā and Sulochanā the third are the best among the Yakshiṇīs, and among these Sulochanā.”

After saying that, the Yakshiṇī departed, to return at the appointed time, and the mendicant went with Ādityaśarman to his house. There the loving Yakshiṇī every day visited the hermit at the appointed time and granted him all that

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix I, where I have treated the subject of *sañi* at some length.—N.M.P.



he desired. One day Ādityaśarman asked her this question by the mouth of that mendicant: "Who knows the proper spell for attracting Sulochanā?" And the Yakshiṇī sent him this message by the mouth of the mendicant: "There is a place called Jambuvana in the south. There is a mendicant there, named Viṣṇugupta, who has made his dwelling on the banks of the Veṇī; he is the best of Buddhist mendicants, and knows the spell at full length."

When Ādityaśarman learned this from the Yakshiṇī, he went in all eagerness to that country, followed by the mendicant out of love. There he duly searched for the Buddhist mendicant, and after he had approached him he served him devotedly for three years, and waited upon him continually. And by the help of that Yakshiṇī, who was at the beck and call of the first mendicant, his friend, he provided him with heavenly luxuries, ministered seasonably. Then that Buddhist mendicant, being pleased, gave to that Ādityaśarman the spell for obtaining Sulochanā, which he desired, together with the prescribed rites to accompany it.

Then Ādityaśarman, having obtained that spell, and having duly employed it, went into a solitary place and performed there the final sacrifice according to the prescribed ritual, leaving no ceremony out. Then the Yakshiṇī Sulochanā appeared to him in an air-chariot, with world-enchanting beauty, and said to him: "Come! come! I have been won by you; but you must not make me your wife for six months, great hero, if you wish to have by me a son, who will be a favourite of fortune, marked with auspicious marks, all-knowing and invincible."

When she said this, Ādityaśarman consented, and she took him off in her chariot to Alakā. And Ādityaśarman remained there, looking at her ever near him, with his suspense and doubts at an end, and performed for six months a vow as difficult as standing on the edge of a sword. Then the God of Wealth, being pleased, himself gave that Sulochanā to Ādityaśarman, according to a heavenly ritual. I was born as that Brāhman's son by her, and I was named Guṇaśarman by my father on account of my good qualities. Then in that very place I learned in succession the Vedas,



the sciences and the accomplishments, from a prince of the Yakshas named Maṇidara.

Then, once upon a time, it happened that Indra came to the God of Wealth, and all who sat there rose up when they saw him. But, as fate would have it, Ādityaśarman, my father, was at that time thinking of something else, and did not rise up in a hurry. Then Indra, being angry, cursed him, and said: "Out, fool!" Go to your own world of mortals, you are out of place here. Then Sulochanā fell at his feet and propitiated him, and Indra answered: "Then let him not go to the world of mortals himself, but let this son of his go, for one's son is said to be a second self. Let not my word have been spoken in vain."

When Indra had said so much he was satisfied. Then my father took me and deposited me in my uncle's house in Ujjayinī. For what is ordained to be a man's lot must be. There, as it happened, I struck up a friendship with the king of that place. And listen, I will tell you what happened to me there afterwards.

62D. *King Mahāsenā and his Virtuous Minister Guṇaśarman*

After saying this, he described to him what happened from the very beginning, and what Aśokavatī did, and what the king did, ending up with his fight. And he went on to say to him: "Brāhman, thus I have fled away to go to a foreign land, and on my way, as I was journeying along, I have seen you." When the Brāhman heard that, he said to Guṇaśarman: "And thus I have become fortunate by your visit, my lord. So now come to my house, and know that I am Agnidatta by name, and this village is my grant from the king; be at ease here."

After saying this, Agnidatta made Guṇaśarman enter his splendid mansion, in which were many cows, buffaloes and horses. There he honoured that guest with bath and unguents, and robes and ornaments, and with various kinds of food. And he showed him his daughter, Sundarī by name, whose beauty was to be desired even by the gods, on the pretence of getting him to inspect her marks. And

Guṇaśarman, for his part, seeing that she was unsurpassed in beauty, said: "She will have rival wives. She has a mole on her nose, and consequently I assert that she must have a second one on her breast; and men say that such is the result of spots in these two localities." When he said this, her brother, by command of her father, uncovered her breast and beheld there a mole.

Then Agnidatta said in astonishment to Guṇaśarman: "You are all-knowing, but these moles of hers portend good fortune to us. For wives generally have many rivals when the husband is fortunate; a poor<sup>1</sup> man would find it difficult to support one, much more to support many." When Guṇaśarman heard this, he answered him: "It is as you say; how could ill fortune befall a shape with such auspicious marks?" When he had said this, Agnidatta took occasion to ask him concerning the meaning of moles and other marks; and he told him what moles and other marks portended on every single limb, both in men and women.<sup>2</sup>

Then Sundarī, the moment she beheld Guṇaśarman, longed eagerly to drink him in with her eyes, as the female partridge longs to drink the moon. Then Agnidatta said in private to Guṇaśarman: "Illustrious one, I give you this my daughter Sundarī. Do not go to a foreign land; remain at ease in my house." When Guṇaśarman heard this speech

<sup>1</sup> *Daridryo* is probably a misprint for *daridro*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Thiselton Dyer's *English Folk-Lore*, p. 280. He remarks: "A belief was formerly current throughout the country in the significance of moles on the human body. When one of these appeared on the upper side of the right temple above the eye, to a woman it signified good and happy fortune by marriage." This superstition was especially believed in in Nottingham, as we learn from the following lines, which, says Mr Briscoe (author of *Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions*), were often repeated by a poor girl at Bunny:—

"I have a mole above my right eye,  
And I shall be a lady before I die.  
As things may happen, as things may fall,  
Who knows but that I may be Lady of Bunny Hall?"

The poor girl's hopes, it is stated, were ultimately realised, and she became "Lady of Bunny Hall." See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. iii, pp. 252-255.—See Vol. I, p. 49n<sup>1</sup>, for a short note on moles.—N.M.P.

of his, he said to him : " True, I should be happy to do so, but as I have been on a false charge scorched with the fire of the king's contempt, it does not please me. A lovely woman, the rising of the moon, and the fifth note of a lute, these delight the happy but afflict the miserable. And a wife who falls in love of her own accord with a man is sure to be chaste, but if she is given away by her father against her will she will be like Aśokavatī.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, the city of Ujjayinī is near to this place, so the king may perhaps hear of my whereabouts and oppress me. So I will wander round to holy places, and will wash off the stains of sin contracted ever since my birth, and will abandon this body, then I shall be at rest."

When he said this, Agnidatta answered him, smiling : " If even you show so much infatuation, what are we to expect from others ? What annoyance can you, a man of pure character, derive from the contempt of a fool ? Mud thrown at the heaven falls upon the head of the thrower. The king will soon reap the fruit of his want of discrimination, for Fortune does not long wait upon a man blind with infatuation and wanting in discrimination. Besides, if you are disgusted with women from your experience of Aśokavatī, do you not feel respect for them on beholding a good woman, for you know signs ? And even though Ujjayinī be near this place, where you are now, I will take steps to prevent anyone's knowing that you are here. But if you desire to make a pilgrimage to sacred places, then I say : that is approved by the wise only for a man who cannot, according to the scriptures, attain happiness by performing the actions enjoined by the Vedas ; but he who can acquire merit by offerings to the gods, to the *manes* of deceased ancestors and to the fire, by vows and muttering prayers, what is the use of his wandering about on pilgrimages ? A pilgrim whose pillow is his arm, who sleeps upon the ground, and lives on alms, and drinks only water, is not free from

<sup>1</sup> Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 165) conjectures *svavaśa* as the correct reading of *svarasa*, thus bringing out the contrast of the forced marriage and the love-match.—N.M.P.

cares, even though he has attained equality with hermits. And as for your desiring to abandon the body,<sup>1</sup> in this wise you are also led astray, for in the next world suicides suffer more severe pains than here. An unbecoming fault and folly is not to be committed by one so young and wise: decide for yourself: you must certainly do what I tell you. I will have made for you here a spacious and beautiful subterranean dwelling; marry Sundarī, and live at ease in it."

When he was thus diligently schooled by Agnidatta, Guṇaśarman agreed to his proposal, and said to him: "I accept your offer; for who would abandon a wife like Sundarī?"<sup>2</sup> But I will not marry this your daughter till I have accomplished my ends. In the meanwhile I will propitiate some god with strict asceticism, in order that I may be revenged on that ungrateful monarch."

When he said this, Agnidatta gladly consented, and Guṇaśarman rested there in comfort during the night. And the next day Agnidatta had a secret subterranean dwelling constructed for his comfort, called Pātālavasati.<sup>3</sup>

And while he was there Guṇaśarman said in secret to Agnidatta: "Tell me, what god, granting boons to his worshippers, shall I propitiate here by performing vows, *And after performing Vows* and what spell shall I use?" When the brave man said that, Agnidatta answered him: "I have a spell for propitiating the god Svāmikumāra, which was told me by a teacher; so with that propitiate the general of the gods, the foe of Tāraka, desiring whose birth the gods, oppressed by their enemies, sent Kāma to Śiva (and he, after burning him up, decreed that henceforth he should be born in the mind), whose origin they say was various, from Śiva, from the fire-cavity, from fire, from the

<sup>1</sup> I read *dehatyāgam* and *vāñchasi*.—There are also two other improvements in the D. text. In *śl.* 229 read *tadesha* for *na dosho*, and in *śl.* 231 *jñāto* should be added between *yathā* and *icchasi*. Speyer (p. 121) would translate: "And as for your striving for happiness by abandoning the body . . . Therefore, this folly is unbecoming to one so young and wise as you are; decide for yourself . . . at ease in it unknown."—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. "beautiful." There is a pun here.

<sup>3</sup> Pātāla = Hades—i.e. the world below; *vasati* = dwelling.

thicket of reeds and from the Kṛittikās, and who, as soon as he was born, made the whole world bend by his irresistible might, and slew the unconquered Asura Tāraka."

Then Guṇaśarman said: "Tell me that spell." And Agnidatta gave Guṇaśarman that spell. With it Guṇaśarman propitiated Skanda in the subterranean dwelling, unremitting in his vow, waited upon by Sundarī. Then the six-faced god appeared to him in visible form and said: "I am pleased with you; choose a boon.<sup>1</sup> . . . You shall possess an inexhaustible treasury, and, after conquering Mahāsenā, you shall, my son, advance irresistibly and rule the earth." After giving him this great boon Skanda disappeared, and Guṇaśarman obtained inexhaustible treasure.

*Marries* and Guṇaśarman obtained inexhaustible treasure.  
*Sundarī* Then the successful hero married, according to the prescribed rites, with splendour suited to his greatness, the daughter of the Brāhman Agnidatta, who fell more in love with him every day, like his future good fortune in affairs come to him in bodily form.

And then having collected, by virtue of his surpassing accumulation of inexhaustible treasure, an army consisting of many horses, elephants and foot-soldiers, he marched to Ujjayinī, overrunning the earth with the forces of all the kings that crowded to his banner out of gratitude for his gifts. And after proclaiming there to the subjects that immodest conduct of Aśokavatī, and after conquering King Mahāsenā in battle, and deposing him from the throne, he obtained the dominion of the earth. And King Guṇaśarman married many daughters of kings besides Sundarī, and his orders were obeyed even on the shores of the sea, and with Sundarī as his consort he long enjoyed pleasures to his heart's content.

## 62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*

"Thus King Mahāsenā, in old time, suddenly incurred calamity through being unable to discriminate the character of men, being a man of dull intellect, but the clear-headed

<sup>1</sup> Here Brockhaus supposes a hiatus.

Guṇaśarman, with the help of his own resolute character alone, obtained the highest prosperity.”

After Sūryaprabha had heard this chivalrous tale at night from the mouth of his minister Vītabhīti, the royal hero, who was longing to traverse the great sea of battle, gained great confidence, and gradually dropped off to sleep.

## NOTE ON "WOMEN WHOSE LOVE IS SCORNE"

The "women whose love is scorned" *motif* has already been discussed in Vol. II, pp. 120-124. The story of Guṇaśarman and Queen Aśokavati, in our present text (p. 87 *et seq.*), is a very good example of the *motif*, and closely resembles in its main outline that of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. It is interesting to note that in the Biblical (Authorised Version) story it is Joseph's skill in the interpretation of dreams that ultimately gets him out of prison and advances him so high in Pharaoh's estimation. So, too, it is Guṇaśarman's skill that makes him so valuable and trusted a minister to Mahāseṇa.

There is, however, one great difference in the two tales. In the Indian story (and in practically every variant) the husband figures throughout, and finally discovers the truth. In the Biblical story the sudden interest of Pharaoh occurs quite by chance, and, without any questioning as to the cause of his imprisonment, Joseph is set over all the land of Egypt. We hear no more of Potiphar or his wife.

Now, in the Koranic version, Potiphar is soon convinced that his wife's charge is false, because Joseph's garment is torn *at the back*. Accordingly he says: "O Joseph, take no further notice of this affair: and thou, O woman, ask pardon for thy crime, for thou art a guilty person."

The scandal soon becomes the one topic of conversation among the women of the town, and to quiet them Potiphar's wife asks a number of them to a banquet, giving them each a knife. She then calls in Joseph, and, overcome by his beauty, they all cut their hands, exclaiming: "O God! this is not a mortal; he is no other than an angel deserving the highest respect." Thus her weakness for him is duly appreciated.

In spite, however, of Joseph's proved innocence, it is thought better for him to be put in prison—and thus the incident of dreams can be introduced.

It was this Koranic version which Firdausī used for his *Yūsuf u Zulaikhā*, a poem of 9000 couplets.

Since the issue of Vol. II Professor Bloomfield has forwarded me a most valuable paper by himself on "Joseph and Potiphar in Hindu Fiction," which appeared in the *Trans. Amer. Phil. Assoc.*, vol. liv, 1923, pp. 141-167. Among others he speaks of the Kashmir version of the story now translated in Stein and Grierson's *Hatim's Tales*, pp. 33-37, with notes on pp. xxxiv and xxxv by Crooke.

The chief point to notice in this version is the introduction of the *motif* of selecting a king by animal divination. I shall have more to say on this *motif* in Vol. V (Chaper LXV), where an elephant selects the merchant's son as king.

The references given on p. 145 to the *Mahābhārata* have suffered from misprints. The incident of Satyavati and Bhīṣma occurs in I, ciii, 1 *et seq.*, and not I, liv, while that of Uttanka is to be found in I, iii.

On p. 161 the variant of the Joseph *motif* in the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara* should read xxxiii, 40 *et seq.*

After giving extracts from several references mentioned in my note in Vol. II (pp. 120-124), Professor Bloomfield draws attention to the fact that the Jaina texts handle the "scorned love of women" *motif* more familiarly than any other branch of Hindu literature, in connection with their ethics, which are systematised to a degree not quite reached by any other Hindu religious sect. Among the five lighter vows (*anuvrata*) to be observed as far as possible by the laity are discernment (*viveka*) and unbroken chastity (*abrahmavirati*); both forbid adultery, and consequently the Jaina texts contain stories showing the downfall of the wrongdoer and the ultimate triumph of chastity.

Of the extracts quoted the most interesting story and the one in which the *motif* is developed to its highest point is undoubtedly that in Vijayadharmaśūri's *Mallinātha Caritra*, vii, 198 *et seq.* As the circulation of the *Trans. Amer. Phil. Assoc.* unfortunately appears to be small in England, I will quote Professor Bloomfield's account of the story in full:

In Campā rules King Dadhivāhana with his queen, Abhayā, who is attended by a sly duenna, named Paṇḍitā. In the same city lives a rich merchant, Vṛishabhadāsa (or Ṛishabhadāsa), whose wife Arhaddāsī bears him a son who is called Sudarśana, "Handsome." After growing into manhood, endowed with every bodily and spiritual perfection, he is married to a lovely maiden of good family, Manoramā. After his father takes the Jaina vow (*dīkshā*), he is left in possession of all his belongings, and lives as a Śrāddha of high quality, honoured alike by the king and his fellow-citizens.

Now Sudarśana has an intimate friend, Kapila, chaplain (*purodhā*) of the king. His beautiful wife, Kapilā, clever, and endowed with the sixty-four accomplishments of a well-born lady, is rendered wayward by youth's love-fervour. One day Kapila praises his friend Sudarśana as "a galaxy of virtues, delightful even to the gods." From that moment Kapilā knows no peace in her desire to see Sudarśana. Her husband happens to go to another town on the business of the king; she scents opportunity, and instructs a duenna of hers to go to Sudarśana, and say to him that his friend, her husband, is sick; why does he not come to make inquiry about him? Sudarśana tenderly hastens over and says: "Wife of my brother, where is my brother?" She tells him that he is asleep in his chamber, let him quickly go there. Finding that his friend is not there, he reproves her: "Wife of my brother, why do you fool me like a child?" She bares her heart, navel, breasts, and from her eyes dart the missiles of Kāma upon him. She says: "From the moment that I heard an account of your beauty and all your other excellences, I have burned with the love of you. Quench my body with the ambrosia of your beauty, else it shall become a heap of ashes in the fire of Kandarpa." Craftily Sudarśana holds her off by claiming that he is a eunuch, though he goes about in the garb of a man. He makes his escape, reflecting that it is not safe to go to another's house whose inmates may be full of guile.

Comes spring, when King Love awakes from his slumbers, when groves are alive with bees and birds, and on the branches of every tree hangs a pleasure-swing. To disport themselves in such a grove come King Dadhivāhana and his retinue; Sudarśana in all his beauty; the Brāhman Kapila with his



wife Kapilā; Queen Abhayā; and also Manoramā, Sudarśana's wife, with her four children. When Kapilā sees Manoramā playing about, she asks her friend, Queen Abhayā, who she may be, and learns that Manoramā and her children are Sudarśana's family. Kapilā exclaims: "Gracious me, how clever are the wives of merchants! Her husband is a eunuch; however came the children? As easily would a lotus grow in the sky, or the wind be tied up in the knot of a garment" [the ordinary Hindu pocket]. When the queen asks her to explain, she relates her escapade with Sudarśana. The queen laughs at her, and teases her by saying that though she thinks herself wise, she does not understand the true meaning of the science of love (*kāmaśāstrārtha*). "This merchant is ever a eunuch towards the beautiful loves of other men, as though they be sisters, but not towards his own wife. You have been tricked by the guile of this cunning man, you foolish woman." Kapilā acknowledges the scorn, and at the same time points out ironically, we may guess, that the queen is brilliant with skill in the *kāmaśāstra*. She therefore challenges her to try her hand: "I shall know for certain your cleverness in matters of love, if, O Queen, you shall make Sudarśana sport with you, without shame, just as if he were the king."

Queen Abhayā accepts the dare, returns to the palace, and holds counsel with her old confidential nurse Paṇḍitā. She bids her play some deceptive trick (*kāitavanāṭaka*) which would bring her together with Sudarśana. The duenna remonstrates: it is not proper that she, the beloved of the king, should do a thing which works mischief both in this and the next world. Moreover, Sudarśana is a pious householder, who regards others' wives as sisters (*paranārisahodara*). How is he to be brought to the palace like a noble elephant from the forest? Yea, if he should come, he would not do as the queen desires. The queen insists that she has bet with Kapilā, and the nurse finally proposes the following device:—Sudarśana is in the habit of fasting on each day of the four changes of the moon, standing silently in some public place in the abstracted *kāyotsarga* posture. She will then wrap him in the folds of her garment; lead him roundabout two or three times; and introduce him into the palace by pretending to the door-guards that he is an image of Kandarpa, the God of Love. All this happens as planned. When Queen Abhayā sees him, she begins to agitate him with the unfeathered yet sharp darts from her side-wise coquettish eyes. She asks him to take pity, and bestow upon her the ambrosial paradise pleasure of his embraces: "To what purpose do you, foolish man, practise the rigours of asceticism, now that you have me, who would be hard to reach even by ascetic vows." And afterwards: "Why do you spurn me, an unprotected female, that is being slain by the arrows of the God of Love? Surely you can take pity on a woman. Thinking of you, my days became long as a hundred Kalpas; my nights long as days of Brahmā. In my far-roving dreams I have you before my eyes in a thousand shapes, single-shaped though you be."

But *dharma*-devoted Sudarśana, firmly spurns her. Abhayā keeps on all night, luring him with her body's charms and with artful songs. Dawn, gathering up the darkness with her hands (rays), rises, as if for the express purpose of looking at Sudarśana, pure in devotion to his wife.

Sudarśana's obduracy drives Abhayā to threats: "This vow of yours shall not block fate! I shall now tear my body with *crores* of nail scratches, and make a wild outcry [*phutkarishyetarām*]." When yet he is not shaken, she rouses the palace with her shrieks—for devoted as well as disaffected women both kill: "Hear, ye guards. This fellow, forcibly bent upon showing me love, is tearing me with his sharp nails. Run quickly, run!" The king comes to the spot, asks Sudarśana what he has to say, but he stands silent. The king orders him to be impaled upon a stake. To the ear-piercing cry of "Runner after other men's wives!" the executioners set him on the back of an ass, a nimba-leaf turban upon his head, his body smeared with soot. Bitterly they mock him as they exhibit him through the great city, on the way to the "grove of the Fathers"—i.e. the cemetery which is the place of execution. But Sudarśana keeps thinking on the fivefold obeisance to the Jaina Saviours (Arhats), the *pañcanamaskṛti*.

Now Manoramā, Sudarśana's noble wife, hears his evil story. She does not believe that her wise, law-abiding and chaste husband can have made advances to the king's chief wife, but, on the contrary, suspects her of a trick, because, empty of soul, though lovely outside, she is a very treasury of guile. What will not an impure woman do when thwarted in her desires? A woman loosed from the scabbard of her modesty becomes a fear-inspiring sword. Manoramā then bathes, puts on white robes, and without delay worships an image of the Arhat. Before the Arhat's executive female divinity she makes by proxy a truth-declaration in behalf of her husband: "If this Sudarśana is indifferent to the wives of others, then let me be united with him at once!"

By the force of Manoramā's spiritual power the Arhat's ancillary divinity arrives at the place of execution, where Sudarśana sits impaled upon the stake. She turns the stake into a throne. When the executioners hold their sharp swords to Sudarśana's throat, these turn into garlands, lovely with bees buzzing about them. The rope around his neck becomes a jewelled necklace. She produces by her magic a rock which she holds over the city, like a lid about to shut down on it. The divinity threatens to let down the rock upon sinful king, retinue and citizens alike. She chides the king for not having understood the character of his wife, and compels him to expiate his sin by placing Sudarśana upon a noble elephant, and holding, like an umbrella-bearer, the royal umbrella over his head. Thus Sudarśana, to the exultant shouts of the citizens, lauded by bards, to the beat of festal drums, returns to his home. The king then takes holy vows, but Abhayā hangs herself, and is reborn as a Vyantara demon. The pander-nurse, Paṇḍitā, flees to Pāṭaliputra, where she lives in the house of the courtesan Devadattā.

On p. 154 of his article on the "Potiphar" motif Bloomfield gives several other references to Jaina works.—N.M.P.



## CHAPTER L

### 62. *Story of Sūryaprabha and how he attained Sovereignty over the Vidyādharas*

**T**HEN Sūryaprabha and his ministers rose up early in the morning and, accompanied by all the troops of the Dānavas and their allies, went to the field of battle. And Śrutaśarman came, surrounded by all the forces of the Vidyādharas; and all the gods, Asuras and others again came to look on. Both armies adopted the crescent formation, then there took place a battle between those two armies. The swift arrows,<sup>1</sup> winged with feathers, clashing against one another and cutting one another in pieces, also fought. The long sword-blades issued from the mouths of the scabbards, and drinking blood, and waving to and fro, appeared like the tongues of Death. The field of battle seemed like a lake, the full-blown lotuses of which were the faces of many heroes; on those the shower of discuses descended like a flight of Brahmany ducks and so ruined the kingly swans. The combat appeared, with the severed heads of heroes flying up and down, like a game of ball, with which Death was amusing himself. When the arena of combat was cleared from the obscuring dust by the sprinkling of bloody drops, there took place on it the single combats of furious champions.<sup>2</sup> There Sūryaprabha fought with Śrutaśarman, and Prabhāsa fought with Dāmodara, and Siddhārtha fought with Mahotpāta, and Prahasta with Brahmagupta, and Vītabhī with Sangama, and Prajnādhya with Chandragupta, and Priyankara with Ākrama, and Sarvadamana fought with Atibala, and Kunjarakumāraka fought with Dhurandhara, and other great champions fought with others respectively.

<sup>1</sup> *Śavāra* should probably be *śarāka*.—The D. text has proved Tawney's conjecture correct.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the descriptions of similar battles with the Jann in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. ii, pp. 253, 271; vol. vii, p. 31, and vol. viii, p. 136).—N.M.P.

Then first Mahotpāta silenced the arrows of Siddhārtha with his arrows, and after cleaving his bow, slew his horses and charioteer. Siddhārtha, though deprived of his chariot, *The Single Combats* charged him angrily, and with a large iron mace broke in pieces his chariot and horses. Then Siddhārtha fought on foot with Mahotpāta also on foot, and in a wrestling bout hurled him to the ground. But while he was trying to crush him, that Vidyādhara was delivered by his father, Bhaga, and flying up into the air left the battle-field. And Prahasta and Brahmagupta destroyed one another's chariots, and then fought with swords, showing various arts of fence; and Prahasta cleft his foe's shield in the course of their sword-play, and with a dexterous sleight laid him low on the earth; but when he was about to cut off his head as he lay on the ground he was forbidden by his father Brahmā himself by a sign from a distance; then all the Dānavas laughed the gods to scorn, saying: "You gods have come to save your sons, not to behold the fray."

In the meanwhile Vītabhaya, after cutting in two the bow of Sankrama, and slaying his charioteer, slew him by piercing his heart with the weapon of Kāma. And Prajñādhya, fighting on foot with Chandragupta, sword to sword, after both their chariots had been destroyed, killed him by cutting off his head. Then the Moon, angry at the death of his son, himself came and fought with Prajñādhya, and the two combatants were evenly matched. And Priyankara, who had also had his chariot destroyed, cut him in two with one blow of his sword. And Sarvadamana easily killed Atibala in fight, for when his bow was cleft he threw his elephant hook and smote him in the heart.

Then Kunjarakumāraka in a contest, in which missiles were opposed by answering missiles, frequently deprived Dhurandhara of his chariot, and as frequently Vikramaśakti brought him a chariot, and defended him in sore straits, repelling weapons with weapons; then Kunjarakumāraka in wrath rushed forward and swiftly hurled a great rock on to the chariot of Vikramaśakti, and, when Vikramaśakti

retired with broken chariot, he crushed Dhurandhara with that very stone.<sup>1</sup> . . .

Then Sūryaprabha, while fighting with Śrutaśarman, being angry on account of the slaughter of Virochana, killed Dama with one arrow. Enraged at that, the two Aśvins descended to the combat, but Sunītha received them with showers of arrows, and a great fight took place between him and them. And Sthirabuddhi slew Parākrama in fight with a javelin, and then fought with the eight Vasus enraged on account of his death. And Prabhāsa, seeing Bhāsa deprived of his chariot, though himself engaged in fighting with Dāmodara, killed Mardana with one arrow. The Dānava Prakampana killed Tejahprabha in a missile combat, and then fought with the God of Fire enraged on account of his death. And when Dhūmraketu had slain Yamadaṃśhṭra in fight he had a terrible combat with the enraged Yama.<sup>2</sup> And Siṃha-ḍaṃśhṭra, having crushed Suroshaṇa with a stone, fought with Nirṛiti<sup>3</sup> enraged on account of his death. Kālachakra also cut Vāyubala in two with a discus, and then fought with Vāyu<sup>4</sup> inflamed with rage thereat. And Mahāmāya slew Kuveradatta, who deluded his foes by assuming the forms of a snake, a mountain and a tree, assuming himself the forms of Garuḍa, of the thunderbolt and of fire. Then Kuvera<sup>5</sup> himself fought with him in wrath. In the same way all the gods fought, angry on account of the slaughter of their sons. And then various other princes of the Vidyā-dharas were slain by various men and Dānavas, darting forward from time to time.

And in the meanwhile a conflict went on between Prabhāsa and Dāmodara, terrible from its unceasing exchange of missiles. Then Dāmodara, though his bow was cleft asunder and his charioteer slain, took another bow and fought on, holding the reins in his own hands. And when

<sup>1</sup> Here Brockhaus supposes a hiatus—but this is wrong; there is no gap. The D. text also reads straight on.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> The God of Death.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* Destruction (a goddess of death and corruption).

<sup>4</sup> *I.e.* the God of the Wind.

<sup>5</sup> The God of Wealth.

Brahmā applauded him Indra said to him: "Revered one, why are you pleased with one who is getting the worst of it?" Then Brahmā answered him: "How can I help *The Prowess of Prabhāsa* being pleased with one who fights for so long with this Prabhāsa? Who but Dāmodara, who is a portion of Hari, would do this? For all the gods would be a scant match for Prabhāsa in fight. For that Asura Namuchi, who was so hard for the gods to subdue, and who was then born again as Prabala, one entire and perfect jewel, has now been born as the invincible Prabhāsa, son of Bhāsa, and Bhāsa too was in a former birth the great Asura Kālanemi, who afterwards became Hiranyakaśipu and then Kapinjala. And Sūryaprabha is the Asura who was called Sumuṇḍika. And the Asura who was before called Hiraṇyāksha is now this Sunitha. And as for Prahasta and others, they are all Daityas and Dānavas; and since the Asuras slain by you have been born again in these forms, the other Asuras, Maya and others, have espoused their cause. And see, Bali has come here to look on, for his bonds have been broken by virtue of the great sacrifice to Śiva, duly performed by Sūryaprabha and others, but, keeping his promise faithfully, he remains content with the realm of Pātāla until your allotted period of rule is at an end, and then he will be Indra. These are now favoured by Śiva, so it is not now a time of victory for you; make peace with your foes."<sup>1</sup>

While Brahmā was saying this to the king of gods, Prabhāsa sent forth the great weapon of Śiva. When Viṣṇu saw that terrible all-destroying weapon let loose, he also sent forth, out of regard for his son, his discus called Sudarśana. Then there took place between those divine weapons, which had assumed visible shape, a struggle which made the three worlds dread a sudden destruction of all creatures. Then Hari said to Prabhāsa: "Recall your weapon and I will recall mine." And Prabhāsa answered him: "My weapon cannot be launched in vain, so let Dāmodara turn his back and retire from the fight, and then I will recall my weapon."

<sup>1</sup> For B.'s reading, *vigrahaiḥ*, the D. text has *kiṃ grahaiḥ*, "What is the use of fighting?" This is literal and seems correct, while T.'s translation is not a true rendering.—N.M.P.

When Prabhāsa said that, Viṣṇu answered: "Then do you also honour my discus; let not either of these weapons be fruitless." When Viṣṇu said this, Prabhāsa, who possessed tact, said: "So be it; let this discus of thine destroy my chariot." Viṣṇu agreed, and made Dāmodara retire from the fight, and Prabhāsa withdrew his weapon, and the discus fell on his chariot. Then he mounted another chariot and went to Sūryaprabha, and then Dāmodara, for his part, repaired to Śrutaśarman.

And then the single combat between Śrutaśarman, who was puffed up by being a son of Indra, and Sūryaprabha became exceedingly fierce. Whatever weapon Śrutaśarman vigorously employed, Sūryaprabha immediately repelled with opposing weapons. And whatever delusion Śrutaśarman employed was overmastered by Sūryaprabha with opposing delusion. Then Śrutaśarman in fierce wrath sent forth the weapon of Brahmā, and the mighty Sūryaprabha let loose the weapon of Śiva. That mighty weapon of Śiva repelled the weapon of Brahmā, and, being irresistible, was overpowering Śrutaśarman when Indra and the other Lokapālas, being indignant, sent forth their tremendous weapons, beginning with thunderbolts. But the weapon of Śiva conquered all those weapons, and blazed exceedingly, eager to slay Śrutaśarman. Then Sūryaprabha praised that great weapon, and entreated it not to kill Śrutaśarman, but to take him prisoner and hand him over to himself. Then all the gods speedily prepared to fight, and the other Asuras also, who had come to look on, did the same, being eager to conquer the gods.

Then a Gaṇa named Vīrabhadra, sent by Śiva, came and delivered this order of his to Indra and the other gods: "You came to look on, so what right have you to fight here?

*The Gods join in the Fight* Moreover, your overstepping the bounds of propriety will produce other bad results." When the gods heard that, they said: "All of us have sons here that have been slain, or are being slain, so how can we help fighting? <sup>1</sup> Love for one's offspring is a feeling hard to lay aside, so we must certainly revenge ourselves on their

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Homer's *Iliad*, Book XV, 113-141.



slayers to the utmost of our power; what impropriety is there in this?"

When the gods said this, Vīrabhadra departed, and a great fight took place between the gods and the Asuras: Sunītha fought with the two Aśvins, and Prajnādhya fought with the Moon, and Sthirabuddhi with the Vasus, and Kālachakra with Vāyu, and Prakampana with Agni, and Simhadamśhṛta with Nirṛiti, and Pramathana with Varuṇa, and Dhūmraketu with Yama, and then Mahāmāya fought with the God of Wealth, and other Asuras<sup>1</sup> at the same time fought with other gods, with missiles and opposing missiles. And finally, whatever mighty weapon any god sent forth Śiva immediately destroyed with an angry roar. But the God of Wealth, when his club was uplifted, was restrained by Śiva in a conciliatory manner, while various other gods, their weapons having been broken, fled from the field of battle. Then Indra himself, in wrath, attacked Sūryaprabha, and let fly a storm of arrows at him and various other weapons. And Sūryaprabha repelled those weapons with ease, and kept striking Indra with hundreds of arrows drawn back to the ear.

Then the king of the gods, enraged, seized his thunderbolt, and Śiva made an angry noise and destroyed that thunderbolt. Then Indra turned his back and fled, and Nārāyaṇa himself, in wrath, attacked Prabhāsa *The Fight of the Two Mighty Weapons* with sharp-edged<sup>2</sup> arrows. And he fearlessly fought with him, opposing those and other missiles with his own missiles; and when his horses were slain, and he was deprived of his chariot, he ascended another, and still fought with that enemy of the Daityas on equal terms. Then the god, enraged, sent forth his flaming discus. And Prabhāsa sent forth a heavenly sword, after consecrating it with magic formulas. While those two weapons were contending, Śiva, seeing that the sword was gradually being overpowered by the discus, made an angry roar. That caused the discus and sword to be both destroyed.

<sup>1</sup> For *anyonyaiś* I read *anye'anyaiś*.

<sup>2</sup> Or perhaps—with arrows having ten million points.



Then the Asuras rejoiced, and the gods were cast down, as Sūryaprabha had obtained the victory, and Śrutaśarman was taken prisoner. Then the gods praised and propitiated Śiva, and the husband of Ambikā, being pleased, *Śiva stops the Fight* gave this command to the gods: "Ask any boon but that promised to Sūryaprabha. Who can set aside what has once been promised at a burnt-sacrifice?" The gods said: "But, Lord, let that also which we promised to Śrutaśarman be fulfilled, and let not our sons perish." Then they ceased, and the Holy Lord thus commanded them: "When peace is made, let that be so; and this is the condition of peace: let Śrutaśarman with all his retinue do homage to Sūryaprabha. Then we will issue a decree which shall be for the weal of both."

The gods acquiesced in this decision of Śiva's, and made Śrutaśarman do homage to Sūryaprabha. Then they renounced their enmity, and embraced one another; and the gods and Asuras also laid aside their enmity, and made peace with one another. Then, in the hearing of the gods and Asuras, the holy Śiva said this to Sūryaprabha: "You must rule yourself in the southern half-*vedi*, but the northern half-*vedi* give to Śrutaśarman. For you are destined, my son, soon to receive the fourfold sovereignty of all the sky-goers, Kinnaras and all. And when you receive this, as you will in a distinguished position, you must also give the southern half-*vedi* to Śrīkujarakumāra. And as for the heroes slain on both sides in the battle, let them all rise up alive with unwounded limbs." After saying this, Śiva disappeared, and all those heroes who were slain in that battle rose up unwounded, as if they had awaked from sleep.

Then Sūryaprabha, the tamer of his foes, intent on observing the command of Śiva, went to a remote extensive plain, and, sitting in full court, himself made Śrutaśarman, *Peace and Friendship is proclaimed* who came to him, sit down on half of his throne. And his companions, headed by Prabhāsa, and Śrutaśarman's companions, headed by Dāmodara, sat at the side of the two princes. And Sunītha and Maya, and the other Dānavas, and the kings of

the Vidyādhara too sat on seats in order of precedence. Then the Daityas, who were kings of the seven Pātālas, headed by Prahlāda, and the kings of the Dānavas, came there out of joy. And Indra came with the Lokapālas, preceded by Bṛihaspati, and the Vidyādhara Sumeru with Suvāsakumāra. And all the wives of Kaśyapa came, headed by Danu, and the wives of Sūryaprabha in the chariot Bhūtāsana. When they had all sat down, after showing one another affection, and going through the prescribed courtesies, a friend of Danu's, named Siddhi, spoke to them as from her: "O gods and Asuras, the goddess Danu says this to you: 'Say, if you have ever felt before the joy and satisfaction which we all feel in this friendly meeting! so you ought not to wage against one another war, which is terrible on account of the sorrow it produces. Hiraṇyāksha and those other older Asuras, who waged it to obtain the empire of heaven, have passed away, and Indra is now the eldest, so what cause is there for enmity?' So let your antagonism drop, and be happy, in order that I may be pleased, and the prosperity of the worlds may be ensured."

When they had heard this address of the revered Danu, uttered by the mouth of Siddhi, Bṛihaspati, Indra having looked him in the face, said to her: "The gods entertain no design against the Asuras, and are willing to be friends with them, unless they display a treacherous animosity against the gods." When the preceptor of the gods said this, Maya, the King of the Dānavas, said: "If the Asuras entertained any animosity, how could Namuchi have given to Indra the horse Uchchaiśravas that resuscitates the dead? And how could Prabala have given his own body to the gods? And how could Bali have given the three worlds to Viṣṇu, and himself have gone to prison? Or how could Ayodeha have given his own body to Viśvakarman? What more shall I say? The Asuras are ever generous, and if they are not treacherously injured they cherish no animosity." When the Asura Maya had said this, Siddhi made a speech, which induced the gods and Asuras to make peace and embrace one another.

In the meanwhile a female warder, named Jayā,<sup>1</sup> sent by Bhavānī, came there and was honoured by all, and she said to Sumeru: "I am sent by the goddess Durgā to you, and *The Arrival of Jayā* she gives you this order: 'You have an unmarried daughter named Kāmachūḍāmaṇi; give her quickly to Sūryaprabha, for she is a votary of mine.' " When Jayā said this to Sumeru, he bowed, and answered her: "I will do as the goddess Durgā commands me, for this is a great favour to me, and this very thing was long ago enjoined on me by the god Śiva." When Sumeru answered Jayā on this wise, she said to Sūryaprabha: "You must set Kāmachūḍāmaṇi above all your wives, and she must be respected by you more than all the others; this is the order given to you to-day by the goddess Gaurī, being propitious to you."

When Jayā had said this she disappeared, after having been honoured by Sūryaprabha. And Sumeru quickly fixed upon an auspicious moment in that same day for the *The Beauteous Kāmachūḍāmaṇi* marriage, and he had an altar made there, with pillars and pavement of refulgent jewels, furnished with fire that seemed, as it were, eclipsed by their rays. And he summoned there his daughter Kāmachūḍāmaṇi, whose beauty was greedily drunk in by the eager eyes of gods and Asuras. Her loveliness was like that of Umā; and no wonder; for if Pārvatī was the daughter of Himālaya, she was the daughter of Sumeru. Then he made her ascend the altar, fully adorned, resplendent from the ceremony of the marriage-thread, and then Sūryaprabha took the lotus-hand of Kāmachūḍāmaṇi, on which bracelets had been fastened by Danu and the other ladies. And when the first handful of parched grain<sup>2</sup> was thrown into the fire Jayā immediately came and gave her an imperishable celestial garland sent by Bhavānī; and then Sumeru bestowed priceless jewels, and an excellent elephant of heavenly breed, descended from Airāvata. And at the second throwing of parched grain Jayā bestowed a necklace, of such a kind that, as long as it is upon a person's neck, hunger, thirst

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. I, pp. 6, 7, 85.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Thiselton Dyer's *English Folk-Lore*, p. 203.

and death cannot harm them<sup>1</sup>; and Sumeru gave twice as many jewels as before, and a matchless horse descended from Uchchaiṣravas. And at the third throwing of grain Jayā gave a single string of jewels, such that, as long as it is on the neck, youth does not wither; and Sumeru gave a heap of jewels three times as large as the first, and gave a heavenly pearl that bestowed all kinds of magic powers upon its possessor.

Then, the wedding being over, Sumeru said to all present: "Gods, Asuras, Vidyādharas, mothers of the gods, and all, to-day all of you must eat in my house; you must do me this honour; I entreat you with palms folded above my head." They were all inclined to refuse Sumeru's invitation, but in the meanwhile Nandin arrived; he said to them, who bowed humbly before him: "Śiva commands you to feast in the house of Sumeru, for he is the god's servant, and if you eat his food you will be satisfied for ever." All of them, when they heard this from Nandin, agreed to it.

Then there came there innumerable Gaṇas sent by Śiva, under the heavenly leadership of Vināyaka, Mahākāla, Vīrabhadra and others. They prepared a place fit for dining, and caused the guests to sit down in order, gods, Vidyādharas and men. And the divine beings, Vīrabhadra, Mahākāla, Bhṛīṅgin and others, ministered to them viands produced by Sumeru by magic, and others supplied by the cow Kāmadhenu, ordered to do so by Śiva; and they waited upon every single guest according to his rank. And then there was a concert, charming on account of the dancing of heavenly nymphs, and in which the bards of the Vidyādharas kept continually joining out of delight. And at the end of the feast Nandin and the others gave them all celestial garlands, robes and ornaments. After they had thus honoured the gods and others, all the chiefs of the Gaṇas, Nandin and the others departed with all the Gaṇas as they had come. Then all the gods and Asuras, and those mothers of theirs, and Śrutaśarman and his followers took leave of Sumeru and went each to his own place. But Sūryaprabha and his wife,

<sup>1</sup> For note on magical articles see Vol. I, pp. 25-29, and Bolte, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 361.—N.M.P.

accompanied by all his former wives, went in the chariot first to that ascetic grove of Sumeru. And he sent his companion Harsha to announce his success to the kings and to his brother Ratnaprabha. And at the close of day he entered the private apartments of his wife Kāmachūḍāmaṇi, in which were splendid jewelled couches, and which were admirably built. There he flattered her by saying: "Now other women dwell outside of me, but you alone live in my heart." Then the night and his sleep gradually came to an end.

And in the morning Sūryaprabha got up and went and paid compliments to his head wives, who were all together. And while they were rejecting him, as being in love with a new wife, with playfully sarcastic, sweet, affectionate and bashful turns of speech, a Vidyādhara named Sushēṇa came, announced by the warder, and after doing homage said to that triumphant king: "Your Highness, I have been sent here by all the princes of the Vidyādharas, the lord of Trikūṭa and others, and they make this representation to your Highness: 'It is auspicious that your coronation should take place on the third day at the mountain Rishabha; let this be announced to all, and let the necessary preparations be made.'"

When Sūryaprabha heard that, he answered the ambassador: "Go and say to the King of Trikūṭa and the other Vidyādharas from me: 'Let your honours begin the preparations, and say yourselves what further is to be done; I for my part am ready. But I will announce the day to all, as is fitting.'"

Then Sushēṇa departed, taking with him this answer. But Sūryaprabha sent off his friends Prabhāsa and the others, one by one, to invite all the gods, and the hermits, Yājñavalkya and others, and the kings, and the Vidyādharas, and the Asuras to the great festival of his coronation.

He himself went alone to Kailāsa, the monarch of mountains, in order to invite Śiva and Ambikā. And as he was ascending that mountain he saw that it gleamed white as ashes, looking like a second Śiva to be adored by the Siddhas,

Rishis and gods. After he had got more than half-way up it, and had seen that farther on it was hard to climb, he beheld on one side a coral door. When he found that, though gifted with supernatural power, he could not enter, he praised Śiva with intent mind. Then a man with an elephant's face opened the door, and said: "Come! enter! the holy Gaṇeśa is satisfied with you." Then Sūryaprabha entered inly wondering, and beheld the god seated on a broad slab of *jyotīrasa*,<sup>1</sup> with one tusk, and an elephant's proboscis, in brightness like twelve suns, with pendent stomach, with three eyes, with flaming axe and club, surrounded by many Gaṇas with the faces of animals, and falling at his feet he adored him. The Vanquisher of Obstacles, being pleased, asked him the cause of his coming, and said to him with an affectionate voice: "Ascend by this path."

Sūryaprabha ascended by that path another five *yojanas*, and saw another great door of ruby. And not being able to enter there either, he praised the god Śiva by his thousand names with intent mind. Then the son of Skanda, called Viśākha, himself opened the door, proclaiming who he was, and introduced the prince into the interior. And Sūryaprabha, having entered, beheld Skanda of the brightness of burning fire, accompanied by his five sons, like himself, Śākha, Viśākha and their brothers, surrounded by inauspicious planets and infant planets,<sup>2</sup> that submitted to him as soon as he was born, and by ten millions of Gaṇeśas, prostrate at his feet. That god Kārttikeya also, being pleased, asked the cause of his coming, and showed him the path by which to ascend the mountain.

In the same manner he passed five other jewel-doors in succession, kept by Bhairava, Mahākāla, Virabhadra, Nandin and Bhṛṅgin severally, each with his attendants, and at last he reached on the top of the mountain an eighth door of crystal. Then he praised Śiva, and he was introduced courteously by one of the Rudras, and beheld that abode of Śiva that excelled Svarga, in which blew winds of heavenly

<sup>1</sup> Probably some kind of sparkling gem.

<sup>2</sup> Said to mean planets or demons unfavourable to children.

fragrance, in which the trees ever bore fruit and flowers,<sup>1</sup> in which the Gandharvas had begun their concert, which was all joyous with the dancing of Apsarases. Then, in one part of it, Sūryaprabha beheld with joy the great god Śiva, seated on a throne of crystal, three-eyed, trident in hand, in hue like unto pure crystal, with yellow matted locks, with a lovely half-moon for crest, adored by the holy daughter of the mountain, who was seated at his side. And he advanced, and fell at the feet of him and the goddess Durgā. Then the adorable Hara placed his hand on his back, and made him rise up, and sit down, and asked him why he had come. And Sūryaprabha answered the god: "My coronation is nigh at hand, therefore I desire the Lord's presence at it." Then Śiva said to him: "Why have you gone through so much toil and hardship? Why did you not think of me where you were, in order that I might appear there? Be it so, I will be present."

The god, who is kind to his votaries, said this, and calling a certain Gaṇa, who stood near him, gave him the following command: "Go and take this man to the Rishabha mountain, in order that he may be crowned emperor, for that is the place appointed for the grand coronation of emperors such as he is." When the Gaṇa had received this command from the holy god, he took in his lap with all respect Sūryaprabha, who had circumambulated Śiva. And he carried him and placed him on the Rishabha mountain by his magic power that very moment and then disappeared.

And when Sūryaprabha arrived there his companions came to him, and his wives with Kāmachūḍāmaṇi at their head, and the kings of the Vidyādhara, and the gods with Indra, and the Asuras with Maya at their head, and Śrutasārman, and Sumeru with Suvāsakumāra. And Sūryaprabha honoured them all in becoming fashion, and when he told the story of his interview with Śiva they congratulated him.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Odyssey*, vii, 117. The same is asserted by Palladius of the trees in the island of Taprobane, where the Makrobioi live. The fragment of Palladius, to which I refer, begins at the seventh chapter of the third book of the *History of the Pseudo-Callisthenes*, edited by Carolus Mueller.



Then Prabhāsa and the others brought the water of consecration with their own hands, mixed with various herbs, in pitchers of jewels and gold, taking it from male and female rivers, seas and holy places. In the meanwhile the holy Śiva came there, accompanied by Durgā; and the gods, and Asuras and Vidyādharas, and kings and great Ṛishis adored his foot. And while all the gods, and Dānavas, and Vidyādharas uttered loud cries of, "Blessed be this day!" the Ṛishis made Sūryaprabha sit on the throne, and pouring all the waters over him, declared him Emperor of the Vidyādharas. And the discreet Asura Maya joyfully fastened on his turban and diadem. And the drum of the gods, preceded by the dancing of lovely Apsarases, sounded joyfully in heaven, in unison with the cymbals of earth. And that assembly of great Ṛishis poured the water of consecration over Kāmachūdāmaṇi also, and made her the appropriate queen consort of Sūryaprabha.

Then, the gods and Asuras having departed, Sūryaprabha, the Emperor of the Vidyādharas, protracted his great coronation feast with his relations, friends and companions. And in a few days he gave to Śrutaśarman that northern half-*vedi* mentioned by Śiva, and having obtained his other beloved ones, he enjoyed for a long time, together with his companions, the fortune of King of the Vidyādharas.

[M] "Thus, by virtue of the favour of Śiva, Sūryaprabha, though a man, obtained of yore the empire of the Vidyādharas."

Having told this story in the presence of the King of Vatsa, and having bowed before Naravāhanadatta, Vajraprabha, the King of the Vidyādharas, ascended to heaven. And after he had gone, that hero, King Naravāhanadatta, together with his queen, Madanamanchukā, remained in the house of his father, the King of Vatsa, waiting to obtain the rank of Emperor of the Vidyādharas.



## BOOK IX: ALANKĀRAVATĪ

### CHAPTER LI

#### INVOCATION

**W**E bow before that Gaṇeśa before whom, when dancing, even the mountains seem to bow, for they are made to stoop, owing to the earth being bent by the weight of Nisumbha.

[M] Thus Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa, dwelt in Kauśāmbī in the palace of his father, having heard with astonishment of the reign of the King of the Vidyādhara. And once on a time, having gone out hunting, he dismissed his army and entered a great forest, with Gomukha as his only companion. There the throbbing of his right eye indicated the approach of good fortune,<sup>1</sup> and he soon heard the sound of singing, mixed with the notes of a heavenly lyre. After going a short distance to find whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a Svayambhū<sup>2</sup> temple of Śiva, and after tying up his horse he entered it. And there he beheld a heavenly maiden, surrounded by many other lovely maidens, praising Śiva with the harp. As soon as he saw her, with the effluent streams of her loveliness she disturbed his heart, as the orb of the moon disturbs the heart of the sea. She too looked on him with impassioned, loving and bashful eye, and had her mind solely fixed on him, and forgot to pour forth her notes.

Then Gomukha, who read his master's soul, began to ask her attendants: "Who is she, and whose daughter is

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. II, pp. 144-145n. For a long list of lucky omens see Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, 1906, pp. 239, 240, 242; and R. E. Enthoven, *Folk-Lore of Bombay*, 1924, p. 249.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. connected in some way with Buddha. See Böhtlingk and Roth s.v.

she?" But in the meanwhile a Vidyādhari of mature age, resembling her in feature, descended from heaven, preceded by a gleam red as gold. And she came down and sat by the side of that maiden, and then the maiden rose up and fell at her feet. And that mature dame blessed that girl, saying: "Obtain without impediment a husband, who shall be king of all the Vidyādharas." Then Naravāhanadatta came to that gentle-looking Vidyādhari, and bowed before her, and after she had given him her blessing he slowly said to her: "Who is this maiden of thine, mother? Tell me." Then that Vidyādhari said to him: "Listen, I will tell you.

### 63. *Story of Alankāravatī*

There is on the mountain heights of the father of Gaurī<sup>1</sup> a city named Śrīsundarapura, and in it there dwells a king of the Vidyādharas named Alankāraśila. That lofty-souled king had a wife named Kānchanaprabhā, and in course of time a son was born to the king by her. And when Umā announced to his father in a dream that he should be devoted to religion, he named him Dharmaśila. And in course of time that son Dharmaśila grew up to be a young man, and the king, having had him taught the sciences, appointed him Crown Prince. Then Dharmaśila, when appointed Crown Prince, being exclusively devoted to virtue, and self-controlled, delighted the subjects even more than did his father.

Then the Queen Kānchanaprabhā, the consort of King Alankāraśila, became pregnant again, and gave birth to a daughter. Then a heavenly voice proclaimed: "This daughter shall be the wife of the Emperor Naravāhanadatta." Then her father gave her the name of Alankāravatī, and the girl gradually grew like a digit of the moon. And in course of time she attained mature youth, and learned the sciences from her own father, and through devotion to the god Śiva began to roam from temple to temple of his.

In the meanwhile that brother of hers, Dharmaśila, who was saintly, though in the bloom of youth, said in secret to his father, Alankāraśila: "My father, these enjoyments,

<sup>1</sup> I.e. the Himālaya.

that vanish in a moment, do not please me; for what is there in this world which is not distasteful at the last? Have you not heard on this point the saying of the hermit Vyāsa?—*Worldly Enjoyments are but momentary* ‘All aggregations end in dissolution, all erections end in a fall, all unions end in separation, and life ends in death.’ So what pleasure can wise men take in these perishable objects? Moreover, neither enjoyments nor heaps of wealth accompany one into the other world, but virtue is the only friend that never moves a step from one’s side. Therefore I will go to the forest and perform a severe penance, in order by it to attain everlasting supreme felicity.”

When the king’s son, Dharmasīla, said this, his father, Alankāraśīla, was perturbed, and answered him, with tears in his eyes: “My son, what is this sudden delusion that has overtaken you while still a boy? For good men desire a life of retirement after they have enjoyed their youth. This is the time for you to marry a wife, and rule your kingdom justly, and enjoy pleasures, not to abandon the world.” When Dharmasīla heard this speech of his father’s, he answered: “There is no period for self-control or absence of self-control fixed by age; anyone, even when a child, attains self-control if favoured by the Lord, but no bad man attains self-control even when old. And I take no pleasure in reigning, nor in marrying a wife; the object of my life is to propitiate Siva by austerities.”

When the prince said this, his father, Alankāraśīla, seeing that he could not be turned from his purpose even by the greatest efforts, shed tears, and said: “If you, who are young, my son, display such freedom from passion, why should not I, who am an old man? I too will go to the forest.” He said this, and went to the world of men, and bestowed on Brāhmins and the poor a myriad loads of gold and jewels. And returning to his city, he said to his wife Kānchanaprabhā: “You must, if you wish to obey my commands, remain here in your own city and take care of that daughter of ours, Alankāravatī; and when a year has passed there will be, on this very day, an auspicious moment for her marriage. And then I will give her in marriage to

Naravāhanadatta, and that son-in-law of mine shall be an emperor, and shall come to this city of ours."

Having said this to his wife, the king made her take an oath, and then made her return, weeping, with her daughter, and himself went with his son to the forest. But his wife Kānchanaprabhā lived in her own city with her daughter. What virtuous wife would disobey her husband's commands? Then her daughter Alankāravatī wandered about to many temples together with her mother, who accompanied her out of affection. And one day the science named Prajñapti said to her: "Go to the holy places in Kaśmīra named Svayambhū, and there offer worship, for then you will obtain without difficulty, for a husband, Naravāhanadatta, the sole emperor of all the Vidyādhara kings."

After hearing this from the science she went with her mother to Kaśmīra, and worshipped Śiva in all the holy places, in Nandikshetra, and Mahādevagiri, in Amaraparvata, in the mountains of Sureśvarī, and in Vijaya, and Kapateśvara. After worshipping the husband of Pārvatī in these and other holy places, that princess of the Vidyā-dharas and her mother returned home.

[M] "Know, auspicious youth, that this is that very maiden Alankāravatī, and that I am her mother Kānchanaprabhā. And to-day she came to this temple of Śiva without telling me. Then I, perceiving it by the Prajñapti science, came here; and I was told by the same science that you had come here also. So marry this daughter of mine who has been ordained your wife by the god. And to-morrow arrives the day of her marriage appointed by her father, so return for this day, my son, to Kauśāmbī, your own city. And we will go hence; but to-morrow the King Alankāraśīla will come from the grove of asceticism and himself give you this daughter of his."

When she said this, Alankāravatī and Naravāhanadatta were thrown into a strange state of distraction, for their eyes were full of tears, since their hearts could not bear that

they should be separated from one another even for a night, and they were like Chakravākas when the end of the day is near. When Kānchanaprabhā saw them in such a state, she said: "Why do you show such a want of self-restraint because you are to be separated for one night? People who possess firmness endure for a long time mutual separation to which no termination is assigned; hear in proof of this the tale of Rāmabhadra and Sītā.

#### 64. *Story of Rāma and Sītā*

Long ago King Daśaratha, the sovereign of Ayodhyā, had a son named Rāma, the elder brother of Bharata, Śatrughna and Lakshmaṇa. He was a partial incarnation of Viṣṇu for the overthrow of Rāvaṇa, and he had a wife named Sītā, the daughter of Janaka, the lady of his life. As fate would have it, his father handed over the kingdom to Bharata, and sent Rāma to the forest with Sītā and Lakshmaṇa. There Rāvaṇa carried off his beloved Sītā by magic, and took her to the city of Laṅkā, having slain Jaṭāyus on the way. Then Rāma, in his bereaved state, made Sugrīva his friend by killing Bālī, and by sending Hanumān to Laṅkā obtained news of his wife. And he crossed the sea by building a bridge over it, and slew Rāvaṇa, and gave the sovereignty of Laṅkā to Vibhīṣhaṇa, and recovered Sītā. Then he returned from the forest, and while he was ruling his kingdom, that Bharata had made over to him, Sītā became pregnant in Ayodhyā.

And while the king was roaming through the city at leisure, with a small retinue, to observe the actions of his subjects, he beheld a certain man turning his wife, whom he held by the hand, out of his house, and giving out that her fault was going to the house of another man.<sup>1</sup> And King Rāma heard the wife saying to her husband: "King Rāma did not desert his wife, though she dwelt in the house of the Rākshasa; this fellow is superior to him, for he abandons

<sup>1</sup> This seems to agree with the story as told in the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*. For various forms of the Rāma legend see the translation of the *Uttara Rāma Charita* by M. Félix Nève.

me for going to the house of a relation." So he went home afflicted, and, afraid of the slander of the people, he abandoned Sītā in the forest. A man of reputation prefers the sorrow of separation to ill-repute. And Sītā, languid with pregnancy, happened to reach the hermitage of Vālmīki, and that Rishi comforted her, and made her take up her abode there. And the other hermits there debated among themselves: "Surely this Sītā is guilty, otherwise how could her husband have deserted her? So, by beholding her, everlasting pollution will attach to us. But Vālmīki does not expel her from the hermitage out of pity, and he neutralises by means of his asceticism the pollution produced by beholding her; so come, let us go to some other hermitage." When Vālmīki perceived that, he said: "Brāhmans, you need not have any misgivings about the matter; I have perceived her by my meditation to be chaste." When, even then, they exhibited incredulity, Sītā said to them: "Reverend sirs, test my purity by any means that you know of, and if I turn out to be unchaste let me be punished by having my head cut off."

When the hermits heard that, they experienced an emotion of pity, and they said to her: "There is a famous bathing-place in this forest, called Ṭīṭhibhasaras, for a certain chaste woman named Ṭīṭhibhī, being falsely accused by her husband, who suspected her of familiarity with another man, in her helplessness invoked the goddess Earth and the Lokapālas, and they produced it for her justification. There let the wife of Rāma clear herself for our satisfaction."

When they said that, Sītā went with them to that lake. And the chaste woman said: "Mother Earth, if my mind was never fixed even in a dream on anyone besides my husband, may I reach the other side of the lake." And after saying this she entered the lake, and the goddess Earth appeared and, taking her in her lap, carried her to the other side.<sup>1</sup> Then all the hermits adored that chaste woman, and, enraged at Rāma's having abandoned her, they desired to curse him. But Sītā, who was devoted to her husband, dissuaded them, saying: "Do not entertain

<sup>1</sup> For notes on the "Act of Truth" *motif* see Vol. II, pp. 31-33, and Vol. III, pp. 179-182.—N.M.P.

an inauspicious thought against my husband. I beg you to curse my wicked self." The hermits, pleased with that conduct of hers, gave her a blessing which enabled her to give birth to a son, and she, while dwelling there, in good time did give birth to a son, and the hermit Vālmiki gave him the name of Lava.<sup>1</sup>

One day she took the child and went to bathe, and the hermit, seeing that it was not in the hut, thought: "She is in the habit, when she goes to bathe, of leaving her child behind her, so what has become of the child?" *The Babe of Grass* Surely it has been carried off by a wild beast. I will create another, otherwise Sītā, on returning from bathing, will die of grief." Under this impression, the hermit made a pure babe of *kuśa* grass, resembling Lava, and placed him there; and Sītā came, and seeing it, said to the hermit: "I have my own boy, so whence came this one, hermit?" When the hermit Vālmiki heard this, he told her exactly what had taken place, and said: "Blameless one, receive this second son, named Kuśa, because I by my power created him out of *kuśa* grass." When he said this to her, Sītā brought up those two sons, Kuśa and Lava, for whom Vālmiki performed the sacraments. And those two young princes of the Kshatriya race, even when children, learned the use of all heavenly weapons and all sciences from the hermit Vālmiki.

And one day they killed a deer belonging to the hermitage, and ate its flesh, and made use of a *liṅga*, which Vālmiki worshipped, as a plaything. The hermit was offended thereby, but at Sītā's intercession he appointed for those youths the following expiatory penance: "Let this Lava go quickly and bring from the lake of Kuvera golden lotuses, and *mandāra*<sup>2</sup> flowers from his garden, then worship, both

<sup>1</sup> The story of Genovesa in Simrock's *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. i, p. 371, bears a striking resemblance to that of Sītā. The way in which Schmerzensreich and his father retire to the forest at the end of the story is quite Indian. In the Greek novel of *Hysminias and Hysmine* the innocence of the heroine is tested by the fountain of Diana (*Scriptores Erotici*, p. 595). For parallels to the story of Genovesa or Genovefa see Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, lii, and the Introduction, p. xxii.

<sup>2</sup> One of the five trees of Paradise. For the golden lotuses see Chapter XXV. In Chapter LII we find trees with trunks of gold and leaves

of you brothers, this *linga* with those flowers; in this way this crime of those two will be atoned for."

When Lava heard this, he went, though a boy, to Kailāsa, and invaded that lake and garden of Kuvera, and, after killing the Yakshas, brought back the lotuses and the flowers; and as he was returning, being tired, he rested on the way under a tree. And in the meanwhile Lakshmaṇa came that way, seeking a man with auspicious marks for Rāma's human sacrifice.<sup>1</sup> He, according to the custom of Kshatriyas, challenged Lava to fight, and paralysed him by the stupefying weapon, and, taking him prisoner, led him to the city of Ayodhyā.

And in the meanwhile Vālmīki comforted Sītā, who was anxious about the return of Lava, and said to Kuśa in his hermitage: "Lakshmaṇa has taken prisoner the child Lava and has carried him off to Ayodhyā; go and deliver him from Lakshmaṇa, after conquering him with these weapons."

When the sage said this, and gave to Kuśa a heavenly weapon, he went and with it attacked and besieged the sacrificial enclosure in Ayodhyā, and he conquered in fight that Lakshmaṇa, who advanced to repel him, by the help of those heavenly weapons. Then Rāma advanced to meet him, and when he could not, though exerting himself to the utmost, conquer that Kuśa, owing to the might of Vālmīki, he asked him who he was and why he came. Then Kuśa said: "Lakshmaṇa has taken my elder brother prisoner and brought him here. I have come here to set him at liberty. We two are Kuśa and

and fruit of jewels. A similar tree is found in the mediæval romance of King Alexander. Dunlop compares the golden vine carried away by Pompey. Liebrecht remarks that there was also a golden vine over the gate of the temple at Jerusalem, and compares the golden lotus made by the Chinese emperor Tunghwan. He refers also to *Huon of Bordeaux*, *Ysaie le Triste*, and Grimm's *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*, 130 and 133. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 184.) See also Milton's *Paradise Lost*, iv, 220 and 256. Cf. *Thalaba the Destroyer*, Book I, 30. The passage in the *Pseudo-Callisthenes* will be found in iii, 28, Karl Müller's edition.—For analogues to Grimm's 130th and 133rd tales see Bolte, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder-und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, vol. iii, p. 60 *et. seq.*, and p. 78 *et. seq.*—N.M.P.

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 64n<sup>1</sup>, 65n.—N.M.P.



Lava, the sons of Rāma; this is what our mother, the daughter of Janaka, says." Thereupon he told her story. Then Rāma burst into tears, and summoned Lava, and embraced both, saying: "I am that same wicked Rāma." Then the citizens assembled and praised Sītā, beholding those two heroic youths, and Rāma recognised them as his sons. And then he summoned the Queen Sītā from the hermitage of Vālmīki, and dwelt with her in happiness, transferring to his sons the burden of the empire.

[M] "Thus heroic souls endure separation for so long a time, and how can you find it difficult to endure it for only one night?" When Kānchanaprabhā had said this to her daughter Alankāravatī, who was eager to be married, and to Naravāhanadatta, she departed through the air, with the intention of returning again, and took her daughter with her; and Naravāhanadatta, for his part, returned despondent to Kauśāmbī.

Then, as he could not sleep at night, Gomukha said to him to amuse him: "Prince, hear this story of Prithvīrūpa, which I will relate to you.

#### 65. *Story of the Handsome King Prithvīrūpa*<sup>1</sup>

There is in the Deccan a city named Pratishṭhāna. In it lived a very handsome king named Prithvīrūpa. Once on a time two discerning Buddhist hermits came to him, and seeing that that king was very handsome, they said to him: "King, we have travelled through the world and we have nowhere seen a man or woman equal to you in beauty, except the daughter of King Rūpadhara and Queen Hemalatā, in the isle of Muktipura, Rūpalatā by name, and that maiden alone is a match for you, and you alone are a match for her; if you were to be united in marriage it would be well." With these words of the hermit, which entered by his ears, the arrows of Love entered also and stuck in his heart.

<sup>1</sup> A similar story occurs on p. 207.—N.M.P.

Then King Prithvīrūpa, being full of longing, gave this order to his admirable painter, Kumāridatta by name :  
 “ Take with you my portrait, accurately painted on canvas,  
*The Painter and the Mendicants set out* and with these two mendicants go to the isle of Muktipura, and there show it by some artifice to the King Rūpadhara and his daughter Rūpalatā. Find out if that king will give me his daughter or not, and take a likeness of Rūpalatā and bring it back.” When the king had said this, he made the painter take his likeness on canvas, and sent him with the mendicants to that island. And so the painter and the mendicants set out, and in course of time reached a city named Putrapura on the shore of the sea. There they embarked on a ship, and going across the sea they reached in five days that island of Muktipura. There the painter went and held up at the gate of the palace a notice to the effect that there was no painter like him in the world. When the King Rūpadhara heard of that, he summoned him, and the painter entered the palace, and bowing, he said : “ O King, though I have travelled all over the earth, I have never seen my match as a painter, so tell me whom I am to paint of gods, mortals and Asuras.” When the king heard that, he summoned his daughter Rūpalatā into his presence, and gave him the following order :  
 “ Make a portrait of this daughter of mine and show it me.”

Then the painter Kumāridatta made a portrait of the princess on canvas and showed it, and it was exactly like the original. Then King Rūpadhara was pleased, and thinking him clever, he asked that painter, in his desire to obtain a son-in-law : “ My good fellow, you have travelled over the earth, so tell me if you have anywhere seen a woman or a man equal to my daughter in beauty.” When the king said this, the painter answered him : “ I have nowhere in the world seen a woman or a man equal to her, except a king in Pratishthāna, named Prithvīrūpa, who is a match for her ; if she were married to him it would be well. Since he has not found a princess equal in beauty, he remains, though in his fresh youth, without a wife. And I, your Majesty, having beheld that king, dear to the eyes, took a faithful likeness of him, out of admiration of his beauty.”

When the king heard that, he said: "Have you that portrait with you?" And the painter said: "I have," and showed the portrait. Thereupon the King Rūpadhara, beholding the beauty of that King Prithvīrūpa, *Both Father and Daughter are overcome by the Painting* found his head whirl round with astonishment. And he said: "Fortunate are we to have beheld that king even in a picture; I felicitate those who behold him in the flesh." When Rūpalatā heard this speech of her father's, and saw the king in the picture, she was full of longing, and could neither hear nor see anything else. Then the King Rūpadhara, seeing that his daughter was distracted with love, said to that painter Kumāridatta: "Your pictures exactly correspond to the original, so that King Prithvīrūpa must be an appropriate husband for my daughter. So take this portrait of my daughter and set off immediately, and show my daughter to King Prithvīrūpa, and tell him the whole incident as it took place, and if he pleases, let him come here quickly, to marry her." Thus the king spake, and honoured the painter with gifts, and sent him off with his ambassador, in the company of the mendicants.

The painter, the ambassador and the mendicants crossed the sea, and all reached the Court of Prithvīrūpa, in Pratishthāna. There they gave the present to that king, and told him the whole transaction as it took place, and the message of Rūpadhara. And then that painter Kumāridatta showed to that king his beloved Rūpalatā in a painting. As the king gazed,<sup>1</sup> his eye was drowned in that sea of beauty, her person, so that he could not draw it out again. For the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the story of Seyf ul Mulk in the *Persian Tales* and the *Bahār-i-Dānish*, C, xxxv (Dunlop, vol. ii, p. 208, Liebrecht's translation, p. 335). See also Dunlop's remarks upon the Polexandre of Gomberville. In this romance Abdelmelec, son of the Emperor of Morocco, falls in love with Alcidiana by seeing her portrait (vol. ii, p. 276, Liebrecht's translation, p. 372). A similar incident is found in the romance of Agesilaus of Colchos (Liebrecht's translation, p. 157). See Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. 3; Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 49; Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, p. 109.—The idea is found in the *Daśa Kumāra Charita*, whence it found its way into Persian and Arabic collections. See Clouston, *The Book of Sindibād*, pp. 166, and 303 *et seq.*; *Nights* (Barton, Supp., vol. i, p. 226), and the notes by Clouston in Supp., vol. ii, pp. 328, 329. Numerous references are given in Chauvin, *op. cit.*, v, p. 132. See also Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 43 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

king, whose longing was excessive, could not be satisfied with devouring her form, which poured forth a stream of the nectar of beauty, as the partridge cannot be satisfied with devouring the moonlight. And he said to the painter : " My friend, worthy of praise is the Creator who made this beauty, and yourself who copied it. So I accept the proposal of King Rūpadhara. I will go to the island of Mukti-pura and marry his daughter." After saying this, the king honoured the painter, the ambassador and the hermits, and remained looking at the picture.

And, afflicted with the sorrow of absence, the king spent that day in gardens and other places, and set out the next day on his expedition, after ascertaining a favourable moment. And the king mounted the great elephant Mangalaghata, and proceeded on his way with many horses and elephants, with chiefs and Rājapūts, and with the painter and the hermits, together with the ambassador of Rūpadhara, and in a few days he reached the entrance of the Vindhya forest, and encamped there in the evening.

The next day the King Prithvīrūpa mounted an elephant named Śatrumardana, and going on, entered that forest. And as he was slowly proceeding he beheld his army, which *The Bhillas* was marching in front of him, suddenly fleeing. *are Conquered* And while he was perplexed as to what it could mean a Rājapūt named Nirbhaya, mounted on an elephant, came up and said to him : " King, a very large army of Bhillas attacked us in front there ; in the fight that ensued those Bhillas slew with their arrows just fifty of our elephants, and a thousand of our footmen, and three hundred horses ; but our troops laid low two thousand Bhillas, so that for every single corpse seen in our host two are seen in theirs. Then our forces were routed, galled with their arrows, which resemble thunderbolts."

When the king heard that, he was angry, and advancing he slew the army of the Bhillas, as Arjuna slew that of the Kauravas. Then the other bandits were slain by Nirbhaya and his comrades,<sup>1</sup> and the king cut off with one crescent-

<sup>1</sup> For the *vidruteshu* of Brockhaus' edition I read *nihatreshu*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.—This is confirmed by the D. text.—N.M.P.

headed arrow the head of the commander of the Bhillas. The king's elephant Śatrumardana, with the blood flowing from arrow-wounds, resembled a mountain of collyrium pouring forth streams coloured with cinnabar. Then his whole army, that had been dispersed, returned, finding themselves victorious, and those Bhillas, that had escaped slaughter, fled in all directions. And the King Pṛithvīrūpa, having brought the fight to an end, had his might extolled by the ambassador of Rūpadhara, and, being victorious, encamped in that very forest district, on the bank of a lake, to recruit the strength of his wounded troops.

And in the morning the king set out thence, and slowly advancing he reached that city of Putrapura on the shore of the sea. There he rested for a day, being entertained in becoming fashion by the king of that place, named Udāra-charita. And he crossed the sea in ships supplied by him, and in eight days reached the isle of Muktipura.

And the King Rūpadhara, hearing of it, came to meet him, delighted, and the two kings met and embraced one another. Then the King Pṛithvīrūpa entered his city with him, being, to so speak, drunk in by the eyes of the ladies of the city. Then the Queen Hemalatā and the King Rūpadhara, seeing that he was a suitable husband for their daughter, rejoiced. And that King Pṛithvīrūpa remained there, and Rūpadhara honoured him with entertainment in accordance with his own magnificence.

And the next day the long-desiring Rūpalatā ascended the altar in an auspicious moment, and he with exultation received her hand in marriage. And when they beheld one another's beauty the expanded eye of each was extended to the ear, as if to inform that organ that the report it had heard before was true. When the parched grain was thrown, Rūpadhara gave jewels in such abundance to the happy couple that men thought he was a perfect mine of jewels. And after his daughter's marriage had taken place he honoured the painter and the two mendicants with dresses and ornaments, and bestowed gifts on all the others. Then that King Pṛithvīrūpa, remaining in that city with his attendants, enjoyed the best meat and drink the isle could

produce. The day was spent in singing and dancing, and at night the eager king entered the private apartments of Rūpalatā, in which jewelled couches were spread, which was adorned with jewelled pavement, the circuit of which was propped on jewelled pillars, and which was lit up with jewel-lamps.<sup>1</sup> And in the morning he was wakened by the bards and heralds reciting, and he rose up and remained as the moon in heaven.

Thus King Prithvīrūpa remained ten days in that island, amusing himself with ever-fresh enjoyments furnished by his father-in-law. On the eleventh day the king, with the consent of the astrologers, set out with Rūpalatā, after the auspicious ceremony had been performed for him. And he was escorted by his father-in-law as far as the shore of the sea, and accompanied by his retainers he embarked on the ships with his wife. He crossed the sea in eight days, and his army, that was encamped on the shore, joined him, and the King Udāracharita came to meet him, and then he went to Putrapura. There King Prithvīrūpa rested some days, and was entertained by that king, and then he set out from that place. And he mounted his beloved Rūpalatā on the elephant Jayamangala, and he himself mounted an elephant named Kalyāṇagiri.

And the king, proceeding by continual stages, in due course reached his good city of Pratishṭhāna, where flags and banners were waving. Then, after beholding Rūpalatā, the ladies of the city lost at once all pride in their own beauty, and gazed on her with eyes unwinking from wonder. Then King Prithvīrūpa entered his palace, making high festival, and he gave to that painter villages and wealth, and he honoured those two hermits with wealth as they deserved, and gave complimentary presents to the chiefs, ministers and Rājapūts. Then that king, having attained his object, enjoyed there this world's happiness in the society of Rūpalatā.

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. II, p. 169.—N.M.P.

[M] After the minister Gomukha had told Naravāhanadatta this tale, with the object of amusing him, he went on to say to the impatient prince : " Thus the resolute endure painful separation for a long time, but how is it that you cannot endure it even for one night, O King ? For to-morrow your Highness shall marry Alankāravatī." When Gomukha had said this, Marubhūti, the son of Yaugandharāyaṇa, came up at that instant, and said : " What stuff will you not prate, being ungalled, and never having felt the agony of love ? A man possesses firmness and discernment and morality only so long as he does not come within the range of the arrows of Love. Happy in the world are Sarasvatī, Skanda and Buddha, these three who have brushed off and flung away love, like a blade of grass clinging to the skirt of the robe."

When Marubhūti said this, Naravāhanadatta, perceiving that Gomukha was distressed, said in order to comfort him : " What Gomukha said to me was appropriate, and it was said to amuse me, for what loving friend exults over one in the agony of separation ? One afflicted by the pain of separation should be comforted by his friends to the best of their ability, and the sequel should be left to the disposal of the five-arrowed god."

Talking in this style, and hearing various tales from his attendants, Naravāhanadatta somehow managed to get through that night. And when morning came he rose up and performed his necessary duties, and saw Kānchana-prabhā descending from heaven, accompanied by her husband Alankāraśīla, and her son Dharmaśīla, and that Alankāravatī her daughter ; and they all descended from the chariot and came near him, and he welcomed them as was fitting, and they saluted him in like manner. And in the meanwhile thousands of other Vidyādharas descended from heaven, carrying loads of gold, jewels and other valuables. And after hearing of this occurrence the King of Vatsa came there with his ministers and his queens, delighted at the advancement of his son. After the King of Vatsa had performed the rites of hospitality duly, the King Alankāraśīla said to him, bowing graciously : " King, this is



my daughter Alankāravatī, and when she was born she was declared by a voice, that came from heaven, to be destined to be the wife of this thy son, Naravāhanadatta, the future emperor of all the Vidyādhara kings. So I will give her to him, for this is a favourable moment for them; for this reason I have come here with all these." The King of Vatsa welcomed that speech of the Vidyādhara sovereign's, saying : " It is a great favour that you do me.

Then the ruler of the Vidyādharas sprinkled with water, produced in the hollow of his hand by virtue of his science, the ground of the courtyard. Immediately there was produced there an altar of gold, covered with a heavenly cloth, and a pavilion, not made with hands, for the preliminary ceremony, composed of various jewels. Then the successful King Alankāraśīla said to Naravāhanadatta: " Rise up, the favourable moment has arrived—bathe." After he had bathed, and had the marriage-thread put on, the King Alankāraśīla, being delighted, gave him with all his heart his daughter, after bringing her to the altar in her bridal dress. And when the grain was thrown into the fire he and his son gave to his daughter thousands of loads of jewels, gold, garments and ornaments and heavenly nymphs. And after the marriage was over he honoured them all, and then took his leave of them, and with his wife and son departed, as he came, through the air. Then the King of Vatsa, seeing his son destined to advancement, being honoured by the bending kings of the Vidyādharas, was delighted, and prolonged that feast to a great length. And Naravāhanadatta, having obtained Alankāravatī, charming on account of her good conduct, and of noble virtues, like a skilful poet who has obtained a style, charming on account of its excellent metre, and of splendid merits, remained delighted with her.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An elaborate pun. *Rasika* also means " full of (poetical) flavour."



## CHAPTER LII

**T**HEN Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of [M] Vatsa, being united to Alankāravatī, his new wife, remained in the house of his father, pleased with the heavenly dancing and singing of her maids, and enjoying banquets with his ministers.

And one day his mother-in-law Kānchanaprabhā, the mother of Alankāravatī, came to him and said, after he had hospitably entertained her: "Come to our palace, behold that city of Sundarapura, and take your delight in its gardens with Alankāravatī." When he heard this he consented, and he informed his father, and by his advice took Vasantaka with him, and with his wife and his minister he ascended a splendid chariot created by his mother-in-law by her science, and set out through the air; and while in the chariot he looked down from heaven and beheld the earth of the size of a mound, and the seas small as ditches, and in due course he reached the Himālayas with his mother-in-law, wife and attendants, and it resounded with the songs of the Kinnaris, and was adorned with the companies of heavenly nymphs. There he saw a great many wonderful sights, and then he reached the city of Sundarapura. It was adorned with many palaces of gold and jewels, and thus, though it was on the Himālayas, it made the beholder suppose that he was looking on the peaks of Mount Meru.<sup>1</sup> And he descended from the heaven and, getting out of the carriage, entered that city,

<sup>1</sup> Dim traditions of this mountain seem to have penetrated to Greece and Rome. Aristophanes (*Acharnians*, v, 82) speaks of the King of Persia as engaged for eight months ἐπὶ χρόνῳ ὀκτῶν. Clark tells us that Bergler quotes Plautus, *Stichus* 24: "Neque ille mereat Persarum sibi montes qui esse perhibentur aurei" (*Philological Journal*, vol. viii, p. 192). See also Terence, *Phormio*, i, 2, 18; *Pers.*, iii, 65. Naravāhanadatta's journey through the air may remind the reader of the air-voyage of Alexander in the *Pseudo-Callisthenes*, ii, 41. He sees a serpent below him, and a ἄλως in the middle of it. A divine being, whom he meets, tells him that these objects are the earth and the sea.

which, as it were, danced with the waving silk of its banners in its joy at having once more a king. And he entered that palace, with the auspicious ceremony performed for him by his mother-in-law, accompanied by Alankāravatī, and with his favourites and Vasantaka. There the fortunate prince spent the day in his father-in-law's palace, in enjoyments which were provided for him by the power of his mother-in-law.

And on the next day his mother-in-law Kānchanaprabhā said to him: "There is in this city an image of the holy self-existent husband of Umā.<sup>1</sup> He, if visited and worshipped, gives enjoyment and even salvation. Around it the father of Alankāravatī made a great garden, and brought down to it a holy water, rightly named the Ganges-pool. Go there to-day to worship the god and to amuse yourselves."

When his mother-in-law said this to him, Naravāhanadatta, accompanied by his wife Alankāravatī, and followed by his attendants, went to that garden of Śiva. It looked lovely with its golden-trunked trees, which were charming with their branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls, and the shoots of which were coral.<sup>2</sup> There he bathed in the Ganges-pool and worshipped Śiva, and wandered round the tanks that were adorned with ladders of jewels and lotuses of gold. And, accompanied by his attendants, he amused himself with Alankāravatī on their charming banks and in bowers of the wish-granting creeper. And in those he delighted his soul with heavenly banquets and concerts and amusing jokes caused by the simplicity of Marubhūti. And so Naravāhanadatta dwelt a month there, amusing himself in gardens, thanks to the resources of his mother-in-law. Then that Kānchanaprabhā bestowed on him, his wife and his ministers garments and ornaments fit for gods, and with his mother-in-law and his attendants he returned in that same chariot to Kauśāmbī, accompanied by his wife, and he gladdened the eyes of his parents.

There Alankāravatī was thus addressed by her mother

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* Śiva.

<sup>2</sup> See note on p. 128—and Clouston, *Eastern Romances*, pp. 166, 167.

in the presence of the King of Vatsa : " You must never by jealous anger make your husband unhappy, for the fruit of that fault, my daughter, is separation that causes great affliction. Because I was jealous in old time and afflicted my husband, I am now consumed with remorse, as he has gone to the forest." After saying this, she embraced her daughter, with eyes blinded with tears, and flying up into the air went to her own city.

Then, that day having come to an end, the next morning Naravāhanadatta, having performed the appropriate duties, was sitting with his ministers when a woman rushed into *The Terrified* the presence of Alankāravatī and said : " Queen, *Woman* I am a woman in the utmost terror ; protect me, protect me ! For there is a Brāhman come to slay me, and he is standing outside ; through fear of him I have fled and come in here to implore protection." The queen said : " Do not fear. Tell your tale. Who is he ? Why does he wish to slay you ? " When thus questioned, the woman began to say :

#### 66. Story of Aśokamālā

My sovereign, I am the daughter of a Kshatriya in this city, named Balasena, and my name is Aśokamālā. When I was a virgin I was demanded from my father by a rich Brāhman named Haṭhaśarman, who was captivated by my beauty. And I said to my father : " I do not like this ugly, grim-visaged man for a husband ; if you give me to him I will not remain in his house." Though Haṭhaśarman heard that, he sat in *dharnā*<sup>1</sup> at the door of my father's house until he gave me to him, being afraid of causing the death of a Brāhman. Then the Brāhman married me and carried me off reluctant, and I deserted him and fled to another man, the son of a Kshatriya. But that Haṭhaśarman managed to crush him by the power of his wealth, and I went to another Kshatriya, who was well off. Then this Brāhman went at night and set his house on fire. Then he abandoned me, and I went to a third Kshatriya, and this Brāhman burnt his house also at night. Then I was abandoned by him also,

<sup>1</sup> See note in Chapter LV, p. 202n<sup>1</sup>, of this volume.—N.M.P.

and I became a fugitive, flying in terror, as the sheep flies from the jackal, from that Haṭhaśarman, who wishes to slay me, and follows me step by step. In this very city I entered the service of the mighty Vīraśarman, your servant, a Rājput who protects the helpless. When the wicked Haṭhaśarman found that out, he was miserable at having no hope of recovering me, and, being afflicted with separation, he was reduced to skin and bone. But the Rājput Vīraśarman, when disposed to imprison him for my protection, was prevented by me, O Queen. To-day it chanced that I went outside the house, and Haṭhaśarman, seeing me, drew his sword and rushed on me to kill me, but I thereupon fled here, and the female warder, melted with compassion, opened the door and let me enter, but he, I know, is waiting for me outside.

[M] When she said this, the king had the Brāhman Haṭhaśarman summoned into his presence. He looked at Aśokamālā with an eye inflamed with anger; his form was distorted, he held a sword in his hand, and the joints of his limbs trembled with rage. The king said to him: "Wicked Brāhman, do you try to kill a woman and for her sake set on fire your neighbours' houses? Why are you so wicked?" When the Brāhman heard that, he said: "She is my lawful wife. She has left my protection and gone elsewhere. How could I endure that?" When he said this, Aśokamālā, in distress, exclaimed: "O guardians of the world, tell me this: did he not in your presence marry me and carry me off by force against my own will? And did I not say at the time, 'I will not dwell in his house'?" When she said this, a heavenly voice said: "The statement of Aśokamālā is true. But she is not a woman. Hear the truth about her. There is a heroic king of the Vidyādhara named Aśokakara. He had no sons, and once on a time it happened that a daughter was born to him, and she grew up in the house of her father, under the name of Aśokamālā. And when she arrived at an adult age, and he, desiring to perpetuate his race, offered her in marriage, she would not

take any husband, through exceeding pride in her own beauty. For that reason her father, vexed with her obstinacy, denounced this curse on her: 'Become a mortal, and in that state thou shalt have the same name. And an ugly Brāhman shall marry thee by force; thou shalt abandon him, and in thy fear resort to three husbands in succession. Even then he shall persecute thee, and thou shalt take refuge with a mighty Kshatriya as his slave; but even then the Brāhman shall not desist from persecuting thee. And he shall see thee, and run after thee, with the object of killing thee, but thou shalt escape, and entering the king's palace, shalt be delivered from this curse.' Accordingly that very Vidyādhari, Aśokamālā, who was in old time cursed by her father, has now been born as a woman under the same name. And this appointed end of her curse has now arrived. She shall now repair to her Vidyādhara home and enter her own body, which is there. There she, remembering her curse, shall live happily with a Vidyādhara prince named Abhiruchita, who shall become her husband."

When the heavenly voice had said this it ceased, and immediately that Aśokamālā fell dead on the ground. But the king and Alankāravatī, when they saw that, had their eyes suffused with tears, and so had their courtiers. But in Haṭhaśarman grief overpowered anger and he wept, blinded with passion. Then his eyes suddenly became expanded with joy. All of them thereupon said to him: "What does this mean?" Then that Brāhman said: "I remember my former birth and I will give an account of it. Listen.

#### 67. *Story of Sthūlabhuja*

On the Himālayas there is a splendid city named Madanapura; in it dwelt a Vidyādhara prince named Pralambabhuja. He had born to him, my lord, a son named Sthūlabhuja, and he in course of time became a handsome prince in the flower of youth. Then a king of the Vidyādharas, named Surabhivatsa, came with his daughter to the palace of that King Pralambabhuja, and said to him: I will give this daughter of mine, called Surabhidattā, to

your son Sthūlabhuja; let the accomplished youth marry her now."

When Pralambabhuja heard this, he approved it, and summoning his son he communicated the matter to him. Then his son Sthūlabhuja, out of pride in his beauty, said to him: "I will not marry her, my father, for she is not a first-class beauty." His father thereupon said to him: "What does her plainness matter? For she is of high lineage and must be honoured on that account, and her father offered her to me for you, and I have accepted her, so do not refuse."

Although Sthūlabhuja was thus entreated a second time by his father, he would not consent to marry her. Then his father, in his anger, denounced against him the following curse: "On account of this your pride in your good looks, be born as a man, and in that state you shall be ugly and with a large mouth. And you shall acquire by force a wife named Aśokamālā, also fallen by a curse, and she, not liking you, shall leave you, and you shall experience the grief of separation. And as she shall be attached to another, you shall commit for her sake arson and other crimes, being maddened with passion and emaciated with grief."

When Pralambabhuja had uttered this curse, that virtuous Surabhidattā clung to his feet, weeping, and entreated him: "Pronounce a curse on me also; let our lot be the same; let not my husband alone suffer calamity owing to my fault." When she said this, Pralambabhuja was pleased, and, in order to comfort that virtuous woman, he appointed for her this end to his son's curse: "Whenever Aśokamālā shall be released from her curse, then he shall remember his birth and be released from this curse, and he shall regain his own body, and remembering his curse he shall be free from pride and soon marry you; then he shall live with you in happiness." When the virtuous woman was thus addressed by him she managed to recover her self-composure.

[M] "Know that I am that very Sthūlabhuja, fallen here by a curse, and I have experienced great grief owing

to the fault of pride. How can proud men have happiness in a previous or in a present state of existence? And that curse of mine is now at an end." After saying this, Haṭhaśarman abandoned that body and became a Vidyādhara youth. And he took by the might of his science the body of Aśokamālā and flung it, without its being seen, into the Ganges, out of compassion. And he sprinkled immediately the chamber of Alankāravatī all round with water of the Ganges, brought by the might of his science, and after bending before Naravāhanadatta, his future lord, he flew up into the heaven to his destined prosperity.

All being astonished, Gomukha told this story of Anangarati, which was appropriate to the incident :

#### 68. *Story of Anangarati and her Four Suitors*

There is on the earth a city rightly named Sūrapura,<sup>1</sup> and in it there lived a king named Mahāvarāha, the destroyer of his foes. That king had a daughter named Anangarati, born to him by his wife Padmarati, owing to his having propitiated Gaurī; and he had no other children. And in course of time she attained womanhood, and, proud of her beauty, she did not wish to have any husband, though kings asked her in marriage. But she said decidedly: "I must be given to a man who is brave and handsome, and knows some one splendid accomplishment."

Then there came from the Deccan four heroes, who, having heard tidings of her, were eager to obtain her, and they were furnished with the qualities which she desired. They were announced by the warder and introduced, and then King Mahāvarāha asked them in the presence of Anangarati: "What are your names? What is your descent, and what do you know?" When they heard this speech of the king's, one of them said: "I am Panchaphuṭṭika by name, a Śūdra; I possess a peculiar talent; I weave every day five pairs of garments; one of them I give to a Brāhman, and the second I offer to Śiva, and the third I wear myself, and as for the fourth, if I had a wife, I would give it to her,

<sup>1</sup> I.e. city of heroes. See Cunningham's *Ancient Geography of India*, p. 99.

and the fifth I sell and live upon the proceeds." Then the second said: "I am a Vaiśya named Bhāshājna; I know the language of all beasts and birds."<sup>1</sup> Then the third said: "I am a Kshatriya named Khadgadhara, and no one surpasses me in fighting with the sword." And the fourth said: "I am an excellent Brāhman named Jivadatta; by means of the sciences which I possess by the favour of Gaurī, I can raise to life a dead woman."<sup>2</sup> When they had thus spoken, the Śūdra, the Vaiśya and Kshatriya, one after another, praised their own beauty, courage and might, but the Brāhman praised his might and valour and said nothing about his beauty.

Then King Mahāvarāha said to his doorkeeper: "Take all these now and make them rest in your house." The doorkeeper, when he heard the order, took them to his house. Then the king said to his daughter Anangarati: "My daughter, which of these four heroes do you prefer?" When Anangarati heard that, she said to her father: "Father, I

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the properties of the magic ring given to Canace in the "Squire's Tale," and Grimm's story of "Die Drei Sprachen" (No. 33, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*). See also Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. i, pp. 18, 423. In the *Edda*, Sigurd learns to understand the language of birds by tasting the blood of Fafner. For other parallels see Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 184, and note 248. —For analogues to Grimm's tale, see Bolte, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 322 *et seq.*

—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the seventy-seventh chapter of this work, the second in the *Vetāla Panchaviṃśati*, and Ralston's exhaustive note in his *Russian Folk-Tales*, pp. 231, 232, 233. Cf. also Bernhard Schmidt's *Griechische Märchen*, p. 114, and Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, vol. i, p. 486. The *Pseudo-Callisthenes* (Book II, chap. xl) mentions a fountain that restored to life a salt fish, and made one of Alexander's daughters immortal. This is perhaps the passage that was in Dunlop's mind when he said (p. 129 of Liebrecht's translation) that such a fountain is described in the Greek romance of *Ismenias and Ismene*, for which Liebrecht takes him to task. See the parallels quoted by Dunlop and Liebrecht. Wheeler, in his *Noted Names of Fiction*, tells us that there was a tradition current among the natives of Puerto Rico that such a fountain existed in the fabulous island of Bimini, said to belong to the Bahama group. This was the object of eager and long-continued quest to the celebrated Spanish navigator, Juan Ponce de Leon. By *Ismenias and Ismene*, Dunlop probably means *Hysminias and Hysmine*. See also Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, p. 185. Kuhn, in his *Herabkunft des Feuers*, traces this story back to the *Śatapatha Brāhmaṇa*.—See Vol. II, p. 155n<sup>4</sup>.

—N.M.P.



do not like any one of the four. The first is a Śūdra and a weaver; what is the use of his good qualities? The second is a Vaiśya, and what is the use of his knowing the language of cattle, and so on? How can I give myself to them when I am a Kshatriya woman? The third, indeed, is a meritorious Kshatriya, equal to me in birth, but he is a poor man and lives by service, selling his life. As I am the daughter of a king, how can I become his wife? The fourth, the Brāhman Jivadatta, I do not like; he is ugly and is addicted to unlawful arts, and, as he has deserted the Vedas, he has fallen from his high position. You ought to punish him. Why do you offer to give me to him? For you, my father, being a king, are the upholder of the castes and the various stages of life. And a king who is a hero in upholding religion is preferred to a king who is only a hero with the sword. A hero in religion will be the lord of a thousand heroes with the sword." When his daughter had said this, the king dismissed her to her own private apartments, and rose up to bathe and perform his other duties.

And the next day the four heroes went out from the house of the doorkeeper and roamed about in the town out of curiosity. And at that very time a vicious elephant, *Khaḍgadharā* named Padmakabala, broke his fastening and *kills the* in his fury rushed out from the elephant stable, *Elephant* trampling down the citizens. And that great elephant, when he saw the four heroes, rushed towards them to slay them, and they too advanced towards him with uplifted weapons. Then the one Kshatriya among them, named Khaḍgadharā, putting aside the other three, alone attacked that elephant. And he cut off with one blow the protended trunk of that roaring elephant with as much ease as if it had been a lotus-stalk. And after showing his agility by escaping between his feet, he delivered a second blow on the back of that elephant. And with the third he cut off both his feet. Then that elephant gave a groan and fell down and died. All the people were astonished when they beheld that valour of his, and King Mahāvarāha was also amazed when he heard of it.

The next day the king went out to hunt, mounted on an

elephant, and the four heroes, with Khaḍgadhara at their head, accompanied him. There the king with his army slew tigers, deer and boars, and the lions rushed out upon him in anger, hearing the trumpeting of the elephants. Then that Khaḍgadhara cleft in twain, with one blow of his sharp sword, that first lion that attacked them, and the second he seized with his left hand by the foot, and dashing it on the earth, deprived it of life. And in the same way Bhāshājna and Jivadatta and Panchaphuṭṭika each dashed a lion to pieces on the earth. Thus in turn those heroes killed on foot many tigers and lions and other animals, with ease, before the eyes of the king. Then that king, being pleased and astonished, after he had finished his hunting, entered his city, and those heroes went to the house of the doorkeeper.

And the king entered the harem and, though tired, had his daughter Anangarati quickly summoned. And after describing the valour of those heroes, one by one, as he had seen it in the chase, he said to her, who was much astonished: "Even if Panchaphuṭṭika and Bhāshājna are of inferior caste, and Jivadatta, though a Brāhman, is ugly and addicted to forbidden practices, what fault is there in the Kshatriya Khaḍgadhara, who is handsome, and of noble stature, and is distinguished for strength and valour; who slew such an elephant, and who takes lions by the foot and crushes them on the ground, and slays others with his sword? And if it is made a ground of reproach against him that he is poor and a servant, I will immediately make him a lord to be served by others: so choose him for a husband, if you please, my daughter." When Anangarati heard this from her father, she said to him: "Well, then, bring all those men here, and ask the astrologer, and let us see what he says." When she said this to him, the king summoned those heroes, and in their presence he, accompanied by his wives, said to the astrologer with his own mouth: "Find out with which of these Anangarati has conformity of horoscope, and when a favourable moment will arrive for her marriage."

When the skilful astrologer heard that, he asked the stars under which they were born, and after long considering the

time he said to that king : " If you will not be angry with me, King, I will tell you plainly. Your daughter has no conformity of lot with any of them. And she will not be married on earth, for she is a Vidyādhari fallen by a curse ; that curse of hers will be at an end in three months. So let these wait here three months, and if she is not gone to her own world then, the marriage shall take place." All those heroes accepted the advice of that astrologer, and remained there for three months.

When three months had passed, the king summoned into his presence those heroes, and that astrologer, and Anangarati. And the king, when he saw that his daughter had suddenly become exceedingly beautiful, rejoiced, but the astrologer thought that the hour of her death had arrived. And while the king was saying to the astrologer, " Now tell me what it is proper to do, for those three months are gone," Anangarati called to mind her former birth, and, covering her face with her garment, she abandoned that human body. The king thought : " Why has she put herself in this position ? " But when he himself uncovered her face he saw that she was dead, like a frost-smitten lotus-plant, for her eyes like bees had ceased to revolve, the lotus-flower of her face was pale, and the sweet sound of her voice had ceased, even as the sound of the swans departs. Then the king suddenly fell to earth motionless, smitten by the thunderbolt of grief for her, crushed by the extinction of his race.<sup>1</sup> And the Queen Padmarati also fell down to the earth in a swoon, and with her ornaments fallen from her like flowers, appeared like a cluster of blossoms broken by an elephant. The attendants raised cries of lamentation, and those heroes were full of grief ; but the king, immediately recovering consciousness, said to that Jivadatta : " In this matter those others have no power, but now it is your opportunity ; you boasted that you could raise to life a dead woman ; if you possess power by means of science, then recall my

<sup>1</sup> Here there is an elaborate pun. " King " may also mean " mountain," " race " may mean " wings," and the whole passage refers to Indra's clipping the wings of the mountains.

daughter to life. I will give her, when restored to life, to you as being a Brāhman."

When Jivadatta heard this speech of the king's he sprinkled that princess with water, over which charms had been said, and chanted this Āryā verse: "O thou of the loud laugh, adorned with a garland of skulls, not to be gazed on, Chāmuṇḍā,<sup>1</sup> the terrible goddess, assist me quickly." When, in spite of this effort of Jivadatta's, that maiden was not restored to life, he was despondent, and said: "My science, though bestowed by the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya range, has proved fruitless, so what is the use to me of my life that has become an object of scorn?" When he had said this, he was preparing to cut off his head with a great sword when a voice came from the sky: "O Jivadatta, do not act rashly. Listen now. This noble Vidyādhara maiden, named Anangaprabhā, has been for so long a time a mortal owing to the curse of her parents. She has now quitted this human body, and has gone to her own world, and taken her own body. So go and propitiate again the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya hills, and by her favour you shall recover this noble Vidyādhara maiden. But as she is enjoying heavenly bliss, neither you nor the king ought to mourn for her." When the heavenly voice had told this true tale it ceased. Then the king performed his daughter's rites, and he and his wife ceased to mourn for her, and those other three heroes returned as they had come.

But hope was kindled in the breast of Jivadatta, and he went and propitiated with austerities the dweller in the Vindhya hills, and she said to him in a dream: "I am satisfied with thee, so rise up and listen to this that I am about to tell thee.

There is a city on the Himālayas named Virapura, and in it there dwells a sovereign of the Vidyādharas named Samara. He had a daughter, named Anangaprabhā, born

<sup>1</sup> A form of Durgā or Kālī, which is especially connected with human sacrifice and tantric practices. See Vol. II, p. 214 *et seq.*, where in the *Mālātī Mādhava* the heroine is offered up as a sacrifice to Chāmuṇḍā. For a list of Durgā's other names see p. 179 of this volume.—N.M.P.

to him by his Queen Anangavatī. When, in the pride of her youth and beauty, she refused to have any husband, her parents, enraged at her persistence, cursed her: "Become a human being, and even in that state you shall not enter the happiness of married life. When you are a maiden of sixteen years you shall abandon the body and come here. But an ugly mortal, who has become such by a curse, on account of his falling in love with the daughter of a hermit, and who possesses a magic sword, shall then become your husband, and he shall carry you off against your will to the world of mortals. There you, being unchaste, shall be separated from your husband. Because that husband in a former life carried off the wives of eight other men, he shall endure sorrow enough for eight births. And you, having become a mortal by the loss of your supernatural science, shall endure in that one birth the sufferings of eight births.<sup>1</sup> For to everyone the association with the evil gives an evil lot, but to women the union with an evil husband is equivalent to evil. And having lost your memory of the past, you shall there take many mortal husbands, because you obstinately persisted in detesting the husband fitted for you. That Vidyādhara Madanaprabha, who, being equal in birth, demanded you in marriage, shall become a mortal king and at last become your husband. Then you shall be freed from your curse and return to your own world, and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the remarkable passage which M. Lévêque quotes from the works of Empedocles (*Les Mythes et Legendes de l'Inde et de la Perse*, p. 90):

"Ἔστιν ἀνάγκης χρῆμα, θεῶν ψήφισμα παλαιόν,  
αἰδίων, πλάττεσσι κατεσφρηγισμένον ὄρκοις,  
εὐτέ τις ἀμπλακίῃσι φόνῳ φίλα γῆνα μίγνῃ  
αἵμασιν ἢ ἐπιόρκον ἀμαρτήσας ἐπομόσῃ  
δαίμων, οἷ τε μακραίνως λελάχασι βίοιο,  
τρὶς μὲν μυρίας ὥρας ἀπὸ μακάρων ἐλάλησθαι,  
φύόμενον παντοῖα διὰ χρόνου εἶδεα θνητῶν,  
ἀργαλέας βιότοιο μεταλλάσσοντα κελεύθους."

I have adopted the readings of Ritter and Preller, in their *Historia Philosophiarum*, in preference to those of M. Lévêque. It is clear that Empedocles supposed himself to be a Vidyādhara fallen from heaven in consequence of a curse. As I observed in an article in the *Calcutta Review* of 1875, "The Bhagavad Gītā and Christianity," his personality is decidedly Indian.

you shall obtain that suitable match, who shall have returned to his Vidyādhara state."

So that maiden Anangaprabhā has become Anangarati on the earth, and returning to her parents has once more become Anangaprabhā. So go to Virapura and conquer in fight her father, though he is possessed of knowledge and protected by his high birth, and obtain that maiden. Now take this sword, and as long as you hold it in your hand you will be able to travel through the air; and, moreover, you will be invincible." Having said this, and having given the sword to him, the goddess vanished, and he woke up and beheld in his hand a heavenly sword. Then Jivadatta rose up delighted and praised Durgā,<sup>1</sup> and all the exhaustion produced by his penance was removed by the refreshment caused by the nectar of her favour. And he flew up into the air with his sword in his hand, and after roaming all round the Himālayas he found that prince of the Vidyā-dharas Samara in Virapura. He conquered him in fight, and then the king gave him his daughter Anangaprabhā, and he married her and lived in heavenly felicity. And after he had remained there some time he said to his father-in-law Samara and to his beloved Anangaprabhā: "Let us two go to the world of men, for I feel a longing for it; for one's native land is exceedingly dear to living beings, even though it may be an inferior place."<sup>2</sup>

When the father-in-law heard that, he consented, but the far-seeing Anangaprabhā was with difficulty induced to consent. Then Jivadatta descended from heaven to the world of mortals, taking that Anangaprabhā in his arms. And Anangaprabhā, beholding there a pleasant mountain, being wearied, said to him: "Let us immediately rest here." Then he consented, and descending there with her he produced food and drink by the power of the various sciences. Then Jivadatta, being impelled by Fate, said to Anangaprabhā: "Dear one, sing some sweet song." When she heard that, she began to sing devoutly the praise of Śiva, and with that sound of her singing the Brāhman was sent to sleep.

<sup>1</sup> The D. text has *natūmbikah*, "and bowed to Durgā."—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Odyssey*, ix, 27, 28.

In the meanwhile a king named Harivara, wearied out with hunting, came that way in search of spring water; he was attracted by hearing the sound of that singing, as deer are attracted, and, leaving his chariot, he *Jivadatta is deserted* went there alone. The king first had happiness announced by omens, and then he beheld that Anangaprabhā like the real brightness of the God of Love. Then, as his heart was distracted with her song and her beauty, the God of Love cleft it at will with his arrows. Anangaprabhā too, seeing that he was handsome, came within range of the god of the flowery bow, and said to herself: "Who is this? Is he the God of Love, without his flowery bow? Is he the incarnation of the favour of Siva towards me, being pleased with my song?" Then, maddened with love, she asked him: "Who are you, and how have you come to this forest? Tell me." Then the king told her who he was and why he had come. Then he said to her: "Tell me, who are you, fair one? And who is this, O lotus-faced one, who is sleeping here?" When he asked these questions, she answered him briefly: "I am a Vidyādhari, and this is my husband, who possesses a magic sword, and now I have fallen in love with you at first sight. So come, let us quickly go to your city before he awakes, then I will tell my story at length."

When the king heard that he agreed, and felt as much delighted as if he had obtained the sovereignty of the three worlds. And Anangaprabhā hurriedly thought in her heart: "I will take this king in my arms and quickly fly up to the heaven." But in the meanwhile her knowledge was stripped from her by her treachery to her husband, and, remembering her father's curse, she became at once despondent. When the king saw that, he asked the cause, and then said to her: "This is not the time for despondency; your husband here may awake. And you ought not to lament, my beloved, over this matter which depends on destiny. For who can escape from the shadow of his own head, or the course of destiny? So come, let us depart."

When the King Harivara said this, she consented to his proposal, and he took her quickly up in his arms. Then he



went off quickly thence, as delighted as if he had obtained a treasure, and ascended his chariot, welcomed with joy by his servants. And he reached his city in that chariot, which travelled swift as thought, accompanied by his beloved, and he aroused curiosity in his subjects. Then King Harivara remained in heavenly enjoyments in that city, which was named after him, in the society of that Anangaprabhā. And Anangaprabhā remained there devotedly attached to him, forgetting all her supernatural power, bewildered by the curse.

In the meanwhile Jīvadatta woke up on the mountain, and saw that not only Anangaprabhā was gone, but his sword also. He thought: "Where is that Anangaprabhā? Alas! Where is that sword? Has she gone off with it? Or were they both carried off by some being?" In his perplexity he made many surmises of this sort, and he searched that mountain for three days, being consumed with the fire of love. Then he came down and wandered through the forests for ten days, but did not find a trace of her anywhere. He kept crying out: "Alas, spiteful fortune, how did you carry off, together with the magic power of the sword, my beloved Anangaprabhā, both of which you granted with difficulty?"

Thus employed, he wandered about without food and at last reached a village, and there he entered the opulent mansion of a Brāhman. There the handsome and well-dressed mistress of the house, Priyadattā by name, made him sit down on a seat and immediately gave this order to her maids: "Wash quickly the feet of this Jīvadatta, for to-day is the thirteenth day that he has gone without food on account of his separation." When Jīvadatta heard that, he was astonished, and reflected in his own mind: "Can Anangaprabhā have come here, or is this woman a witch?" Thus he reflected, and after his feet were washed, and he had eaten the food that she gave, he humbly asked Priyadattā in his great grief: "Tell me one thing: how do you know my history, blameless one? And tell me another thing: where are my sword and my beloved gone?" When the devoted wife Priyadattā heard that, she

*He learns  
the Truth*



said : " No one but my husband has any place in my heart, even in a dream, my son, and I look on all other men as brothers, and no guest leaves my house without entertainment; by virtue of that I know the past, the present and the future. And that Anangaprabhā of yours has been carried off by a king named Harivara, living in a town named after him, who, as destiny would have it, came that way while you were asleep, attracted by her song. And you cannot recover her, for that king is very powerful; moreover, that unchaste woman will in turn leave him and go to another man. And the goddess Durgā gave you that sword only that you might obtain that lady; having accomplished that, the weapon, in virtue of its divine nature, has returned to the goddess, as the lady has been carried off. Moreover, how have you forgotten what the goddess was pleased to tell you when she told the story of the curse of Anangaprabhā? So why are you so distracted about an event which was destined to take place? Abandon this chain of sins, which again and again produces extreme sorrow. And of what profit can be to you now, my brother, that wicked female, who is attached to another, and who has become a mortal, having lost her science by her treachery against you? "

When that virtuous woman said this to Jivadatta he abandoned all passion for Anangaprabhā, being disgusted with her fickleness, and thus answered the Brāhman lady : " Mother, my delusion has been brought to an end by this true speech of thine. Whom does not association with persons of virtuous conduct benefit? This misfortune has befallen me in consequence of my former crimes, so I will abandon jealousy and go to holy places to wash them out. What can I gain by taking up an enmity with others on account of Anangaprabhā? For one who has conquered anger conquers this whole world." While he was saying this, the righteous husband of Priyadattā, who was hospitable to guests, returned to the house. The husband also welcomed him, and made him forget his grief; and then he rested, and taking leave of them both, started on his pilgrimage to holy places.

Then, in course of time, he roamed round to all the holy bathing-places on the earth, enduring many toils in difficult ways, living on roots and fruits. And after visiting *Jivadatta's* holy bathing-places he went to the shrine of the *Former Life* dweller on the Vindhya hills; there he went through a severe penance, without food, on a bed of *kuśa* grass. And Ambikā, satisfied with his asceticism, said to him, appearing in bodily form: "Rise up, my son, for you four are four Gaṇas of mine. Three are Panchamūla, Chaturvaktra and Mahodaramukha, and thou art the fourth, last in order, and thy name is Vikāṭavadana. You four once went to the sand of the Ganges to amuse yourselves, and saw there a hermit's daughter bathing. She was called Chāpalekhā, the daughter of Kapilajāṭa. And she was solicited by all of you, distracted with love. When she said: 'I am a maiden; go away all of you,' the three others remained quiet, but thou didst forcibly seize her by the arm. And she cried out: 'Father, father, deliver me!' Then the hermit, who was near, came up in wrath. Then thou didst let go her arm; then he immediately cursed you, saying: 'Wicked ones, be born, all of you, as human beings.' Then you asked the hermit that the curse might end, and he said: 'When the Princess Anangarati shall be demanded in marriage by you, and shall go to the Vidyādhara world, then three of you shall be released from your curse. But when she has become a Vidyādhari, then thou, Vikāṭavadana, shalt gain her, and lose her again, and then thou shalt suffer great sorrow. But after propitiating the goddess Durgā for a long time thou shalt be released from this curse. This will happen to thee because thou didst touch the hand of this Chāpalekhā, and also because thou hast much guilt attaching to thee, on account of having carried off the wives of others.' You four Gaṇas of mine, whom that hermit thus cursed, became four heroes in the Deccan: Panchaphuṭṭika, and Bhāshājna, and Khadgadhara, these three friends, and you the fourth, Jivadatta. Now the first three, when Anangarati returned to her own place, came here, and by my favour were freed from their curse. And thou hast propitiated me now; therefore thy curse is at an end. So

take this fiery meditation and abandon this body, and consume at once the guilt, which it would take eight births to exhaust."

When the goddess Durgā had said this, she gave him the meditation and disappeared. And with that meditation he burned up his wicked mortal body, and at last was freed from the curse, and became once more an excellent Gaṇa. When even gods have to endure so much suffering by associating with the wives of others, what must be the result of it to inferior beings?

In the meanwhile Anangaprabhā became head queen in Harivara, the city of the King Harivara. And the king remained day and night with his mind fixed on her, and *The Dancing Teacher* entrusted the great burden of his kingdom to his minister named Sumantra. And once on a time there came to that king from Madhyadeśa<sup>1</sup> a fresh teacher of dancing, named Labdhavara. The king, having seen his skill in music and dancing, honoured him, and made him the instructor in dancing of the ladies of the harem. He brought Anangaprabhā so much excellence in dancing that she was an object of admiration even to her rival wives. And from associating with the professor of dancing, and from the delight she took in his teaching, she fell in love with him. And the professor of dancing, attracted by her youth and beauty, gradually learnt a new strange dance,<sup>2</sup> thanks to the God of Love. And once she approached the professor of dancing secretly in the dancing-hall, and being desperately in love with him, said to him: "I shall not be able to live for a moment without you, and the King Harivara, when he hears of it, will not tolerate it; so come, let us depart elsewhere, where the king will not find us out. You have wealth in the form of gold, horses and camels, given by the king, pleased with your dancing, and I have ornaments. So let us quickly go and dwell where we shall be secure."

The professor of dancing was pleased with her proposal, and consented to this. Then she put on the dress of a man

<sup>1</sup> Comprising the modern provinces of Allahābād, Agra, Delhi and Oude.

<sup>2</sup> For *anṛityata* I should like to read *anarṛityata*.

and went to the house of the professor of dancing, accompanied by one female servant, who was exceedingly devoted to her. Thence she started on horseback, with that teacher *She deserts* of dancing, who placed his wealth on the back *King Harivara* of a camel. First she abandoned the splendour of the Vidyādhara, then of a throne, and now she put herself under the shelter of a bard's fortune. Alas ! fickle is the mind of women ! And so Anangaprabhā went with the teacher of dancing and reached a distant city named Viyogapura. There she dwelt in happiness with him, and the distinguished dancer thought that by obtaining her his name of Labdhavara <sup>1</sup> had been justified.

And in the meanwhile King Harivara, finding out that his beloved Anangaprabhā had gone somewhere or other, was ready to abandon the body out of grief. Then the minister Sumantra said to the king to comfort him : " Why do you appear as if you do not understand the matter ? Consider it yourself. How, my sovereign, could you expect that a woman who deserted a husband that had by means of his sword obtained the power of a Vidyādhara, and repaired to you as soon as she saw you, would be faithful even to you ? She has gone off with something that she has managed to get, having no desire for anything good, as one to whom a blade of grass is a sprout of jewels, falling in love at sight with a blade of grass. Certainly the teacher of dancing has gone off with her, for he is nowhere to be seen. And I hear that they both were in the concert-hall in the morning. So tell me, King, why are you so persistent about her, though you know all this ? The truth is, a fickle dame is like a sunset, momentarily aglow for everyone."

When the minister said this to him, the king fell into a musing, and thought : " Yes, that wise man has told me the truth. For a fickle dame is like human life ; connection with her is unstable ; she changes every moment, and is terrible, bringing disgust at the end. The wise man never falls into the power of deep rivers or of woman, both of which drown him who falls into their power, while they exhibit wanton sportfulness. Those men are truly masters

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* one who has obtained a prize.

of themselves who are free from excitement about pleasures, who are not puffed up in prosperity, and who are unshrinking in dangers: such men have conquered the world." After saying this, King Harivara abandoned his grief by the advice of his minister, and remained satisfied with the society of his own wives.

And after Anangaprabhā had dwelt some time with the teacher of dancing, in the city named Viyogapura, he, as fate would have it, struck up an acquaintance with a young gambler named Sudarśana. Then the gambler, before the eyes of Anangaprabhā, soon stripped the teacher of dancing of all his wealth. Then Anangaprabhā deserted her husband, who was stripped of all his fortune, as if in anger on that account, and threw herself into the arms of Sudarśana. Then the teacher of dancing, having lost his wife and his wealth, having no refuge, in disgust with the world, matted his hair in a knot and went to the banks of the Ganges to practise mortification of the flesh. But Anangaprabhā, who was ever taking new paramours, remained with that gambler. But one night her lord Sudarśana was robbed of all that he had by some robbers, who entered his house in the darkness. Then Sudarśana, seeing that Anangaprabhā was uncomfortable and unhappy on account of their poverty, said to her: "Come and let us borrow something from a rich friend of mine, named Hiranyagupta, a distinguished merchant." After saying this he, being deprived of his senses by destiny, went with his wife and asked that great merchant Hiranyagupta to lend him some money. And the merchant, when he saw her, immediately fell in love with her, and she also with him, the moment that she beheld him. And the merchant said politely to Sudarśana: "To-morrow I will give you gold, but dine here to-day." When Sudarśana heard this, beholding the altered bearing of those two, he said: "I did not come here to-day to dine." Then the great merchant said: "If this be the case, at any rate let your wife dine here, my friend, for this is the first time that she has visited my house."

When Sudarśana was thus addressed by him, he remained

silent in spite of his cunning, and that merchant went into his house with Anangaprabhā. There he indulged in drinking and other pastimes with that fair one, unexpectedly thrown in his way, who was merry with all the wantonness of wine. But Sudarśana, who was standing outside, waiting for her to come out, had the following message brought to him by the merchant's servants, in accordance with their master's orders: "Your wife has dined and gone home; you must have failed to see her going out. So what are you doing here so long? Go home." He answered: "She is within the house, she has not come out, and I will not depart." Thereupon the merchant's servants drove him away from the house with kicks. Then Sudarśana went off and sorrowfully reflected with himself: "What! has this merchant, though my friend, robbed me of my wife? Or, rather, in this very birth the fruit of my sin has in such a form fallen to my lot. For what I did to one, another has done to me. Why should I, then, be angry with another, when my own deeds merit anger? So I will sever the chain of works, so that I may not be again humiliated."

Thus reflecting, the gambler abandoned his anger, and going to the hermitage of Badarikā,<sup>1</sup> he proceeded to perform such austerities as would cut the bonds of mundane existence.

<sup>1</sup> Badarīnātha is a place sacred to Viṣṇu in the Himālayas. The Badarīnātha peaks, in British Garhwāl, form a group of six summits, from 22,000 to 23,400 feet above the sea. The town of Badarīnātha is fifty-five miles north-east of Śrīnagar, on the right bank of the Viṣṇugangā, a feeder of the Alaknandā. The temple is situated in the highest part of the town, and below it a tank, supplied by a sulphureous thermal spring, is frequented by thousands of pilgrims. The temple is 10,294 feet above the sea. (*Akbar, an Eastern Romance*, by Dr van Limburg-Brouwer, with an introduction by Clements Markham, p. 1, note.)—The place derives its name from the worship of Viṣṇu in his manifestation as Badarīnātha or Badarīnārāyaṇa, "Lord of the *badarī* or jujube tree." Crooke (*Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, p. 325) suggests that an ancient tree-cult is probably associated with the thermal spring mentioned above. The founder of the temple is said to have been the great teacher Śaṅkarācārya, a Malabar Brāhman, who lived about the beginning of the eighth century A.D. Crooke adds an interesting description given by Atkinson (*Himālayan Gazetteer*, vol. iii, p. 24 *et seq.*): "The idol in the principal temple is formed of black stone or marble about three feet high. It is usually clothed with rich gold brocade, and above its head is a

And Anangaprabhā, having obtained that exceedingly handsome merchant for a dear husband, was as pleased as a bee that has lighted on a flower. And in course of time she attained undisputed control over the wealth, as well as over the heart, of that opulent merchant, who was deeply in love with her. But the King Virabāhu, though he heard of the matchless beauty residing there, did not carry her off, but remained strictly within the limits of virtue. And in course of time the wealth of the merchant began to diminish, on account of the expenditure of Anangaprabhā; for, in a house presided over by an unchaste woman, Fortune pines as well as virtuous women. Then the merchant Hiranyagupta got together wares and went off to an island named Suvarṇabhūmi to trade, and he took that Anangaprabhā with him, out of fear of being separated from her, and journeying on his way he at last reached the city of Sāgarapura. There he fell in with a chief of fishermen, a native of that place, Sāgaravīra by name, whom he found in that city near the sea. He went with that seafaring man to the shore of the sea, and with his beloved embarked on a ship which he provided.

And after the merchant had travelled in anxiety for some days over the sea in that ship, accompanied by Sāgaravīra, one day a terrible cloud of doom appeared, with small mirror which reflects the objects from the outside. In front are several lamps always burning, and a table also covered with brocade. To the right are images of Nara and Nārāyaṇa, and on the left those of Kuvera and Nārada. The idol is adorned with one jewel, a diamond of moderate size, in the middle of its forehead, whilst the whole of the properties, including dresses, eating vessels, and other paraphernalia, are not worth more than Rs.5000 (£333).

"A good deal of ostentatious attention is paid to the personal comfort of the idol at Badarī. It is daily provided with meals, which are placed before it; the doors of the sanctuary are then closed, and the idol is left to consume its meals in quietness. The doors are not opened again till after sunset; and at a late hour, its bed being prepared by the attendants, the doors are again closed until morning. The vessels in which the idol is served are of gold and silver, and a large establishment of servants is kept up, both male and female, the latter as dancing-girls and mistresses of the celibate priests. The only persons who have access to the inner apartments are the servants, and no one but the Rāwal himself is allowed to touch the idol."

For further details see Traill, *Statistical Account of Kumaon*, edit. Batten, p. 57; *Panjāb Notes and Queries*, vol. iv, p. 196; and Crooke, *Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh*, vol. iv, p. 340.—N.M.P.



flashing eyes of lightning, filling them with fear of destruction. Then that ship, smitten by a mighty wind, with a violent shower of rain, began to sink in the waves. That merchant Hiranyagupta, when the crew raised a cry of lamentation, and the ship began to break up like his own hopes, fastened his cloak round his loins and, looking at the face of Anangaprabhā, exclaimed: "Ah! my beloved, where art thou?" and threw himself into the sea. And he oared himself along with his arms, and, as luck would have it, he reached a merchant-ship, and caught hold of it and climbed up into it.

But that Sāgaravīra tied together some planks with a cord and quickly placed Anangaprabhā upon them. And he himself climbed up upon them, and comforted that terrified woman, and went paddling along in the sea, throwing aside the water with his arms. And as soon as the ship had been broken to pieces the clouds disappeared from the heaven, and the sea was calm, like a good man whose wrath is appeased. But the merchant Hiranyagupta, after climbing up into the ship, which was impelled by the wind, as fate would have it, reached in five days the shore of the sea. Then he went on shore, grieved at the loss of his beloved; but he reflected that the dispensations of Destiny were irremediable; and he went slowly home to his own city, and being of resolute soul, he recovered his self-command, and again acquired wealth and lived in great comfort.

But Anangaprabhā, seated on the plank, was piloted to the shore of the sea in one day by Sāgaravīra. And there that chief of the fishermen, consoling her, took her to his own palace in the city of Sāgarapura. There Anangaprabhā, reflecting that that chief of the fishermen was a hero who had saved her life, and was equal to a king in opulence, and in the prime of youth and good looks, and obedient to her orders, made him her husband. A woman who has lost her virtue does not distinguish between high and low. Then she dwelt with that chief of fishermen, enjoying in his house his wealth that he put at her disposal.

One day she saw from the roof of the palace a handsome Kshatriya youth, named Vijayavarman, going along the high



street of the town. Falling in love with his good looks, she went up to him and said: "Receive me, who am in love with you, for my mind has been fascinated by the sight of you." And he gladly welcomed that fairest woman of the three worlds, who had fallen to him, as it were, from the sky, and took her home to his house. But Sāgaravīra, finding that his beloved had gone somewhere or other, abandoned all, and went to the River Ganges, intending to leave the body by means of ascetic practices. And no wonder that his grief was great, for how could a man of servile caste ever have expected to obtain such a Vidyādhari? But Anangaprabhā lived at ease in that very town with Vijayavarman, free from restraint.

Then one day the king of that place, named Sāgaravarman, mounted a female elephant and went out to roam round his city. And while the king was looking at that well-built city named after him, he came along the street where the house of Vijayavarman was. And Anangaprabhā, finding out that the king was coming that way, went up to the top of the house, out of curiosity to behold him. And the moment she saw the king she fell so desperately in love with him that she insolently exclaimed to the elephant-driver: "Mahout, I never in my life have ridden on an elephant, so give me a ride on yours, and let me see how pleasant it is."

When the elephant-driver heard this, he looked at the face of the king, and in the meanwhile the king beheld her, like the splendour of the moon fallen from heaven. And the king, drinking her in with insatiate eye like a partridge, having conceived the hope of gaining her, said to his elephant-driver: "Take the elephant near and comply with her wish, and without delay seat this moon-faced dame on the elephant." When the king said this, the elephant-driver at once brought that elephant close under the house. When Anangaprabhā saw that the elephant had come near, she immediately flung herself into the lap of the King Sāgaravarman. How came it that, though at first she was averse to a husband, she now showed such an insatiable appetite

*She deserts  
the Fisherman  
for Vijaya-  
varman*

*Anangaprabhā  
enters upon  
her Final  
Amour*

for husbands? Surely her father's curse made her exhibit a great change of character. And she clasped the king round the neck, as if afraid of falling, and he, when his limbs were irrigated with the nectar of her touch, was much delighted. And the king quickly carried off to his own palace her who had surrendered herself by an artifice, being desirous of being kissed. There he made that Vidyādhari enter his harem, and after she had told him her story he made her his principal wife. And then that young Kshatriya, finding out that she had been carried off by the king, came and attacked the king's servants outside the palace; and there he left his corpse, not turning his back in fight; for brave men do not submit to insult on account of a woman. And it seemed as if he was carried off to the abode of the gods by the nymphs of heaven, saying: "What have you to do with this contemptible woman? Come to Nandana and court us."

As for that Anangaprabhā, when she had come into the possession of the King Sāgaravarman, she roamed no more, but remained faithful to him, as rivers are at rest in the bosom of the sea. And owing to the force of destiny she thought herself fortunate in having obtained that husband, and he thought that his life was complete by having obtained her for a wife.

And in some days Anangaprabhā, the queen of that King Sāgaravarman, became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to a son. And the king made a great feast on account of the birth of a noble son, and gave the boy the name of Samudravarman. And when that son attained his full stature, and became a young man distinguished for might, the king appointed him Crown Prince. Then he brought to his court Kamalavatī, the daughter of a certain king named Samaravarman, to be married to him. And when that son Samudravarman was married, the king, being impressed by his virtues, gave him his own kingdom. That brave son Samudravarman, being thoroughly acquainted with the duties of Kshatriyas, when he had obtained the kingdom, said to his father, bowing before him: "Father, give me leave to depart; I am setting

*The Birth  
of Samudra-  
varman*

out to conquer the regions. A lord of earth that is not intent on conquest is to be blamed as much as the effeminate husband of a woman. And in this world only that fortune of kings is righteous and glorious which is acquired by one's own strength after conquering the kingdoms. What is the use, father, of the sovereignty of those kings who hold it merely for the sake of oppressing the poor? They devour their own subjects, ravenous like cats."<sup>1</sup>

When he had said this, his father Sāgaravarman replied: "Your rule, my boy, is young; so for the present secure that; no demerit or disgrace attaches to one who rules his subjects justly. And war is not meet for kings without considering their power. Though you, my child, are a hero, and your army is numerous, still you ought not to rely upon the fortune of victory, which is fickle in fight."

Though his father used these and similar arguments with him, the brave Samudravarma at last, with great difficulty, induced him to consent, and marched out to conquer the regions. And having conquered the regions in due course, and reduced the kings under his sway, he returned to his own city in possession of elephants, horses, gold and other tributes. And there he humbly honoured the feet of his delighted parents with great jewels produced in various regions. And the glorious prince gave, by their orders, to the Brāhmans great gifts of elephants, horses, gold and jewels. Then he showered gold in such profusion upon suppliants and servants that the only thing in the country devoid of wealth was the word poor, which had become without meaning.<sup>2</sup> The King Sāgaravarman, dwelling with Anangaprabhā, when he beheld the glory of his son, considered that his objects in life had been accomplished.

And the king, after spending those days in feasting, said to his son Samudravarma in the presence of the ministers: "I have accomplished, my son, what I had to accomplish in this birth. I have enjoyed the pleasures of rule, I have not experienced defeat from my enemies, and I have seen you in possession of sovereignty. What else does

<sup>1</sup> *Prajā* means "subjects" and also "offspring."

<sup>2</sup> The word *artha* means "wealth" and also "meaning."

there remain for me to obtain? So I will retire to a holy bathing-place, while my body retains strength. For see, old age whispers at the root of my ear: 'Since this body is perishable, why do you still remain in your house?' " Having said this, the King Sāgaravarman, all whose ends were attained, went, though his son was opposed to it, to Prayāga with his beloved. And Samudravarmān escorted his father there, and, after returning to his own city, ruled it in accordance with the law.

And the King Sāgaravarman, accompanied by his wife Anangaprabhā, propitiated the god Śiva in Prayāga with asceticism. And at the end of the night the god said to him *The End of the Curse* in a dream: "I am pleased with this penance of yourself and your wife; so hear this: this Anangaprabhā and you, my son, are both of the Vidyādhara race, and to-morrow the curse will expire, and you will go to your own world."

When the king heard that, he woke up, and Anangaprabhā too, who had seen a similar dream, and they told their dreams to one another. And then Anangaprabhā, delighted, said to the king: "My husband, I have now remembered all the history of my former birth. I am the daughter of Samara, a prince of the Vidyādharas, in the city of Vīrapura, and my name has always been Anangaprabhā. And I came here owing to the curse of my father, having become a human being by the loss of my science, and I forgot my Vidyādhari nature. But now I have recovered consciousness of it."

While she was saying this, her father Samara descended from heaven, and after he had been respectfully welcomed by the King Sāgaravarman he said to that daughter Anangaprabhā, who fell at his feet: "Come, daughter, receive these sciences; your curse is at an end. For you have endured in one birth the sorrows of eight births."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The story of Anangaprabhā may be the origin of the seventh novel of the second day in the *Decameron* of Boccaccio.—Possibly, but the point of Boccaccio's story of the "Soldan of Babylon" is that, after all her intrigues, she is married to the King of Algarve as a virgin, thus it really comes under the "Deceitful Wives" motif, and the more lovers she has the more corrupt

Saying this, he took her on his lap and gave her back the sciences. Then he said to the King Sāgaravarman: "You are a prince of the Vidyādhara named Madanaprabha, and I am by name Samara, and Anangaprabhā is my daughter. And long ago, when she ought to have been given in marriage, her hand was demanded by several suitors, but, being intoxicated by her beauty, she did not desire any husband. Then she was asked in marriage by you, who were equal in merit, and very eager to marry her, but, as fate would have it, she would not then accept even you. For that reason I cursed her, that she might go to the world of mortals. And you, being passionately in love with her, fixed your heart on Śiva, the giver of boons, and wished intently that she might be your wife in the world of mortals, and then you abandoned your Vidyādhara body by magic art. Then you became a man, and she became your wife. Now return to your own world linked together."

When Samara said this to Sāgaravarman, he, remembering his birth, abandoned his body in the water of Prayāga<sup>1</sup> and immediately became Madanaprabha. And Anangaprabhā was rekindled with the brightness of her recovered science, and immediately becoming a Vidyādhari, gleamed with that very body, which underwent a heavenly change. And then Madanaprabha, being delighted, and Anangaprabhā also, feeling great passion stir in both their hearts at the sight of one another's heavenly bodies, and the auspicious Samara, king of the sky-goers, all flew up into the air, and went together to that city of the Vidyādhara,

and deceitful is woman shown to be. It has been suggested that the story has historical foundations somewhere between 1315 and 1320 (see Lami, *Novelle Letterarie di Firenze*, 1754, pp. 209, 225, 257, 273). The "False Virgin" motif is, however, a very old one in fiction (see, for instance, the *Mahābhārata*, Udyoga Parva, cxv et seq.). For other analogues see Lee, *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, pp. 36-38.—N.M.P.

<sup>1</sup> Prayāga—Allahābād, the "place of sacrifice," κατ' ἐξοχήν. Here the Gangā and Yamunā unite with the supposed subterranean Sarasvatī.—It is this triple junction (*trivenī*) that accounts for the special holiness of Allahābād. See further Führer, *Monumental Antiquities and Inscriptions of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh*, p. 127 et seq. See also Vol. II, p. 110n<sup>2</sup>, of this work.

—N.M.P.

Virapura. And there Samara immediately gave, with due rites, his daughter Anangaprabhā to the Vidyādhara king, Madanaprabha. And Madanaprabha went with that beloved, whose curse had been cancelled, to his own city, and there he dwelt at ease.

[M] "Thus divine beings fall by virtue of a curse, and, owing to the consequences of their own wickedness, are incarnate in the world of men, and after reaping the fruit appropriate to their bad conduct they again go to their own home on account of previously acquired merit."

When Naravāhanadatta heard this tale from his minister Gomukha, he and Alankāravatī were delighted, and then he performed the duties of the day.

## CHAPTER LIII

**T**HEN, on the next day, Naravāhanadatta's friend [M] Marubhūti said to him, when he was in the company of Alankāravatī: "See, King, this miserable dependent<sup>1</sup> of yours remains clothed with one garment of leather, with matted hair, thin and dirty, and never leaves the royal gate, day or night, in cold or heat; so why do you not show him favour at last? For it is better that a little should be given in time, than much when it is too late; so have mercy on him before he dies." When Gomukha heard this, he said: "Marubhūti speaks well, but you, King, are not the least in fault in this matter; for until a suitor's guilt, which stands in his way, is removed, a king, even though disposed to give, cannot give; but when a man's guilt is effaced a king gives, though strenuously dissuaded from doing so; this depends upon works in a previous state of existence. And *à propos* of this I will tell you, O King, the story of Lakshadatta the king, and Labdhadatta the dependent. Listen.

### 69. *Story of King Lakshadatta and his Dependent Labdhadatta*<sup>2</sup>

There was on the earth a city named Lakshapura. In it there lived a king named Lakshadatta, chief of generous men. He never knew how to give a petitioner less than a lac of coins, but he gave five lacs to anyone with whom he conversed. As for the man with whom he was pleased, he lifted him out of poverty; for this reason his name was

<sup>1</sup> The word in the original is *kārpaṭika*. Böhtlingk and Roth explain it in this passage as "*ein im Dienste eines Fürsten stehender Bettler*." It appears from Taranga 81 that a poor man became a *kārpaṭika* by tearing a *karpāṭa*, a ragged garment, in a king's presence. The business of a *kārpaṭika* seems to have been to do a service without getting anything for it.

<sup>2</sup> For a note on this story see the end of this chapter.—N.M.P.

called Lakshadatta. A certain dependent named Labdhadatta stood day and night at his gate, with a piece of leather for his only loin-rag. He had matted hair, and he never left the king's gate for a second, day or night, in cold, rain or heat, and the king saw him there. And though he remained there long in misery, the king did not give him anything, though he was generous and compassionate.

Then one day the king went to a forest to hunt, and his dependent followed him with a staff in his hand. There, while the king, seated on an elephant, armed with a bow, and followed by his army, slew tigers, bears and deer, with showers of arrows, his dependent, going in front of him, alone on foot, slew with his staff many boars and deer. When the king saw his bravery, he thought in his heart, "It is wonderful that this man should be such a hero," but he did not give him anything. And the king, when he had finished his hunting, returned home to his city to enjoy himself, but that dependent stood at his palace gate as before.

Once on a time Lakshadatta went out to conquer a neighbouring king of the same family, and he had a terrible battle. And in the battle the dependent struck down in front of him many enemies, with blows from the end of his strong staff of acacia wood. And the king, after conquering his enemies, returned to his own city, and though he had seen the valour of his dependent, he gave him nothing. In this condition the dependent Labdhadatta remained, and many years passed over his head, while he supported himself with difficulty.

And when the sixth year had come King Lakshadatta happened to see him one day, and feeling pity for him, reflected: "Though he has been long afflicted I have not as yet given him anything, so why should I not give him something in a disguised form, and so find out whether the guilt of this poor man has been effaced or not, and whether even now Fortune will grant him a sight of her or not?"

Thus reflecting, the king deliberately entered his treasury and filled a citron with jewels, as if it were a casket. And he held an assembly of all his subjects, having appointed a meeting outside his palace, and there entered the assembly



all his citizens, chiefs and ministers. And when the dependent entered among them the king said to him with an affectionate voice: "Come here." Then the dependent, on hearing this, was delighted, and coming near, he sat in front of the king. Then the king said to him: "Utter some composition of your own." Then the dependent recited the following Āryā verse: "Fortune ever replenishes the full man, as all the streams replenish the sea, but she never even comes within the range of the eyes of the poor."

When the king had heard this, and had made him recite it again, he was pleased, and gave him the citron full of valuable jewels. And the people said: "This king puts a *The Citron of Jewels* stop to the poverty of everyone with whom he is pleased; so this dependent is to be pitied, since this very king, though pleased with him, after summoning him politely, has given him nothing but this citron. A wishing-tree, in the case of ill-starred men, often becomes a *palāśa*-tree."<sup>1</sup> These were the words which all in the assembly said to one another in their despondency when they saw that, for they did not know the truth.

But the dependent went out with the citron in his hand, and when he was in a state of despondency a mendicant came before him. And that mendicant, named Rājavandin, seeing that the citron was a fine one, obtained it from that dependent by giving him a garment. And then the mendicant entered the assembly and gave that fruit to the king, and the king, recognising it, said to that hermit<sup>2</sup>: "Where, reverend sir, did you procure this citron?" Then he told the king that the dependent had given it to him. Then the king was grieved and astonished, reflecting that his guilt was not expiated even now. The King Lakshadatta took the citron, rose up from the assembly and performed the duties of the day. And the dependent sold the garment, and, after he had eaten and drunk, remained at his usual post at the king's gate.

And on the second day the king held a general assembly, and everybody appeared at it again, citizens and all. And

<sup>1</sup> There is a pun here. The word *palāśa* also means "cruel," "unmerciful."

<sup>2</sup> The word used shows that he was probably a Buddhist mendicant.

the king, seeing that the dependent had entered the assembly, called him as before and made him sit near him. And after making him again recite that very same Āryā verse, being pleased, he gave him that very same citron with jewels concealed in it. And all there thought with astonishment: "Ah! this is the second time that our master is pleased with him without his gaining by it." And the dependent, in despondency, took the citron in his hand, and thinking that the king's good-will had again been barren of results, went out. At that very moment a certain official met him, who was about to enter that assembly, wishing to see the king. He, when he saw that citron, took a fancy to it, and, regarding the omen,<sup>1</sup> procured it from the dependent by giving him a pair of garments. And entering the king's court he fell at the feet of the sovereign, and first gave him the citron, and then another present of his own. And when the king recognised the fruit he asked the official where he got it, and he replied: "From the dependent." And the king, thinking in his heart that Fortune would not even now give the dependent a sight of her, was exceedingly sad. And he rose up from the assembly with that citron, and the dependent went to the market with the pair of garments he had got. And by selling one garment he procured meat and drink, and tearing the other in half he made two of it.

Then on the third day also the king held a general assembly, and all the subjects entered, as before, and when the dependent entered, the king gave him the same citron again, after calling him and making him recite the Āryā verse. Then all were astonished, and the dependent went out and gave that citron to the king's mistress. And she, like a moving creeper of the tree of the king's regard, gave him gold, which was, so to speak, the flower, the harbinger of the fruit. The dependent sold it and enjoyed himself that day, and the king's mistress went into his presence. And she gave him that citron, which was large and fine, and he, recognising it, asked her whence she procured it. Then she said: "The dependent gave it me." Hearing that, the

<sup>1</sup> Fresh fruit and flowers are both lucky omens, and are included in Thurston's and Enthoven's lists. See my note on p. 122<sup>n</sup> of this volume.—N.M.P.

king thought: "Fortune has not yet looked favourably upon him; his merit in a former life must have been slight, since he does not know that my favour is never barren of results. And so these splendid jewels come back to me again and again." Thus the king reflected, and he took that citron and put it away safely, and rose up and performed the duties of the day.

And on the fourth day the king held an assembly in the same way, and it was filled with all his subjects, feudatories, ministers and all. And the dependent came there again, and again the king made him sit in front of him, *Labdhadatta's Luck changes at last* and when he bowed before him the king made him recite the Āryā verse, and gave him the citron; and when the dependent had half got hold of it he suddenly let it go, and the citron fell on the ground and broke in half. And as the joining of the citron, which kept it together, was broken, there rolled out of it many valuable jewels, illuminating that place of assembly. All the people, when they saw it, said: "Ah! we were deluded and mistaken, as we did not know the real state of the case, but such is the nature of the king's favour." When the king heard that, he said: "By this artifice I endeavoured to ascertain whether Fortune would now look on him or not. But for three days his guilt was not effaced; now it is effaced, and for that reason Fortune has now granted him a sight of herself."

After the king had said this, he gave the dependent those jewels, and also villages, elephants, horses and gold, and made him a feudal chief. And he rose up from that assembly, in which the people applauded, and went to bathe; and that dependent too, having obtained his ends, went to his own dwelling.

[M] "So true is it that, until a servant's guilt is effaced, he cannot obtain the favour of his master, even by going through hundreds of hardships."

When Gomukha, the prime minister, had told this tale,

he again said to his master Naravāhanadatta : " So, King, I know that even now the guilt of that dependent of yours is not expiated, since even now you are not pleased with him."

When the son of the King of Vatsa heard this speech of Gomukha's, he said : " Ha ! Good ! " And he immediately gave to his own dependent, who was named Kārpaṭika, a number of villages, elephants and horses, a *crore* of gold pieces, and excellent garments, and ornaments. Then that dependent, who had attained prosperity, became like a king. How can the attendance on a grateful king, who has excellent courtiers, be void of fruit ?

When Naravāhanadatta was thus employed there came one day, to take service with him, a young Brāhman from the Deccan, named Pralambabāhu. That hero said to the prince : " I have come to your feet, my sovereign, attracted by your renown, and I on foot will never leave your company for a step, as long as you travel on the earth with elephants, horses and chariots ; but in the air I cannot go. I say this because it is rumoured that my lord will one day be Emperor of the Vidyādhara. A hundred gold pieces should be given to me every day as salary."

When that Brāhman, who was really of incomparable might, said this, Naravāhanadatta gave him this salary. And thereupon Gomukha said : " My lord, kings have such servants. *A propos* of this, hear this story."

#### 70. *Story of the Brāhman Vīravara*<sup>1</sup>

There is in this country a great and splendid city of the name of Vikramapura. In it there lived long ago a king named Vikramatunga. He was distinguished for statesmanship, and though his sword was sharp, his rod of justice was not so ; and he was always intent on righteousness, but not on women, hunting, and so forth. And while he was king the only atoms of wickedness were the atoms of earth in the dust ; the only departure from virtue was the loosing of arrows from the string ; the only straying from justice

<sup>1</sup> This story is found in the *Hitopadeśa*, p. 89 of Johnson's translation.

was the wandering of sheep in the folds of the keepers of cattle.<sup>1</sup>

Once on a time a heroic and handsome Brāhman, from the country of Mālava, named Viravara, came there to take service under that king. He had a wife named Dharmavati, a daughter named Viravati, and a son named Sattvavara; these three constituted his family; and his attendants consisted of another three: at his hip a dagger, in one hand a sword, and in the other a polished shield. Though he had such a small following, he demanded from that king five hundred *dīnārs*<sup>2</sup> every day by way of salary. And the king gave him that salary, perceiving his courage, and thinking to himself: "I will make trial of his excellence." And the king set spies on him, to find out what this man, with only two arms, would do with so many *dīnārs*.

And Viravara, every day, gave his wife a hundred of those *dīnārs* for food and other purposes; and with another hundred he bought clothes, and garlands, and so on; and he appointed a third hundred, after bathing, for the worship of Vishṇu and Śiva; and the remaining two hundred he gave to Brāhmins, the poor and so on; and so he expended every day the whole five hundred. And he stood at the palace gate of the king for the first half of the day, and after he had performed his daily prayers and other duties he came back and remained there at night also. The spies reported to the king continually that daily practice of his, and then the king, being satisfied, ordered those spies to desist from observing him. And Viravara remained day and night at the gate of the king's palace, sword in hand, excepting

<sup>1</sup> These two lines are an elaborate pun—*ku*="evil," and also "earth," *guṇa*="virtue," and also "string," *avichāra*="injustice," also "the movement of sheep."—Cf. the punning verse in the *Kathākoṣa*, p. 37, where "stick" also means "punishment," and "the pressure of hands" is also "oppressive taxes":

"In this city sticks were connected only with umbrellas, imprisonings with hair, and slaying of men was heard only in chess.

Holes were picked in necklaces only: and hands paid the tribute of pressure only in marriage."

See also p. 204 of this volume.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. I, p. 63n<sup>1</sup>.—N.M.P.

only the time set apart for bathing and matters of that kind.

Then there came a collection of clouds, bellowing terribly, as if determined to conquer that Viravara, being impatient of his valour. And then, though the cloud rained a terrible arrow-shower of drops, Viravara stood like a column and did not leave the palace gate. And the King Vikramatunga, having beheld him from the palace in this position, went up to the roof of the palace at night to try him again. And he called out from above: "Who waits at the palace gate?" And Viravara, when he heard that, answered: "I am here." The king, hearing this, thought: "Surely this brave man deserves high rank, for he does not leave the palace gate though such a cloud is raining."

While engaged in those reflections the king heard a woman weeping bitterly in the distance, and he thought: "There is not an afflicted person in my dominions, so why does she weep?" Thereupon he said to Viravara: *The Weeping Woman* "Hark, Viravara, there is some woman weeping at some distance from this place, so go and find out who she is and what is her sorrow." When Viravara heard that, he set out, brandishing his sword, with his dagger at his side. Then the king, seeing that he had set out when such a cloud was blazing with lightning, and when the interval between heaven and earth<sup>1</sup> was full of descending drops of rain, being moved with curiosity and pity, came down from the roof of his palace and set out behind him, sword in hand, unobserved.

And Viravara, going in the direction of the wailing,<sup>2</sup> followed unperceived by the king, reached a lake outside the city. And he saw a woman lamenting in the midst of it: "Ah, lord! Ah, merciful one! Ah, hero! How shall I exist abandoned by thee?" He asked her: "Who are you, and what lord do you lament?" Then she said: "My son, know that I am this earth. At present Vikramatunga is my righteous lord, and his death will certainly take

<sup>1</sup> I follow the MS. in the Sanskrit College, which reads *rodorandhre*.

<sup>2</sup> Here with the Sanskrit College MS. I read *ruditam* for the unmetrical *kranditam*.—This is confirmed by the D. text.—N.M.P.

place on the third day from now. And how shall I obtain such a lord again? For with divine foresight I behold the good and evil to come, as Suprabha, the son of a god, did when in heaven.

70A. *Suprabha and his Escape from Destiny*

For he, possessing divine foresight, foresaw that in seven days he would fall from heaven on account of the exhaustion of his merits and be conceived in the body of a sow. Then that son of a god, reflecting on the misery of dwelling in the body of a sow, regretted with himself those heavenly enjoyments: "Alas for heaven! Alas for the Apsarases! Alas for the arbours of Nandana! Alas! How shall I live in the body of a sow, and after that in the mire?"

When the king of the gods heard him indulging in these lamentations he came to him and questioned him, and that son of a god told him the cause of his grief. Then Indra said to him: "Listen, there is a way out of this difficulty open to you. Have recourse to Śiva as a protector, exclaiming: 'Om!<sup>1</sup> Honour to Śiva!' If you resort to him as a protector you shall escape from your guilt and obtain merit, so that you shall not be born in the body of a pig nor fall from heaven." When the king of the gods said this to Suprabha he followed his advice, and exclaiming, "Om! Honour to Śiva!" he fled to Śiva as an asylum. After remaining wholly intent on him for six days, he not only by his favour escaped being sent into the body of a pig, but went to an abode of bliss higher than Svarga. And on the seventh day, when Indra, not seeing him in heaven, looked about, he found he had gone to another and a superior world.

70. *Story of the Brāhman Vīravara*

"As Suprabha lamented, beholding pollution impending, so I lament, beholding the impending death of the king."

<sup>1</sup> For a detailed account of the mystic syllable *Om*, see A. B. Keith, "Om," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ix, pp. 490-492.—N.M.P.

When Earth<sup>1</sup> said this, Viravara answered her: "If there is any expedient for rescuing this king, as there was an expedient for rescuing Suprabha in accordance with the advice of Indra, pray tell it me." When Earth was thus addressed by Viravara, she answered him: "There is an expedient in this case, and it is in your hands." When the Brāhman Viravara heard this, he said joyfully<sup>2</sup>: "Then tell me, goddess, quickly; if my lord can be benefited by the sacrifice of my life, or of my son or wife, my birth is not wasted." When Viravara said this, Earth answered him: "There is here an image of Durgā near the palace; if you offer to that image your son Sattvavara, then the king will live, but there is no other expedient for saving his life." When the resolute Viravara heard this speech of the goddess Earth, he said: "I will go, lady, and do it immediately." And Earth said: "What other man is so devoted to his lord? Go, and prosper." And the king, who followed him, heard all.

Then Viravara went quickly to his house that night, and the king followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavatī and told her that, by the counsel of the goddess Earth, he must offer up his son for the sake of the king. She, when she heard it, said: "We must certainly do what is for the advantage of the king; so wake up our son and tell him." Then Viravara woke up his son and told him all that the goddess Earth had told him, as being for the interest of the king, down to the necessity of his own sacrifice. When the child Sattvavara heard this, he, being rightly named, said to his father<sup>3</sup>: "Am I not fortunate,

<sup>1</sup> The Earth Goddess in India is worshipped mainly in connection with agricultural seasons. Her name in Vedic times was Prithivī (see *Rig-Veda*, v, 84). She is usually worshipped in conjunction with her husband, Dyaus, the Sky-Father. Parjanya is also given as the consort of Prithivī. He is the Vedic god of the rain-cloud. Mention should also be made of Bhūmi, the soil, to whom cakes and fruits are offered in certain villages. For further details see Croke, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 26 *et seq.*, and ditto in "Dravidians (North India)," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. v, pp. 5-7, where is traced the developing of the cult of the Earth-Mother into a general Mother-cult. See also R. E. Enthoven, *Folk-Lore of Bombay*, 1924, pp. 81-88.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> I read *dhṛiṣhyān*—i.e. rejoicing, from *hrīṣh*.

<sup>3</sup> The word *sattvavara* here means "possessing pre-eminent virtue."



my father, in that my life can profit the king? I must requite him for his food which I have eaten; so take me and sacrifice me to the goddess for his sake." When the boy Sattvavara said this, Viravara answered him undismayed: "In truth you are my own son." When King Vikramatunga, who was standing outside, heard this, he said to himself: "Ah! the members of this family are all equally brave."

Then Viravara took that son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavati took his daughter Viravati on her back, and the two went to the temple of Durgā by night.

And the King Vikramatunga followed them, carefully concealing himself. When they reached the temple, Sattvavara was put down by his father from his shoulder, and, though he was a boy, being a store-house of courage, he bowed before the goddess, and addressed this petition to her: "Goddess, may our lord's life be saved by the offering of my head! And may the King Vikramatunga rule the earth without an enemy to oppose him!" When the boy said this, Viravara exclaimed: "Bravo, my son!" And drawing his sword he cut off his son's head and offered it to the goddess Durgā, saying: "May the king be prosperous!" Those who are devoted to their master grudge them neither their sons' lives nor their own. Then a voice was heard from heaven, saying: "Bravo, Viravara! You have bestowed life on your master by sacrificing even the life of your son."

Then, while the king was seeing and hearing with great astonishment all that went on, the daughter of Viravara, named Viravati, who was a mere girl, came up to the head of her slain brother, and embraced it, and kissed it, and crying out, "Alas! my brother!" died of a broken heart. When Viravara's wife Dharmavati saw that her daughter also was dead, in her grief she clasped her hands together and said to Viravara: "We have now ensured the prosperity of the king, so permit me to enter the fire with my two dead children. Since my infant daughter, though too young to understand anything, has died out of grief for her brother, what is the use of my life, my two children being dead?"

When she spoke with this settled purpose, Viravara said to her: "Do so; what can I say against it? For, blameless one, there remains no happiness for you in a world which will be all filled for you with grief for your two children; so wait a moment while I prepare the funeral pyre." Having said this, he constructed a pyre with some wood that was lying there to make the fence of the enclosure of the goddess's temple, and put the corpses of his children upon it, and lit a fire under it, so that it was enveloped in flames. Then his virtuous wife Dharmavatī fell at his feet, and exclaiming, "May you, my husband, be my lord in my next birth, and may prosperity befall the king!" she leapt into that burning pyre, with its hair of flame, as gladly as into a cool lake. And King Vikramatunga, who was standing by unperceived, remained fixed in thought as to how he could possibly recompense them.

Then Viravara, of resolute soul, reflected: "I have accomplished my duty to my master, for a divine voice was heard audibly, and so I have requited him for the food which I have eaten; but now that I have lost all the dear family I had to support<sup>1</sup> it is not meet that I should live alone, supporting myself only, so why should I not propitiate this goddess Durgā by offering up myself?"

Viravara, firm in virtue, having formed this determination, first approached, with a hymn of praise, that goddess Durgā, the granter of boons. "Honour to thee, O great goddess, that givest security to thy votaries; rescue me, plunged in the mire of the world, that appeal to thee for protection. Thou art the principle of life in creatures; by thee this world moves. In the beginning of creation Śiva beheld thee self-produced, blazing and illuminating the world with brightness hard to behold, like ten million orbs of fiery suddenly produced infant suns rising at once, filling the whole horizon with the circle of thy arms, bearing a sword, a club, a bow, arrows and a spear. And thou wast praised by that god Śiva in the following words: 'Hail to thee, Chaṇḍī, Chāmuṇḍā, Mangalā, Tripurā, Jayā, Ekānamśā, Śivā, Durgā, Nārāyaṇī,

<sup>1</sup> In *śl.* 163 (a) I read *mama* for *mayā* with the Sanskrit College MS.

Sarasvatī, Bhadrakālī, Mahālakshmī, Siddhā, slayer of Ruru ! Thou art Gāyatrī, Mahārājñī, Revatī, and the dweller in the Vindhya hills ; thou art Umā and Kātyāyanī, and the dweller in Kailāsa, the mountain of Śiva.' When Skanda, and Vasishṭha, and Brahmā, and the others heard thee praised, under these and other titles, by Śiva well skilled in praising, they also praised thee. And by praising thee, O adorable one, immortals, Rishis and men obtained, and do now obtain, boons above their desire. So be favourable to me, O bestower of boons, and do thou also receive this tribute of the sacrifice of my body, and may prosperity befall my lord the king ! ”

After saying this, he was preparing to cut off his own head,<sup>1</sup> but a bodiless voice was heard at that moment from the air : “ Do not act rashly, my son, for I am well pleased with this courage of thine ; so crave from me a boon that thou desirest.” When Viravara heard that, he said : “ If thou art pleased, goddess, then may King Vikramatunga live another hundred years. And may my wife and children return to life.” When he craved this boon there again sounded from the air the words : “ So be it ! ” And immediately the three, Dharmavatī, Sattvavara and Viravatī, rose up with unwounded bodies. Then Viravara was delighted, and took home to his house all those who had been thus restored to life by the favour of the goddess, and returned to the king's gate.

But the king, having beheld all this with joy and astonishment, went and again ascended the roof of his palace unobserved. And he cried out from above : “ Who is *Viravara is* on guard at the palace gate ? ” When Viravara, *rewarded* who was below, heard that, he answered : “ I am here ; and I went to discover that woman, but she vanished somewhere as soon as I saw her, like a goddess.” When King Vikramatunga heard this, as he had seen the whole transaction, which was exceedingly wonderful, he reflected with himself alone in the night : “ Oh ! surely this man is an unheard-of marvel of heroism to perform such an exceedingly meritorious action and not to give any account of it.

<sup>1</sup> The story as told in Chapter LXXVIII is somewhat different from this.

The sea, though deep and broad, and full of great monsters,<sup>1</sup> does not vie with this man, who is firm even in the shock of a mighty tempest. What return can I make to him, who secretly redeemed my life this night by the sacrifice of his son and wife ? ”

Thus reflecting, the king descended from the roof of the palace, and went into his private apartments, and passed that night in smiling. And in the morning, when Viravara was present in the great assembly, he related his wonderful exploit that night. Then all praised Viravara, and the king conferred on him and his son a turban of honour. And he gave him many domains, horses, jewels and elephants, and ten *crores* of gold pieces, and a salary sixty times as great as before. And immediately the Brāhman Viravara became equal to a king, with a lofty umbrella,<sup>2</sup> being prosperous, himself and his family.

[M] When the minister Gomukha had told this tale, he again said to Naravāhanadatta, summing up the subject : “ Thus, King, do sovereigns, by their merit in a previous life, sometimes fall in with exceptionally heroic servants, who, in their nobility of soul, abandoning regard for their lives and all other possessions for the sake of their master, conquer completely the two worlds. And Pralambabāhu, this lately arrived heroic Brāhman servant of yours, is seen to be such, of settled virtue and character, a man in whom the quality of goodness is ever on the increase.” When the noble-minded Prince Naravāhanadatta heard this from his minister, the mighty-minded Gomukha, he felt unsurpassed satisfaction in his heart.

<sup>1</sup> There is a pun in this word *mahāsattva*. It means “ noble,” “ good,” “ virtuous,” and also “ full of great monsters.”

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. II, Appendix II, pp. 263-272.—N.M.P.

## NOTE ON FATE OR DESTINY

The story of King Lakshadatta and his dependent Labdhadatta (pp. 168-172) is told to show the unswerving power of Fate, which in Sanskrit is implied by such terms as *kāla*, *daiva*, *karma*, *vidhi*, etc.

In our text we read that the king, on perceiving his dependent's continued ill luck, remarked: ". . . his merit in a former life must have been slight, since he does not know that my favour is never barren of results." This is the doctrine of *karma*—viz. all sins in a former life must be expiated in the present one. The conception is closely connected with the Indian theory of transmigration or metempsychosis, which pervades all post-Vedic religions and philosophical systems of India, and still exercises a powerful sway over the popular mind of the Hindu. (See J. Jolly, "Fate (Hindu)," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. v, p. 790; and L. de la Vallée Poussin, "Karma," ditto, vol. vii, pp. 673-676.)

In the course of this work we have continually come across people undergoing hardships, suffering poverty, or enduring great privation owing to sins in a former life. There is no commoner *motif* in Hindu fiction. In the story under consideration the king realises that Labdhadatta is merely working out his *karma*, and persists in his attempts to help him, knowing that sooner or later his guilt will be expiated and Fortune will smile on him once again.

A rather similar story is found in Western India and was told by Mrs Kabraji Putlibai D. H. Wadia in the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. xv, 1886, p. 221.

The good fortune of a merchant has suddenly turned and he is smitten with dire poverty. Exhorted by his wife, the merchant takes his place with other beggars seeking audience of the king. In spite of his reduced circumstances, the king recognises him, and asks him to wait till the others have left. He then fills a water-melon with gold coins and gives it to the merchant. Crestfallen, he thanks the king, and gives it to two tired travellers he meets on the way home.

After months of poverty the merchant goes again to the court, with exactly the same result. Once more he goes to court, and this time the king tells him what were the contents of the water-melon and fills in his presence a third melon with rare jewels, telling him to be very careful with it. His evil star still pursues him, for on crossing the river in front of his house his foot slips and the jewels are lost in the water. He is now fully persuaded that it is the will of *Īśvara* that he remain poor, until such a day as the change of his luck be made manifest.

This story is quoted by Clouston, *A Group of Eastern Romances*, p. 489 *et seq.*, as a parallel to the Persian story of the "Unlucky Shoayb" (p. 118 *et seq.* of the same volume—not p. 110, as stated on p. 489).

Shoayb was also a rich man who suddenly was plunged into extreme poverty and who brought bad luck on everyone with whom he associated. The Vizier realised this and warned the king of the great danger of having anything to do with him. The king, however, said it was all nonsense, and

in vain tried to enrich him and render him every assistance in his power. Matters got worse and worse, and it was found that within the space of twelve days Shoayb had been the ultimate cause of the death of 1500 men, besides which a large number were injured and had lost their property. The king at last realised that the Vizier had been correct in his advice.

The idea of proving to a man that his evil star is in the ascendant is a very common one in fiction, and numerous examples could be given in both Eastern and European collections.

Perhaps the best known is that which forms the first novel of the tenth day of the *Decameron*. Here a certain wealthy Tuscan named Ruggieri de' Figiovanni attaches himself to the Court of Alfonso, King of Spain. Although he serves his new master in every possible manner he receives no remuneration whatsoever. In disgust he leaves the court, and gives vent to his feelings as he starts on his journey to Italy. A secret agent of Alfonso reports his remarks and leads Ruggieri before the king once again. The king thereupon points out that it is his own evil fortune which would not suffer the receipt of gifts, and in order to prove it he produces two caskets, one filled with jewels and the other with earth, saying that he is bound to chose the worthless one, which he accordingly does. The chief interest of this incident is, of course, connected with the use Shakespeare made of it in *The Merchant of Venice*. For numerous analogues and variants of the story both in Europe and the East see Lee, *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, p. 294 et seq.—N.M.P.

## CHAPTER LIV

**T**HUS Naravāhanadatta dwelt in the house of his [M] father, the King of Vatsa, being attended by his affectionate ministers, Gomukha and the others, and amusing himself with his loving Queen Alankāravatī, whose jealousy was removed by her great love, that refused to be hampered by female pride. Then, once on a time, he went to a forest of wild beasts, mounted on a chariot, with Gomukha seated behind him. And, with that heroic Brāhman Pralambabāhu going in front of him, he indulged in sylvan sports, accompanied by his attendants. And though the horses of his chariot galloped at the utmost of their speed, Pralambabāhu outstripped their swiftness, and still kept in front of them. The prince, from his position on the chariot, killed lions and tigers and other wild beasts with arrows, but Pralambabāhu, going on foot, slew them with his sword. And Naravāhanadatta, as often as he beheld that Brāhman, said in astonishment: "What courage, and what fleetness of foot he possesses!"

And the prince, being wearied at the end of his hunting, and overcome with thirst, went in search of water, mounted on his chariot, with Gomukha and his charioteer, and preceded by that champion Pralambabāhu, and in the course of his search he reached another great forest far distant. There he came to a great and charming lake with full-blown lotuses, looking like a second sky on earth, studded with many solar orbs.

There he bathed and drank water, and, after he and his companions had performed their ablutions and other duties, he beheld at one end of the lake, at a distance, four men *The Four Heavenly Men* of heavenly appearance, dressed in heavenly garments, adorned with heavenly ornaments, engaged in culling golden lotuses from that lake. And out of curiosity he approached them, and when they asked

him who he was he told them his descent, his name and his history. And they, pleased at seeing him, told him their story when he asked them :

“ There is in the midst of the great sea a great, prosperous and splendid island, which is called the island of Nārikela, and is renowned in the world for its beauty.<sup>1</sup> And in it there are four mountains with splendid expanses of land, named Maināka, Vṛishabha, Chakra and Balāhaka ; in those four we four live. One of us is named Rūpasiddhi, and he possesses the power of assuming various forms ; another is by name Pramāṇasiddhi, who can measure the most minute as well as the largest things ; and the third is Jnānasiddhi, who knows the past, the present and the future ; and the fourth is Devasiddhi, who possesses the power of calling down to his aid all the deities. We have now gathered these golden lotuses and are going to offer them to the god, the husband of Śrī, in Śvetadvīpa.<sup>2</sup> For we are all of us devoted to him, and it is by his favour that we possess rule over those mountains of ours, and prosperity, accompanied with supernatural power. So come, we will show you the lord Hari in Śvetadvīpa ; we will carry you through the air, friend, if you approve.”

When those sons of gods said this, Naravāhanadatta consented, and leaving Gomukha and the others in that place, where they could obtain water, fruits and so on, he went

<sup>1</sup> This reminds one of the description which Palladius gives of the happy island of Taprobane. St Ambrose in his version speaks of it as governed by four kings or satraps. The fragment begins at the seventh chapter of the third book of the *History of the Pseudo-Callisthenes*, edited by Carolus Mueller. See Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 239.

<sup>2</sup> There is much uncertainty as to the identification of Śvetadvīpa. Tawney suspects it is an island, the same as the Whiteman's Land of the Icelandic chronicles. See Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* (new edition), p. 550 *et seq.* Weber put it in Alexandria, but the theory is unsupported. Sir George Grierson, in a letter to me on the subject, favours Central Asia, and is inclined to agree with Richard Garbe, who, in his *Indien und das Christentum*, p. 192 *et seq.*, suggests Lake Balkash as its true identity. Another suggestion made by Kennedy is Lake Issyk-kul, the first account of which was given by Hsüan-tsang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim. It lies about three hundred miles south of Lake Balkash, both lakes being in the Russo-Turkestan province Semirychensk.—N.M.P.



with them to Śvetadvīpa through the air, for Devasiddhi, one of the four brothers, carried him in his lap. There he descended from heaven, and beheld Viṣṇu, and approached him from a distance, introduced by those four sons of gods. The god was reclining upon the snake Śeṣha; in front of him sat Garuḍa, at his side was the daughter of the sea,<sup>1</sup> at his feet was the Earth; he was waited upon by the discus, the conch, the club and the lotus, incarnate in bodily form, and the Gandharvas, with Nārada at their head, were piously chanting hymns in his honour, and the gods, Siddhas and Vidyādharas were bowing before him. To whom is not association with the good a cause of exaltation?

Then, after that lord had been honoured by those sons of gods, and praised by Kaśyapa and others, Naravāhana-datta thus praised him with folded hands: "All hail to thee, venerable one, the wishing-tree of thy worshippers, whose body is encircled with the wish-granting creeper of Lakshmī, who art the granter of all desires; hail to thee, the divine swan, dwelling in the Mānasa-lake of the minds of the good,<sup>2</sup> ever soaring and singing in the highest ether. Hail to thee, who dost transcend all, and dwell within all, who hast a form transcending qualities, and whose shape is the full aggregate of the six kingly measures<sup>3</sup>; Brahmā is the bee on the lotus of thy navel, O Lord, humming with the soft sound of Veda-murmur, though from him spring many verses<sup>4</sup>; thy foot is the earth, the heaven is thy head, the cardinal points are thy ears, the sun and moon are thy eyes; thy belly is the egg of Brahmā, the globe of the world; thou art hymned by the wise as the infinite soul. From thee, the home of brightness, spring all these creatures, O Lord, as the host of sparks from the blazing fire, and when the time of destruction comes they again enter thy essence, as at the end of the day a flock of

<sup>1</sup> I.e. Lakshmī or Śrī.

<sup>2</sup> *Hansa* means "swan" and also "supreme soul"—i.e. Viṣṇu.

<sup>3</sup> War, peace, marching, encamping, dividing one's forces, seeking the alliance of a more powerful king.

<sup>4</sup> Or sects. The word used for "bee" means literally "the six-footed." The whole passage is full of double meanings, *charaṇa* meaning "foot," "line"—i.e. the fourth part of a stanza—and also "sect."

birds enters the great tree in which they dwell. Thou flashest forth, and createst these lords of the world, who are parts of thee, as the ocean, disturbed with a continual flow, creates the waves. Though the world is thy form, thou art formless; though the world is thy handiwork, thou art free from the bondage of works; though thou art the support of the world, thou art thyself without support. Who is he that knows thy real nature? The gods have obtained various stages of prosperity by being looked upon by thee with a favourable eye; so be propitious, and look upon me, thy suppliant, with an eye melting with love."

When Naravāhanadatta had in these words praised Vishṇu, the god looked upon him with a favourable eye, and said to Nārada: "Go and demand back from Indra in my name those lovely Apsarases of mine, who long ago sprang from the sea of milk, and whom I deposited in his hand, and make them mount the chariot of Indra, and quickly bring them here."

When Nārada received this command from Hari, he said: "So be it." And with Mātali he brought the Apsarases from Indra in his chariot, and then bowing he presented the Apsarases to Vishṇu, and the holy one spake thus to the son of the King of Vatsa: "*Vishṇu's Gift of Beautiful Apsarases* naravāhanadatta, I give these Apsarases to thee, the future emperor of the kings of the Vidyādhara. Thou art a fitting husband for them, and they are fitting wives for thee, for thou hast been created by Śiva as an incarnation of the God of Love." When Vishṇu said that, the son of the King of Vatsa fell at his feet, delighted at having obtained favour, and Vishṇu thus commanded Mātali: "Let this Naravāhanadatta, together with the Apsarases, be taken back by thee to his palace, by whatever path he desires."

When the holy one gave this command, Naravāhanadatta, with the Apsarases and those sons of gods who invited him, mounted the chariot which was driven by Mātali, and went to the island of Nārikela, being envied even by gods. There the successful hero, honoured by those four sons of gods, Rūpasiddhi and his brethren, and accompanied by Indra's chariot, sported in succession on those four

mountains on which they dwelt, Maināka, Vṛishabha and the others, that vied with heaven, in the company of those Apsarases. And he roamed, full of joy, in the thickets of their pleasure-grounds, the various splendid trees of which were in blossom on account of the arrival of the month of spring. And those sons of gods said to him: "See! these clusters on the trees seem to be regarding with the expanded eyes of their open flowers their beloved spring that has arrived. See! the full-blown lotuses shield the lake, as if to prevent their place of birth from being afflicted by the warmth of the sun's rays. See! the bees, after resorting to a Karṇikāra splendid with blossoms, leave it again, finding it destitute of perfume, as good men leave a rich man of mean character. See! a concert is being held in honour of spring, the king of the seasons, with the songs of the Kinnarīs, the notes of the cuckoos and the humming of bees."

With such words those sons of gods showed Naravāhanadatta the range of their pleasure-grounds. And the son of the King of Vatsa amused himself also in their cities, beholding the merry-makings of the citizens, who danced without restraint in honour of the spring festival. And he enjoyed with the Apsarases delights fitted for gods. Wherever the virtuous go, their good fortunes precede them.

After remaining there for four days<sup>1</sup> thus occupied, Naravāhanadatta said to those sons of gods, his friends: "I now wish to go to my own city, being anxious to behold my father<sup>2</sup>; so come you also to that city and bless it with a visit." When they heard that, they said: "We have seen you, the choicest jewel in that town; what more do we require? But when you have obtained the sciences of the Vidyādharas you must not forget us." With these words they dismissed him, and Naravāhanadatta said to Mātali, who brought him the splendid chariot of Indra: "Take me to the city of Kauśāmbī by a course leading past that lovely lake, on the bank of which I left Gomukha and the others." Mātali consented, and the prince ascended the chariot with

<sup>1</sup> The D. text reads *tricaturān* instead of *'atra caturo*, thus meaning "for three or four days."—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> *Darśana utsukaḥ* should probably be read here for the sake of the metre.

the Apsarases, and reached that lake, and saw Gomukha and the others, and said to them : " Come quickly by your own way. I will tell you all when I get home."

Having said this, he went to Kauśāmbī in the chariot of Indra. There he descended from heaven, and dismissed Mātali after honouring him, and entered his own palace accompanied by those Apsarases. And leaving them there, he went and prostrated himself before the feet of his father, who was delighted at his arrival, and also of Vāsavadattā and Padmāvati, and they welcomed him, and their eyes were never satisfied with gazing on him. And in the meanwhile Gomukha came, riding on the chariot, with the charioteer, and that Brāhman Pralambabāhu. Then, being questioned by his father, Naravāhanadatta related, in the presence of all his ministers, his very wonderful adventures. And all said : " God grants to that virtuous man, whom he wishes to favour, association with good friends."

When all said this, the king was pleased, and ordered a festival for his son on account of the favour which Viṣṇu had showed towards him. And he and his wives saw those Apsarases, his daughters-in-law, obtained by the favour of Viṣṇu, whom Gomukha brought to fall at his feet, Devārūpā, and Devarati, and Devamālā, and the fourth Devapriyā, whose names he inquired by the mouth of their maids. And the city of Kauśāmbī, making festival, appeared as if scattering red paint with its waving scarlet banners, as much as to say : " What am I that Apsarases should dwell in me ? Blessed am I that the Prince Naravāhanadatta has made me a heavenly city upon earth."

And Naravāhanadatta, after he had rejoiced the eyes of his father, visited his other wives, who were anxiously awaiting him, and they, who had been emaciated by those four days, as if they were four years, exulted, relating the various woes of their separation. And Gomukha described the valour of Pralambabāhu, while he was protecting the horses during their sojourn in the forest, in killing lions and other noxious beasts. Thus listening to pleasing, unrestrained conversation, and contemplating the beauty of his beloved

ones, that was as nectar to his eyes, and making flattering speeches, and drinking wine in the company of his ministers, Naravāhanadatta passed that time there in happiness.

Once on a time, as he was in the apartments of Alankāravatī with his ministers, he heard a loud sound of drums outside. Then he said to his general, Hariśikha: "What may be the cause of this sudden great noise of drums outside?" When Hariśikha heard this, he went out, and entering again immediately, said to the prince, the son of the King of Vatsa: "There is in this town a merchant of the name of Rudra, and he went to the island of Suvarṇadvīpa on a mercantile expedition. As he was returning, the hoard of wealth that he had managed to acquire was lost, being sunk in the sea by his ship foundering. And he himself happened to escape from the sea alive. And to-day is the sixth day since he arrived in misery at his own house. After he had been living here for some days in distress it happened that he found a great treasure in his garden. And the King of Vatsa heard of it from his relations, so the merchant came to-day and represented the matter to the king, saying: 'I have obtained four *crores* of gold pieces, with a multitude of valuable jewels, so, if the king commands me, I will hand them over.' The King of Vatsa thereupon gave this command to the merchant: 'Who that had any sense,<sup>1</sup> after seeing you in distress, plundered by the sea, would plunder you again, now that you have been supplied with wealth by the mercy of Providence? Go and enjoy at will the wealth obtained from your own ground.' The merchant fell at the king's feet full of joy, and it is this very man that is now returning to his house, with his attendants beating drums."

When Hariśikha said this, Naravāhanadatta praised the justice of his father, and said in astonishment to his ministers: "If Destiny sometimes takes away wealth, does she not sometimes give it? She sports in a strange way with the raising and depressing of men."<sup>2</sup> When Gomukha heard that, he said: "Such is the course of Destiny! And in proof of this hear the story of Samudrasūra.

<sup>1</sup> Here there is a pun.

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. II, p. 192n<sup>1</sup>.—N.M.P.

71. *Story of the Merchant Samudraśūra*

In old times there was a splendid city, belonging to the King Harshavarman, called Harshapura, the citizens of which were made happy by good government. In this city there was a great merchant named Samudraśūra; he was of good family, just, of resolute courage, a lord of much wealth. He was once compelled by his business to go to Suvarṇadvīpa, and reaching the shore of the sea he embarked on a ship. As he was travelling over the sea, when his journey was very nearly at an end, a terrible cloud arose and a wind that agitated the deep. The wind tossed the ship about with the violence of the waves, and it was struck by a sea monster and split asunder; and then the merchant, girding up his loins, plunged into the sea. And after the brave man had made some way by swimming he found the corpse of a man long dead, driven hither and thither by the wind. And he climbed up on the corpse and, skilfully paddling himself along with his arms, he was carried to Suvarṇadvīpa by a favourable wind. There he got off that corpse on to the sand, and he perceived that it had a cloth tied round its loins, with a knot in it. When he unfastened the cloth from its loins, and examined it, he found inside it a necklace richly studded with jewels. He saw that it was of inestimable value, and he bathed and remained in a state of great felicity, thinking that the wealth he had lost in the sea was but a straw in comparison with it.

Then he went on to a city called Kalaśapura, and with the necklace in his hand entered the enclosure of a great temple. There he sat in the shade, and being exceedingly tired with his exertions in the water, he slowly dropped off to sleep, bewildered by Destiny. And while he was asleep the guards came and saw that necklace in his hand, exposed to view. They said: "Here is the necklace stolen from the neck of the Princess Chakrasenā; without doubt this is the thief." And so they woke the merchant up and took him to the palace. There the king himself questioned him, and he told him what had taken place. The king held out the necklace and said to the people present in court: "This man

is speaking falsely; he is a thief; look at this necklace." And at that very moment a kite saw it glittering, and quickly swooping down from heaven, carried off the necklace, and disappeared where he could not be traced.<sup>1</sup> Then the king in his anger commanded that the merchant should be put to death, and he, in great grief, invoked the protection of Siva.

Then a voice was heard from heaven: "Do not put this man to death; he is a respectable merchant named Samudraśūra, from the city of Harshapura, that has landed on *The Divine* your territory. The thief who stole the necklace *Voice* fled, beside himself with fear of the police, and falling into the sea at night, perished. But this merchant here, when his ship foundered, came upon the body of that thief, and climbing up on it he crossed the sea and came here. And then he found the necklace in the knot of the cloth fastened round his loins; he did not take it from your house. So let go, King, this virtuous merchant, who is not a thief; dismiss him with honour." Having said this, the voice ceased. When the king heard this he was satisfied, and revoking the capital sentence passed on the merchant, he honoured him with wealth and let him go. And the merchant, having obtained wealth, bought wares, and again crossed the terrible ocean in a ship, in order to return to his own native land.

And after he had crossed the sea he travelled with a caravan, and one day, at evening time, he reached a wood. The caravan encamped in the wood for the night, and while Samudraśūra was awake a powerful host of bandits attacked it. While the bandits were massacring the members of the caravan Samudraśūra left his wares and fled, and climbed

<sup>1</sup> We have already (Vol. I, p. 118n<sup>1</sup>) come across an innocent man who by chance becomes possessed of a stolen necklace. The *motif* is common in folk-tales, especially the incident about a kite or some other bird seizing a jewel, or turban containing a jewel or rarity of some kind or other. This is found in the *Pañtschatantra* (Benfey, i, p. 172) and appears several times in the *Nights* (see Burton, vol. iii, p. 279, vol. vi, p. 182, and Supp., vol. iii, pp. 344, 363, 589). It also occurs in Hebrew literature (see Gaster, *Exempla of the Rabbis*, p. 124, with analogues on p. 246). See also Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 402.—N.M.P.



up a banyan-tree without being discovered. The host of bandits departed, after they had carried off all the wealth, and the merchant spent that night there, perplexed with fear and distracted with grief. In the morning he cast his eye towards the top of the tree and saw, as fate would have it, what looked like the light of a lamp, trembling among the leaves. And in his astonishment he climbed up the tree and saw a kite's nest, in which there was a heap of glittering priceless jewelled ornaments. He took them all out of it, and found among the ornaments that necklace, which he had found in Suvarṇadvīpa and the kite had carried off. He obtained from that nest unlimited wealth, and, descending from the tree, he went off delighted, and reached in course of time his own city of Harshapura. There the merchant Samudraśūra remained, enjoying himself to his heart's content with his family, free from the desire of any other wealth

[M] "So you have that merchant's whelming in the sea, and that loss of his wealth, and the finding of the necklace, and again the losing of it, and his undeserved degradation to the position of a malefactor, and his immediate obtaining of wealth from the satisfied king, and his return voyage over the sea, and his being stripped of all his wealth by falling in with bandits on the journey, and at last his acquisition of wealth from the top of a tree. So you see, Prince, such is the various working of Destiny, but a virtuous man, though he may have endured sorrow, obtains joy at the last."

When Naravāhanadatta heard this from Gomukha, he approved it, and, rising up, he performed his daily duties, such as bathing and the like.

And the next day, when he was in the hall of assembly, the heroic Prince Samaratunga, who had been his servant ever since he was a boy, came and said: "Prince, my relation Sangrāmavarsha has ravaged my territory, with the help of his four sons, Vīrajita, and the others. So I will go myself and bring them all five here as prisoners. Let my lord know this."



After saying this he departed. And the son of the King of Vatsa, knowing that he had but a small force, and that those others had large forces, ordered his own army to follow him. But that proud man refused to receive this accession to his force, and went and conquered those five enemies in fight by the help of his own two arms only, and brought them back prisoners. Naravāhanadatta honoured and praised his follower when he came back victorious, and said: "How wonderful! This man has conquered his five enemies, though with their forces they had overrun his territory, and has done the deed of a hero, as a man conquers the senses when they have laid hold upon outward objects, and are powerful, and so accomplishes emancipation, the work of the soul."<sup>1</sup> When Gomukha heard that, he said: "If, Prince, you have not heard the tale of King Chamarabāla, which is similar, listen, I will tell it.

### 72. *Story of King Chamarabāla*

There is a city named Hastināpura, and in it there lived a king named Chamarabāla, who possessed treasure, a fort and an army. And he had as neighbours to his territory several kings of the same family as himself, the chief of whom was Samarabāla, and they put their heads together and reflected: "This King Chamarabāla defeats us all, one by one; so we will join together and accomplish his overthrow." After thus deliberating, those five kings, being anxious to march out against him to conquer him, secretly asked an astrologer when a favourable moment would come. The astrologer, not seeing a favourable moment, and not seeing good omens, said: "There is no favourable moment for you this year. Under whatever circumstances you set out on your expedition, you will not be victorious. And why are you so eager for the undertaking, beholding his prosperity? Enjoyment is, after all, the fruit<sup>2</sup> of prosperity, and you have enjoyments in abundance. And now hear, if you have not heard it before, the story of the two merchants.

<sup>1</sup> This passage is an elaborate pun throughout.

<sup>2</sup> I read *phalam*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS., instead of *param*.

72A. *Yaśovarman and the Two Fortunes*

There was in old time in this country a city named Kautukapura. In it there lived a king called Bahusuvārṇaka,<sup>1</sup> rightly named. And he had a young Kshatriya servant named Yaśovarman. To that man the king never gave anything, though he was generous by nature. Whenever, in his distress, he asked the king, the king said to him, pointing to the sun: "I wish to give to you, but this holy god will not permit me to give to you. Tell me what I am to do?" While he remained distressed, watching for an opportunity, the time for an eclipse of the sun arrived. Then Yaśovarman, who had constantly served the king, went and said to him, when he was engaged in giving many valuable presents: "Give me something, my sovereign, while this sun, who will not permit you to give, is in the grasp of his enemy."<sup>2</sup> When the king, who had given many presents, heard that, he laughed, and gave garments, gold and other things to him.

In course of time that wealth was consumed, and he, being afflicted, as the king gave him nothing, and having lost his wife, went to the shrine of the goddess that dwells *The Choice* in the Vindhya hills.<sup>3</sup> He said: "What is the *of Boons* use of this profitless body that is dead even while alive? I will abandon it before the shrine of the goddess, or gain the desired boon." Resolved on this course, he lay down on a bed of *darbha* grass in front of the goddess, with his mind intent on her, and fasting he performed a severe penance. And the goddess said to him in a dream: "I am pleased with thee, my son; tell me, shall I give thee the good fortune of wealth or the good fortune of enjoyment?" When Yaśovarman heard this, he answered the goddess: "I do not precisely know the difference between these two good fortunes." Then the goddess said to him: "Return to thy own country, and there go and

<sup>1</sup> I.e. possessor of much gold.

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. II, pp. 81-83.—N.M.P.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. Durgā. For *mṛitajātīr* I read *mṛitajānīr*, which is the reading of the MS. in the Sanskrit College. In the next line *jīvātā* should be *jīvātā*.

examine into the good fortunes of the two merchants, Arthavarman and Bhogavarman, and find out which of the two pleases thee, and then come here and ask a like fortune for thyself." When Yaśovarman heard this he woke up, and next morning he broke his fast and went to his own country of Kautukapura.

There he first went to the house of Arthavarman,<sup>1</sup> who had acquired much wealth, in the form of gold, jewels and other precious things, by his business transactions. Seeing that prosperity of his, he approached him with due politeness, and was welcomed by him and invited to dinner. Then he sat by the side of that Arthavarman and ate food appropriate to a guest, with meat-curry and ghee. But Arthavarman ate barley-meal, with half a *pala* of ghee and a little rice, and a small quantity of meat-curry. Yaśovarman said to the merchant, out of curiosity: "Great merchant, why do you eat so little?" Thereupon the merchant gave him this answer: "To-day out of regard for you I have eaten a little rice, with meat-curry and half a *pala* of ghee; I have also eaten some barley-meal. But as a general rule I eat only a *karsha* of ghee and some barley-meal. I have a weak digestion, and cannot digest more in my stomach."

When Yaśovarman heard that, he turned the matter over in his mind, and formed an unfavourable opinion of that prosperity of Arthavarman's, as being without fruit. Then, at nightfall, that merchant Arthavarman again brought rice and milk for Yaśovarman to eat. And Yaśovarman again ate of it to his fill, and then Arthavarman drank one *palā* of milk. And in that same place Yaśovarman and Arthavarman both made their beds and gradually fell asleep.

And at midnight Yaśovarman suddenly saw in his sleep some men of terrible appearance, with clubs in their hands, entering the room. And they exclaimed angrily: "Fie! why have you taken to-day one *karsha* more of ghee than the small amount allowed to you, and eaten meat-curry,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the story of Dhanagupta and Upabhuktadhana, Benfey's *Pañtschātanta*, vol. ii, p. 197. It is part of the fifth story, that of Somilaka. See Benfey, vol. i, p. 321, where he traces it to a Buddhist source.

and drunk a *palā* of milk?" Then they dragged Arthavarman by his foot and beat him with clubs. And they extracted from his stomach the *karsha* of ghee, and the *The Demons* milk, flesh and rice which he had consumed *of Indigestion* above his allowance. When Yaśovarman had seen that, he woke up and looked about him, and lo! Arthavarman had awakened and was seized with colic. Then Arthavarman, crying out, and having his stomach rubbed by his servants, vomited up all the food he had eaten above the proper allowance. After the merchant's colic was allayed Yaśovarman said to himself: "Away with this good fortune of wealth, which involves enjoyment of such an equivocal kind! This would be altogether neutralised by such misery of ill health." In such internal reflections he passed that night.

And in the morning he took leave of Arthavarman and went to the house of that merchant Bhogavarman. There he approached him in due form, and he received him with politeness, and invited him to dine with him on that day. Now he did not perceive any wealth in the possession of that merchant, but he saw that he had a nice house, and dresses, and ornaments. While Yaśovarman was waiting there, the merchant Bhogavarman proceeded to do his own special business. He took merchandise from one man and immediately handed it over to another, and without any capital of his own gained *dīnārs* by the transaction. And he quickly sent those *dīnārs* by the hand of his servant to his wife, in order that she might procure all kinds of food and drink. And immediately one of that merchant's friends, named Ichchhābharāṇa, rushed in and said to him: "Our dinner is ready; rise up and come to us, and let us eat, for all our other friends have assembled and are waiting for you." He answered: "I shall not come to-day, for I have a guest here." Thereupon his friend went on to say to him: "Then let this guest come with you; is he not our friend also? Rise up quickly."

Bhogavarman, being thus earnestly invited by that friend, went with him, accompanied by Yaśovarman, and ate excellent food. And after drinking wine he returned,

and again enjoyed all kinds of viands and wines at his own house in the evening. And when night came on he asked his servants: "Have we enough wine left for the latter part of the night or not?" When they replied, "No, master," the merchant went to bed, exclaiming: "How are we to drink water in the latter part of the night?"

Then Yaśovarman, sleeping at his side, saw in a dream two or three men enter, and some others behind them. And those who entered last, having sticks in their hands, exclaimed angrily to those who entered first: "You rascals! Why did you not provide wine for Bhogavarman to drink in the latter half of the night? Where have you been all this time?" Then they beat them with strokes of their sticks. The men who were beaten with sticks said: "Pardon this single fault on our part." And then they and the others went out of the room. Then Yaśovarman, having seen that sight, woke up and reflected: "The good fortune of enjoyment of Bhogavarman, in which blessings arrive unthought of, is preferable to the good fortune of wealth of Arthavarman, which, although attended with opulence, is devoid of enjoyment." In these reflections he spent the rest of the night.

And early the next morning Yaśovarman took leave of that excellent merchant, and again repaired to the feet of Durgā, the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya range. And he chose out of those two good fortunes mentioned by the goddess, when she appeared to him on a former occasion,<sup>1</sup> while he was engaged in austerities, the good fortune of enjoyment, and the goddess granted it to him. Then Yaśovarman returned home and lived in happiness, thanks to the good fortune of enjoyment, which, owing to the favour of the goddess, continually presented itself to him unthought of.

## 72. Story of King Chamarabāla

"So a smaller fortune, accompanied with enjoyment, is to be preferred to a great fortune, which, though great, is devoid of enjoyment and therefore useless. So why are

<sup>1</sup> I read *tapastha-pūrva-dṛishṭāyās* one word.

you annoyed at the good fortune of King Chamarabāla, which is combined with meanness, and do not consider your own fortune, which is rich in the power of giving and in enjoyment? So an attack on him by you is not advisable, and there is no auspicious moment for commencing the expedition, and I do not foresee victory to you." Though those five kings were thus warned by the astrologer, they marched in their impatience against King Chamarabāla.

And when King Chamarabāla heard that they had reached the border, he bathed in the morning, and he worshipped Śiva duly by his auspicious names referring to sixty-eight excellent parts of the body,<sup>1</sup> his names that destroy sin and grant all desires. And then he heard a voice coming from heaven: "King, fight without fear; thou shalt conquer thy enemies in battle."

Then King Chamarabāla was delighted, and girded on his armour, and, accompanied by his army, marched out to fight with those foes. In the army of his enemies there were thirty thousand elephants, and three hundred thousand horses, and ten million foot-soldiers. And in his own army there were twenty hundred thousand foot-soldiers, and ten thousand elephants, and a hundred thousand horses. Then a great battle took place between those two armies, and King Chamarabāla, preceded by his warder Vīra,<sup>2</sup> who was rightly named, entered that field of battle, as the holy Viṣṇu, in the form of the great boar, entered the great ocean. And though he had but a small army, he so grievously smote that great army of his foes that slain horses, elephants and footmen lay in heaps. And when King Samarabāla came across him in the battle he rushed upon him and smote him with an iron spear, and drawing him towards him with a lasso<sup>3</sup> made him prisoner.

<sup>1</sup> Śiva is invoked by a different name for each limb which he is asked to protect. See the quotations in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's edition, vol. i, pp. 365, 366) from Moresini Papatus and Melton's *Astrologaster*. Brand remarks: "The Romanists, in imitation of the heathens, have assigned tutelary gods to each member of the body."

<sup>2</sup> Vīra means "hero."

<sup>3</sup> The lasso has been used in war and among herdsmen and shepherds from early Egyptian days. A curious form appears in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. vii, p. 61n<sup>2</sup>).—N.M.P.

And in the same way he smote the second king, Samaraśūra, in the heart with an arrow, and drawing him towards him with a noose made him also prisoner. And his warder, named Vira, captured the third king, named Samarajita, and brought him to him. And his general, named Devabala, brought and presented to him the fourth king, named Pratāpachandra, wounded with an arrow. Then the fifth king, Pratāpasena, beholding that, fell furiously upon King Chamarabāla in the fight. But he repelled his arrows with the multitude of his own, and pierced him with three arrows in the forehead. And when he was bewildered with the blows of the arrows, Chamarabāla, like a second Destiny, flung a noose round his neck, and dragging him along made him a captive.

When those five kings had in this way been taken prisoner in succession, as many of their soldiers as had escaped slaughter fled, dispersing themselves in every direction. And King Chamarabāla captured an infinite mass of gold and jewels, and many wives belonging to those kings. And among them the head queen of King Pratāpasena, called Yaśolekhā, a lovely woman, fell into his hands.

Then he entered his city and gave turbans of honour to the warder Vira and the general Devabala, and loaded them with jewels. And the king made Yaśolekhā an inmate of his own harem, on the ground that she, being the wife of Pratāpasena, was captured according to the custom of the Kshatriyas. And she, though flighty, submitted to him because he had won her by the might of his arm. In those abandoned to the intoxication of love the impressions of virtue are evanescent.<sup>1</sup> And after some days King Chamarabāla, being solicited by the Queen Yaśolekhā, let go those five captive kings, Pratāpasena and the others, after they had learnt submission and done homage, and after honouring them, dismissed them to their own kingdoms. And then King Chamarabāla long ruled his own wealthy kingdom, in

<sup>1</sup> The D. text reads *śabalā* instead of *chopalā*. Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 122) would translate: "... in those who act up to their desires or their delusion the impressions of virtue are impure."—N.M.P.

which there were no opponents, and the enemies of which had been conquered, and he sported with that Yaśolekhā, who surpassed in form and loveliness beautiful Apsarases, being, as it were, the banner that announced his victory over his foes.

[M] "Thus a brave man, though unsupported, conquers in the front of battle even many enemies coming against him in fight, distracted with hate, and not considering the resources of themselves and their foe, and by his surpassing bravery puts a stop to the fever of their conceit and pride."

When Naravāhanadatta had heard this instructive tale told by Gomukha, he praised it, and set about his daily duties of bathing and so on. And he spent that night, which was devoted to the amusement of a concert,<sup>1</sup> in singing with his wives in such a ravishing way that Sarasvatī, from her seat in heaven, gave him and his beloved ones high commendation.

<sup>1</sup> The D. text reading is slightly different and means: ". . . as he was fond of music, he spent that night," etc. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 123.—N.M.P.



## CHAPTER LV

**T**HEN, the next day, as Naravāhanadatta was sitting [M] in the apartments of Alankāravatī, a servant of Marubhūti's, the brother of Sauvidalla, the guard of the prince's harem, came and said to him in the presence of all his ministers: "King, I have attended on Marubhūti for two years; he has given food and clothing to me and my wife, but he will not give me the fifty *dinārs* a year which he promised me in addition. And when I asked him for it he gave me a kick. So I am sitting in *dharnā*<sup>1</sup> against him at your Highness's door. If your Highness does not give

<sup>1</sup> We have already (Vol. I, p. 135n<sup>1</sup>; Vol. II, p. 82) come across this curious method of intended suicide—usually employed to retrieve a debt. It consists in the creditor sitting at the door of the debtor and undergoing a prolonged fast till the guilty one pays what he owes rather than have the man's blood on his hands, besides which the fear of his ghost for ever haunting his house is constantly before his eyes. This strange method of exacting justice is mentioned in Manu (V, iii, 49), and is well known in the Epics and Hindu fiction. Another way of practising *dharnā* was to thrust a spear-blade through both cheeks and in this state to dance before the debtor's house. Any sign of suffering shown would at once nullify the efficacy of the act. Again, the unappeased creditor sometimes stood with an enormous weight on his head, swearing never to alter his position until satisfaction was given, and pronouncing at the same time the most horrible execrations on his debtor should he suffer him to expire in that situation. This seldom failed to produce the desired effect, but should he actually die while in *dharnā*, the debtor's house was razed to the earth and he and his family sold for the satisfaction of the creditor's heirs. Another and more desperate form of *dharnā*, only occasionally resorted to, was to erect a large pile of wood before the house of the debtor, and after the customary application for payment had been refused the creditor tied on the top of the pile a cow or a calf, or very frequently an old woman, generally his mother or other relation, swearing at the same time to set fire to it if satisfaction was not instantly given. All the time the old woman pronounced the bitterest curses, threatening to persecute the wretched debtor both here and hereafter. (See Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. ii, pp. 265, 266, who also gives further details on the subject.) See also ditto, vol. iv, p. 213, and the references in Westernmarck, *Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, vol. ii, p. 245n<sup>6</sup>.—N.M.P.

judgment in this case I shall enter the fire. What more can I say ? For you are my sovereign."

When he had said this he stopped, and Marubhūti said : "I must give him the *dīnārs*, but I have not got the money at present." When he said this all the ministers laughed at him, and Naravāhanadatta said to the minister Marubhūti : "What are you thinking about, you fool ? Your intentions are not over-creditable.<sup>1</sup> Rise up, give him the hundred *dīnārs* without delay." When Marubhūti heard this speech of his sovereign's he was ashamed, and immediately brought that hundred *dīnārs* and gave it to him. Then Gomukha said : "Marubhūti is not to be blamed, because the works of the Creator's hand have varying moods of mind. Have you not heard the story of King Chiradātri and his servant, named Prasanga ?

### 73. *Story of Chiradātri*

In old time there was a king named Chiradātri, sovereign of Chirapura. Though he was an excellent man, his followers were extremely wicked. And that king had a servant, named Prasanga, who had come from another country, and was accompanied by two friends. And five years passed while he was performing his duties, but the king gave him nothing, not even when an occasion was presented by a feast or something of the kind. And owing to the wickedness of the courtiers he never obtained an opportunity of representing his case to the king, though his friends were continually instigating him to do so.

Now one day the king's infant son died, and when he was grieved at it all his servants came and crowded round him. And among them the servant named Prasanga, out of pure sorrow, said to the king as follows, though his two friends tried to prevent him : "We have been your servants, your Highness, for a long time, and you have never given us anything ; nevertheless we have remained here because we

<sup>1</sup> In the D. text we read *mūrkhābhāvaḥ* as a single word, and Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 123) would translate the line with both sentences as interrogations : "Is your stupidity [still] such ? Does your wit not exceed it ?"—N.M.P.

had hopes from your son; for we thought that, although you have never given us anything, your son would certainly give us something. If Fate has carried him off, what is the use of remaining here now? We will immediately take our departure." Thus he exclaimed, and fell at the feet of the king, and went out with his two friends. The king reflected: "Ah! though these men had fixed their hopes on my son, they have been faithful servants to me, so I must not abandon them." Thereupon he immediately had Prasanga and his companions summoned, and loaded them so with wealth that poverty did not again lay hold on them.

[M] "So you see, men have various dispositions; for that king did not give at the proper season, but did give in the unseasonable hour of calamity." When Gomukha, skilful in story-telling, had said this, he went on, at the instigation of the son of the sovereign of Vatsa, to tell the following tale:—

#### 74. *Story of King Kanakavarsha and Madanasundarī*

There was in old time on the banks of the Ganges an excellent city named Kanakapura, the people of which were purified in the water of the river, and which was a delightful place on account of its good government. In this city the only imprisonment seen was the committing to paper of the words of poets, the only kind of defeat was the curling in the locks of the women, the only contest was the struggle of getting the corn into the granary.<sup>1</sup>

In that city there dwelt in old time a glorious king, named Kanakavarsha, who was born to Priyadarśana, the son of Vāsuki, king of the snakes, by the Princess Yaśodharā. Though he bore the weight of the whole earth, he was adorned with innumerable virtues; he longed for glory, not for wealth; he feared sin, not his enemy. He was dull in slandering his neighbour, but not in the holy treatises;

<sup>1</sup> The puns here defy translation.

there was restraint in the high-souled hero's wrath, not in his favour; he was resolute-minded; he was niggardly in curses, not in gifts; he ruled the whole world; and such was his extraordinary beauty that all women, the moment they saw him, were distracted with the pain of love.

Once on a time, in an autumn that was characterised by heat, that maddened elephants, that was attended by flocks of swans, and delighted the subjects with rejoicings,<sup>1</sup>

*The Painter* he entered a picture gallery which was cooled by  
*Roladeva* winds that blew laden with the scent of lotuses. There he observed and praised the display of pictures, and in the meanwhile there entered the warder, who said to the king: "Your Majesty, an unequalled painter has arrived here from Ujjayinī, boasting himself to be matchless in the art of painting. His name is Roladeva, and he has to-day set up a notice at the palace gate to the above effect."

When the king heard that, he felt respect for him, and ordered him to be introduced, and the warder immediately went and brought him in. The painter entered, and beheld the King Kanakavarsha amusing himself in private with looking at pictures, reclining his body on the lap of beautiful women, and taking in carelessly crooked fingers the prepared betel. And the painter Roladeva made obeisance to the king, who received him politely, and sitting down said slowly to him: "O King, I put up a notice principally through the desire of beholding your feet, not out of pride in my skill, so you must excuse this deed of mine. And you must tell me what form I am to represent on canvas. Let not the trouble I took in learning this accomplishment be thrown away, O King." When the painter said this to the king, he replied: "Teacher, paint anything you will; let us give our eyes a treat. What doubt can there be about your skill?"

When the king said this, his courtiers exclaimed: "Paint the king. What is the use of painting others, ugly in comparison

<sup>1</sup> Here the Sanskrit text has "and so resembled himself." Each of the Sanskrit compounds may be taken in another sense. The "heat" is valour; the "swans" subject kings; the sight of the king delighted his subjects, and he possessed furious elephants.

with him?" When the painter heard this he was pleased, and painted the king, with aquiline nose, with almond-shaped fiery eye, with broad forehead, with curly black hair, with ample breast, glorious with the scars of wounds inflicted by arrows and other weapons, with handsome arms resembling the trunks of the elephants that support the quarters, with waist capable of being spanned with the hand, as if it had been a present from the lion-whelps conquered by his might, and with thighs like the post for fastening the elephant of youth, and with beautiful feet, like the shoots of the *aśoka*. And all, when they beheld that life-like likeness of the king, applauded that painter, and said to him: "We do not like to see the king alone on the picture-panel, so paint on it one of those queens by his side, carefully choosing one that will be a worthy pendant to him. Let the feast of our eyes be complete."

When they said this, the painter looked at the picture and said: "Though there are many of these queens, there is none among them like the king, and I believe there is no woman on the earth a match for him in beauty, except one princess. Listen, I will tell you about her.

"In Vidarbha there is a prosperous town named Kuṇḍina, and in it there is a king of the name of Devaśakti. And he has a queen named Anantavatī, dearer to him than life, and by her there was born to him a daughter named *The Fair Madana-sundarī* Madanasundarī. How could one like me presume to describe her beauty with this one single tongue, but so much will I say: When the Creator had made her, through delight in her he conceived a desire to make another like her, but he will not be able to do it even in the course of *yugas*. That princess, alone on the earth, is a match for this king in shape, beauty and refinement, in age and birth. For I, when I was there, was once summoned by her by the mouth of a maid, and I went to her private apartments. There I beheld her, freshly anointed with sandal unguent, having a necklace of lotus-fibres, tossing on a bed of lotuses, being fanned by her ladies-in-waiting with the wind of plantain leaves, pale and emaciated, exhibiting the signs of love's fever. And in these words was she dissuading

her ladies occupied in fanning her: 'O my friends, away with this sandal unguent, and these breezes wafted by plantain leaves; for these, though cool, scorch up unhappy me.'

"And when I saw her in this state I was troubled to divine the reason, and after doing obeisance I sat down in front of her. And she said: 'Teacher, paint such a form as this on canvas and give it me.' And then she made me paint a certain very handsome youth, slowly tracing out the form on the ground with trembling, nectar-distilling hand,<sup>1</sup> to guide me. And when I had so painted that handsome youth I said to myself: 'She has made me paint the God of Love in visible form; but, as I see that the flowery bow is not represented in his hand, I know that it cannot be the God of Love; it must be some extraordinarily handsome young man like him. And her outburst of love-sickness has to do with him. So I must depart hence, for this king, her father, Devaśakti, is severe in his justice, and if he heard of this proceeding of mine he would not overlook it.' Thus reflecting, I did obeisance to that Princess Madanasundarī, and departed, honoured by her.

"But when I was there, O King, I heard from her attendants, as they talked freely together, that she had fallen in love with you from hearing of you only.<sup>2</sup> So I have secretly taken a picture of that princess on a sheet of canvas, and have come here quickly to your feet. And when I beheld your Majesty's appearance my doubt was at an end, for it was clearly your Majesty that the princess caused to be painted by my hand. And as it is not possible to paint her twice, such as she is, I will not represent her in the picture as standing at your side, though she is equal to you in beauty."

When Roladeva said this, the king said to him: "Then show her as she is represented on the canvas you have brought with you." Then the painter looked out a piece of canvas which was in a bag, and showed the king

<sup>1</sup> The D. text reads *dhṛtavartinā* instead of *amṛita-vartinā*, meaning a pencil-holding hand.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. I, p. 128n<sup>1</sup>.—N.M.P.

Madanasundarī in a painting. And the King Kanakavarsha, seeing that even in a painting she was wonderfully beautiful, immediately became enamoured of her. And he loaded that painter with much gold, and taking the picture of his beloved retired into his private apartments. There he remained with his mind fixed on her alone, abandoning all occupations, and his eyes were never satisfied with gazing on her beauty. It seemed as if the God of Love was jealous of his good looks, for now that he had obtained an opportunity he tormented him, smiting him with his arrows and robbing him of his self-control. And the love-pain, which he had inflicted on women enamoured of his handsome shape, was now visited on that king a hundredfold.

And in the course of some days, being pale and emaciated, he told to his confidential ministers, who questioned him, the thought of his heart. And after deliberating with them *The Formal Proposal* he sent to the King Devaśakti, as ambassador, to ask for the hand of his daughter, a trustworthy Brāhman of good birth, named Sangamasvāmin, who was skilled in affairs, knew times and seasons, and could speak in a sweet and lofty style. That Sangamasvāmin went to Vidarbha with a great retinue and entered the city of Kuṇḍina. And there he had a formal interview with the King Devaśakti, and on behalf of his master asked for the hand of his daughter.

And Devaśakti reflected: "I must give away this daughter of mine to someone, and this King Kanakavarsha has been described as my equal, and he asks for her, so I will give her to him." Accordingly he granted the prayer of Sangamasvāmin, and the king displayed to the ambassador the astonishing elegance in the dance of his daughter Madanasundarī. Then the king sent away, after honouring him and promising to give his daughter, that Sangamasvāmin, who was charmed with his sight of her. And he sent with him a counter-ambassador to say: "Fix an auspicious moment and come here for the marriage." And Sangamasvāmin returned, accompanied by the counter-ambassador, and told the King Kanakavarsha that his object was effected. Then the king ascertained a favourable moment, and honoured that

ambassador, and heard from him over and over again how Madanasundarī was in love with him.

And then the King Kanakavarsha set out for the city of Kuṇḍina, in order to marry her, with mind at ease on account of his own irresistible valour, mounted on the horse Aśīkala,<sup>1</sup> and he smote the Savaras that inhabited the border forests, and took the lives of living creatures, like lions and other wild beasts. And he reached Vidarbha, and entered that city of Kuṇḍina with King Devaśakti, who came out to meet him. Then he entered the king's palace, in which preparations had been made for the marriage, robbing the ladies of the city of the feast which he had given to their eyes. And there he rested a day with his retinue, pleased at the noble reception which King Devaśakti gave him. And on the next day Devaśakti gave him his daughter Madanasundarī, together with all his wealth, retaining only his kingdom.

And King Kanakavarsha, after he had remained there seven days, returned to his own city with his recently married bride. And when he arrived with his beloved, giving joy to the world, like the moon with the moonlight, that city was full of rejoicing. Then that Queen Madanasundarī was dearer than life to that king, though he had many wives, as Rukmiṇī is to Viṣṇu. And the wedded couple remained fastened together by their eyes with lovely eyelashes, which were fixed on one another's faces, resembling the arrows of love.

And in the meanwhile arrived the lion of spring, with a train of expanding filaments for mane, tearing to pieces the elephant of female coyness. And the garden made ready *The Arrival of Spring* blossoming mango-plants, by way of bows for the God of Love, with rows of bees clinging to them by way of bow-string. And the wind from the Malaya mountain blew, swaying the love-kindled hearts of the wives of men travelling in foreign lands, as it swayed the suburban groves. And the sweetly speaking cuckoos seemed to say to men: "The brimming of the streams, the

<sup>1</sup> The Sanskrit College MS. reads *Aśīkalahayārūḍhaḥ*.



flowers of the trees, the digits of the moon wane and return again, but not the youth of men.<sup>1</sup> Fling aside coyness and quarrelling, and sport with your beloved ones."

And at that time King Kanakavarsha went with all his wives to a spring garden to amuse himself. And he eclipsed the beauty of the *aśokas* with the red robes of his attendants, and with the songs of his lovely ladies the song of the cuckoos and bees. There the king, though all his wives were with him, amused himself with Madanasundarī in picking flowers and other diversions. And after roaming there a long time the king entered the Godāvārī with his wives to bathe, and began the water-game. His ladies surpassed the lotuses with their faces, with their eyes the blue water-lilies, with their breasts the couples of Brahmany ducks, with their hips the sandbanks, and when they troubled the bosom of the stream it showed frowns of anger, in the form of curling waves. Then the mind of Kanakavarsha took pleasure in them, while they displayed the contours of their limbs in the splashing-game. And in the ardour of the game he splashed one queen with water from his palms on her breast.

When Madanasundarī saw it she was jealous, and got angry with him, and in an outburst of indignation said to him: "How long are you going to trouble the river?"

*Madana-*  
*sundarī be-*  
*comes Jealous* And going out of the water she took her other clothes and rushed off in a passion to her own palace, telling her ladies of that fault of her lover's. Then Kanakavarsha, seeing her state of mind, stopped his water-game and went off to her apartments. Even the parrots in the cages warned him off in wrath when he approached, and entering he saw within the queen, afflicted with wrath, with her downcast lotus-like face supported on the palm of her left hand, with teardrops falling like transparent pearls. And she was repeating, with accents charming on account of her broken speech, in a voice interrupted with sobs, showing her gleaming teeth, this fragment of a Prakrit song: "If you cannot endure separation, you must cheerfully abandon anger. If you can

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Lament of Moschos for Bion, i, 99-104.

in your heart endure separation, then you must increase your wrath. Perceiving this clearly, remain pledged to one or the other; if you can take your stand on both, you will fall between two stools."

And when the king saw her in this state, lovely even in tears, he approached her bashfully and timidly. And embracing her, though she kept her face averted, he set himself to propitiate her with respectful words, tender with love. And when her retinue signified her scorn with ambiguous hints, he fell at her feet, blaming himself as an offender. Then she clung to the neck of the king, and was reconciled to him, bedewing him with the tears that flowed on account of that very annoyance. And he, delighted, spent the day with his beloved, whose anger had been exchanged for good-will, and slept there at night.

But in the night he saw in a dream his necklace suddenly taken from his neck, and his crest-jewel snatched from his head, by a deformed woman. Then he saw a Vetāla, with a body made up of the limbs of many animals, and when the Vetāla wrestled with him he hurled him to earth. And when the king sat on the Vetāla's back the demon flew up with him through the air, like a bird, and threw him into the sea. Then, after he had with difficulty struggled to the shore, he saw that the necklace was replaced on his neck, and the crest-jewel on his head.

When the king had seen this he woke up, and in the morning he asked a Buddhist mendicant, who had come to visit him as an old friend, the meaning of the dream. And the mendicant answered clearly: "I do not wish to say what is unpleasant, but how can I help telling you when I am asked? The fact that you saw your necklace and crest-jewel taken away means that you will be separated from your wife and from your son. And the fact that, after you had escaped from the sea, you found them again, means that you will be reunited with them, when your calamity comes to an end." Then the king said: "I have not a son as yet; let him be born first." Then the king heard from a reciter of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, who visited his palace, how King

Daśaratha endured hardship to obtain a son; and so there arose in his mind anxiety about obtaining a son, and the mendicant having departed, the King Kanakavarsha spent that day in despondency.

And at night, as he was lying alone and sleepless upon his bed, he saw a woman enter without opening the door. She was modest and gentle of appearance, and when the king bowed before her she gave him her blessing, and said to him: "Son, know that I am the daughter of Vāsuki, the king of the snakes, and the elder sister of thy father, Ratnaprabhā by name. I always dwell near thee, invisible, to protect thee, but to-day, seeing thee despondent, I have displayed to thee my real form. I cannot bear to behold thy sorrow, so tell me the cause."

When the king had been thus addressed by his father's sister, he said to her: "I am fortunate, mother, in that you show me such condescension. But know that my anxiety is caused by the fact that no son is born to me. How can people like myself help desiring that, which even heroic saints of old days, like Daśaratha and others, desired for the sake of obtaining Svarga." When the Nāgī<sup>1</sup> Ratnaprabhā heard this speech of that king, she said to her brother's son: "My son, I will tell thee an admirable expedient; carry it out. Go and propitiate Kārttikeya with a view to obtain a son. I will enter thy body, and by my power thou shalt support the rain of Kārttikeya falling on thy head to impede thee, difficult to endure. And after thou hast overcome a host of other impediments thou shalt obtain thy wish." When the Nāgī had said this she disappeared, and the king spent the night in bliss.

The next morning he committed his realm to the care of his ministers, and went, desiring a son, to visit the sole of Kārttikeya's foot. There he performed a severe penance

<sup>1</sup> I.e. female snake, somewhat of the nature of the Echidna of our boyhood:

"ἤμισυ μὲν νόμφην ἐλικώπιδα καλλιπάρηρον  
ἤμισυ δ' αὖτε πέλωρον ὄφιν, δεινόν τε μέγαν τε."

HESED, *Theog.*, 298.

to propitiate that lord, having power given him by the Nāgī that entered his body. Then the rain of Kumāra<sup>1</sup> fell on his head like thunderbolts, and continued without ceasing. But he endured it by means of the Nāgī that had entered his body. Then Kārttikeya sent Gaṇeśa to impede him still further. And Gaṇeśa created in that rain a very poisonous and exceedingly terrible serpent, but the king did not fear it. Then Gaṇeśa, invincible<sup>2</sup> even by gods, came in visible form and began to give him bites on the breast. Then King Kanakavarsha, thinking that he was a foe hard to subdue, proceeded, after he had endured that ordeal, to propitiate Gaṇeśa with praises.

“Honour to thee, O god of the projecting belly, adorned with the elephant’s ornament, whose body is like a swelling pitcher containing success in all affairs! Victory to thee, *Gaṇeśa is propitiated* O elephant-faced one, that makest even Brahmā afraid, shaking the lotus, which is his throne, with thy trunk flung up in sport! Even the gods, the Asuras and the chief hermits do not succeed unless thou art pleased, the only refuge of the world, O thou beloved of Śiva! The chief of the gods praise thee by thy sixty-eight sin-destroying names, calling thee the pitcher-bellied, the basket-eared one,<sup>3</sup> the chief of the Gaṇas, the furious *maṣṭ* elephant, Yama the noose-handed, the Sun, Viṣṇu and Śiva. With these names to the number of sixty-eight, corresponding to so many parts of the body, do they praise thee. And when one remembers thee and praises thee, O lord, fear produced by the battle-field, by the king’s court,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the following passage which Wirt Sykes (*British Goblins*, p. 385) quotes from “The Mabinogion”: “Take a bowl and throw a bowlful of water on the slab,” says the black giant of the wood to Sir Kai, “and thou wilt hear a mighty peal of thunder, so that thou wilt think that heaven and earth are trembling with its fury. With the thunder will come a shower so severe that it will be hardly possible for thee to endure and live. And the shower will be of hailstones; and after the shower the weather will become fair, but every leaf that was upon the tree will have been carried away by the shower.” Cf. Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. 116, and Gaal, *Märchen der Magyaren*, pp. 101, 102.

<sup>2</sup> I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *ajayyaḥ*.

<sup>3</sup> Böhtlingk conjectures *śūrpa* for *śūrya*; *śūrpa* is a winnowing-basket.

by gambling, by thieves, by fire, by wild beasts and other harms, departs."

With these laudatory verses, and with many others of the same kind, King Kanakavarsha honoured that king of impediments. And the conqueror of impediments said: "I will not throw an impediment in thy way; obtain a son," and disappeared then and there from the eyes of that king.

Then Kārttikeya said to that king, who had endured the rain: "Resolute man, I am pleased with thee, so crave a boon." Then the king, delighted, said to the god: "Let a son be born to me by thy favour." Then the god said: "Thou shalt have a son, the incarnation of one of my Gaṇas, and his name shall be Hiraṇyavarsha on the earth." And then the rider on the peacock summoned him to enter his inmost shrine, in order to show him special favour.<sup>1</sup> Thereupon the Nāgī left his body invisibly, for females do not enter the house of Kārttikeya through dread of a curse. Then King Kanakavarsha entered the sanctifying temple of that god, armed only with his human excellence. When the god saw that he was deprived of the excellence he formerly had, because he was no longer inhabited by the Nāgī, he reflected: "What can this mean?"

And Kārttikeya, perceiving by his divine meditation that that king had performed a very difficult vow by the secret help of the Nāgī, thus cursed him in his wrath: "Since  
*The Curse* thou didst make use of deceit, intractable man, thou shalt be separated from thy son, as soon as he is born, and from thy queen." When the king heard this curse, terrible as a thunderstroke, he was not amazed, but, being a mighty poet, praised that god with hymns. Then the six-faced god, pleased with his well-turned language, said to him: "King, I am pleased with thy hymns; I appoint thee this end of thy curse: thou shalt be separated from thy wife and son for one year, but after thou hast been saved from three great dangers thou shalt come to an end of the separation." When the six-faced god had said this,

<sup>1</sup> This is the sense, but *ēṣur* cannot be right; the Sanskrit College MS. reads *echchhum*. Perhaps *echchhuḥ* will do.

he ceased to speak, and the king, satisfied with the nectar of his favour, bowed before him and went to his own city.

Then, in course of time, he had a son born to him by Queen Madanasundarī, as the nectar-stream is born of the light of the cold-rayed moon. When the king and queen saw the face of that son, being filled with great delight, they were not able to contain themselves.<sup>1</sup> And at that time the king made a feast, and showered riches, and made his name of Kanakavarsha<sup>2</sup> a literal fact on the earth.

When five nights had passed, while guard was being kept in the lying-in house, on the sixth night a cloud suddenly came there. It swelled, and gradually covered the whole sky, as a neglected enemy overruns the kingdom of a careless king. Then the *mast* elephant of the wind began to rush, showering drops of rain like drops of ichor, and rooting up trees. At that moment a terrible woman, sword in hand, opened the door, though it was bolted, and entered that lying-in chamber. She took that babe from the queen as she was nursing it and ran out, having bewildered the attendants. And then the queen, distracted, and exclaiming, "Alas, a Rākshasī has carried off my child!" pursued that woman, though it was dark. And the woman rushed on and plunged into a tank with the child, and the queen, pursuing her, plunged in also, eager to recover her offspring. Immediately the cloud disappeared, and the night came to an end, and the lamentation of the attendants was heard in the lying-in chamber.

Then the King Kanakavarsha, hearing it, came to the lying-in chamber, and seeing it empty of his son and wife, was distracted. After he had recovered consciousness he began to lament: "Alas, my queen! Alas, my infant son!" And then he called to mind that the curse was to end in a year. And he exclaimed: "Holy Skanda, how could you give to ill-starred me a boon joined with a curse, like nectar mixed with poison? Alas! how shall I be able

<sup>1</sup> I read *tadā* for *padā*, a conjecture of Babu S.C. Mookerjee's. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *atyānandabhṛite yuktam nāvartetām yadātmani*.—The D. text has *atyānandasamayukte nāvartetām tadātmani*.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. showerer of riches.

to pass a year, long as a thousand years, without the Queen Madanasundarī, whom I value more than my life?" And the king, though exhorted by the ministers, who knew the circumstances, did not recover his composure, which had departed with his queen.

And in course of time he left his city, distracted with a paroxysm of love, and wandered through the Vindhya forest in a state of bewilderment. There, as he gazed on the eyes of the young does, he remembered the beauty of the eyes of his beloved, and the bushy tails of the *chamaris*<sup>1</sup> reminded him of the loveliness of her luxuriant hair, and when he marked the gait of the female elephant he called to mind the languid grace of her gait, so that the fire of his love broke out into a fiercer flame. And wandering about, exhausted with thirst and heat, he reached the foot of the Vindhya mountains, and, after drinking the water of a stream, he sat down at the foot of a tree.

In the meanwhile a long-maned lion came out of a cavern of the Vindhya hills, uttering a roar which resembled a loud demoniac laugh, and rushed towards him to slay him. At that very moment a certain Vidyādhara descended rapidly from heaven and cleft that lion in two with a sword-stroke. And that sky-goer, coming near, said to the king: "King Kanakavarsha, how have you come to this region?" When the king heard it, he recovered his memory, and said to him: "How do you know me, who am tossed with the wind of separation?" Then the Vidyādhara said: "I, when in old time I was a religious mendicant, of the name of Bandhumitra, dwelt in your city. Then you helped me in my rites, when I respectfully asked you to do so, and so I obtained the rank of a Vidyādhara, by making a goblin my servant. Thus I recognised you, and being desirous to confer on you a benefit, by way of recompense, I have slain this lion which I saw on the point of killing you. And my name has now become Bandhuprabha."

When the Vidyādhara said this, the king conceived an affection for him, and said: "Ah! I remember; and this

<sup>1</sup> For a note on the chowrie, or fly-whisk, see Vol. III, pp. 84n<sup>1</sup>, 85n.  
—N.M.P.



friendship has been nobly acted up to by you, so tell me when I shall be reunited with my wife and son." When the Vidyādhara Bandhuprabha heard that, he perceived it by his divine knowledge, and said to the king: "By a pilgrimage to the shrine of Durgā, in the Vindhya hills, you will recover your wife and son, so go you to prosperity and I will return to my own world." When he had said this he departed, and King Kanakavarsha, having recovered his self-command, went to visit that shrine of Durgā.

As he was going along, a great and furious wild elephant, stretching out its trunk and shaking its head, charged him in the path. When the king saw that, he fled by a way full of holes, so that the elephant, pursuing him, fell into a chasm and was killed. Then the king, fatigued with toil and exertion, slowly going along, reached a great lake, full of lotuses with straight upstanding stalks. There the king bathed, drank the water of the lake, and ate the fibres of the lotuses, and lying tired at the foot of a tree was for a moment overpowered by sleep. And some Śavaras, returning that way from hunting, saw that king with auspicious marks lying asleep. And they immediately bound him and took him to their King Muktāphala, in order that he might serve as a victim.

The King of the Śavaras, for his part, seeing that the king was a suitable victim, took him to the temple of Durgā to offer him up. And when the king saw the goddess he bowed before her, and by her mercy and the favour of Skanda his bonds fell off. When the King of the Śavaras saw that miracle he knew that it was a mark of the goddess's favour towards him, and he spared his life. So Kanakavarsha escaped the third danger, and accomplished the year of his curse.

And in the meanwhile the Nāgī, the aunt of the king, came there, bringing the Queen Madanasundarī with her son, and said to the king: "O King, when I heard the curse of Kārttikeya I took these away by an artifice to my own dwelling and preserved them there. Therefore, Kanakavarsha, receive here your wife and son, and enjoy this empire of the earth, for now your curse is at an end."

*The Curse  
comes to an  
End*



When the Nāgī had said this to the king, who bowed before her, she disappeared, and the king looked upon the arrival of his wife and child as a dream. Then the grief of separation of the king and queen, who had so long been forced to live apart, trickled away in their tears of joy. Then Mukṭāphala, the King of the Śavaras, fell at the feet of the King Kanakavarsha, on finding that he was his master, the lord of the whole earth. And after he had propitiated him, and persuaded him to visit his town, he furnished his wife and child with all kinds of luxuries, such as it was in his power to give.

Then the king, remaining there, summoned by messengers his father-in-law Devaśakti and his army<sup>1</sup> from his own city. Then he sent on in front of him his beloved wife Madanasundarī, mounted on a female elephant, and his son, who Kārttikeya said was to be called Hiraṇyavarsha, and went with his father-in-law towards his father-in-law's house.<sup>2</sup> And in a few days he reached the residence of his father-in-law, a hermitage<sup>3</sup> in the country of Vidarbha, and after that his wealthy city of Kuṇḍina, and there he remained some time with his wife and son, and his army, being entertained by his father-in-law. And setting out thence he at last reached his own town of Kanakapura, where he was, as it were, drunk in by the eyes of the wives of the citizens, long desirous of beholding him again. And with his son and Madanasundarī he entered the palace, like an embodied feast, accompanied with joy and splendour. And there he gave Madanasundarī a turban of honour, and made her his head wife, and he honoured his subjects with gifts on this day of triumph.<sup>4</sup> And then King Kanakavarsha

<sup>1</sup> The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *svasainyam*, which saves the metre.

<sup>2</sup> *Śoasuraveśmavartimāśritas* is the reading of the MS. in the library of the Sanskrit College.

<sup>3</sup> An error has crept in here. *Āśramam* should read *āśritam* of the D. text. Thus we get over the strange statement that Devaśakti resided in a hermitage. The sense is then that Kanakavarsha reached Kuṇḍina, the capital of his father-in-law situated in Vidarbha, and stayed there for some days. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 124.—N.M.P.

<sup>4</sup> I read *mānitaprakṛitih*, following the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

ruled this circle of the earth, four-limited by the sea, without opponents, in perpetual happiness, with his wife and son, without experiencing again the grief of separation.

[M] When the Prince Naravāhanadatta heard this magnificent tale from his head minister Gomukha, in the company of the fair Alankāravatī, he was exceedingly delighted.

## CHAPTER LVI

**T**HEN the Prince Naravāhanadatta, with his beloved [M] by his side, being much pleased at the tale of Gomukha, but seeing that Marubhūti was quite put out, in order to pay him a compliment, said to him, attempting to conciliate him: "Marubhūti, why do you not tell a tale also?" Then he said: "Well, I will tell one," and with pleased soul began to relate the following story:—

### 75. *Story of the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin, his Son Mahīpāla, and his Daughter Chandravatī*

There once lived in a town called Devakamalapura, belonging to the King Kamalavarman, an excellent Brāhman named Chandrasvāmin. And that wise man had a wife like himself, distinguished for modesty, and she was a worthy match for Sarasvatī and Lakshmī. And to that Brāhman was born a son with auspicious marks, and when he was born this voice was heard from heaven: "Chandrasvāmin, you must call your son Mahīpāla,<sup>1</sup> because he shall be a king and long protect the earth."

When Chandrasvāmin heard this, he made a feast and called that son Mahīpāla. And in course of time Mahīpāla grew up, and was taught the science of missile and hand-to-hand weapons, and was at the same time instructed in all knowledge. And in the meanwhile his wife Devamati brought forth to Chandrasvāmin another child, beautiful in all her limbs. And the brother and sister, Mahīpāla and Chandravatī, grew up together in their father's house.

Then a famine, caused by want of rain, sprang up in that country, the corn having been scorched up by the rays of the sun. And owing to that the king began to play the bandit, leaving the right path and taking wealth from his

<sup>1</sup> I.e. earth-protector, king.

subjects unlawfully. Then, as that land was going rapidly to ruin, Chandrasvāmin's wife said to her husband: "Come to my father's house, let us leave this city, for our children will perish here some day or other." When Chandrasvāmin heard this, he said to his wife: "By no means; for flight from one's own country in time of famine is a great sin. So I will take these children and deposit them in your father's house, and do you remain here; I will return soon." She agreed, and then Chandrasvāmin left her in his house, and taking those two children, the boy Mahīpāla and the girl Chandravatī, set out from that city for his father-in-law's house. And in course of time, as he roamed on, he reached a great wilderness, with sands heated by the rays of the sun, and with but a few parched-up trees in it. And there he left his two children, who were exhausted with thirst, and went to a great distance to look for water for them.

Then there met him a chief of the Śavaras, named Simha-damśhṭra, with his followers, going somewhere or other for his own ends. The Bhilla saw him and questioned him, and finding out that he was in search of water, said to his followers, "Take him to some water," at the same time making a sign to them. When they heard it, two or three of the Śavara king's followers, perceiving his intention, took the innocent Chandrasvāmin to the village and fettered him. And he, learning from them that he was fettered in order to be offered as a victim, lamented for his two children that he had left in the wilderness. "Ah, Mahīpāla! Ah, dear Chandravatī! Why did I foolishly abandon you in the wilderness and make you the prey of lions and tigers? And I have brought myself also into a position where I am sure to be slain by bandits, and there is no escape for me."

While he was thus lamenting in his terror he saw, to his delight, the sun. And exclaiming, "Ah! I will fling aside bewilderment and fly for refuge to my own lord," the Brāhman began to praise the sun in the following verses: "Hail to thee, O Lord! the brightness residing in the near and in the remote ether, that dispersest the internal and external darkness. Thou art Viṣṇu, pervading the three worlds; thou art Śiva, the treasure-house of blessings; thou art the

supreme lord of creatures, calling into activity the sleeping universe. Thou deposest thy brightness in fire and in the moon, out of pity, as it were, saying: 'Let these two dull things shine,' and so thou dispellest the night. When thou risest the Rākshasas disperse, the Dasyus have no power, and the virtuous rejoice.<sup>1</sup> So, thou matchless illuminator of the three worlds, deliver me, who take refuge with thee. Disperse this darkness of my grief, have mercy upon me."

When the Brāhman had devoutly praised the sun with these and other similar hymns, a voice was heard from heaven: "Chandrasvāmin, I am pleased with thee, thou shalt not be put to death, and by my favour thou shalt be reunited with thy wife and children." When the divine voice had said this to Chandrasvāmin, he recovered his spirits, and remained in a state of tranquillity, being supplied with bathing requisites and food by the Śavaras.

And in the meanwhile the boy Mahīpāla, left in the wilderness with his sister, as his father did not return, remained lamenting bitterly, supposing that some calamity *The Children are rescued* had befallen him. And in this state he was beheld by a great merchant, of the name of Sārthadhara, who came that way, and the merchant asked him what had happened to him. And feeling compassion, he consoled the boy, and observing that he had auspicious marks, he took him and his sister to his own country. There that Mahīpāla lived in the house of that merchant, who looked upon him with all the affection of a father for his son; and though a boy, he was occupied in the rites of the sacred fire.

But one day the minister of the King Tārāvarman, who lived in the city of Tārāpura, the excellent Brāhman Anantastvāmin, came that way on business, with his elephants, horses and foot-soldiers, and entered the house of that merchant, being a friend of his. After he had rested, he saw the handsome boy Mahīpāla, engaged in muttering prayers and in sacrificing to the fire, and asked his story; then the Brāhman minister, finding that the boy was of his own caste, as he had no children, begged the boy and his sister from

<sup>1</sup> Cf. for the idea *Richard II*, Act III, sc. 2, line 41 *et seq.*

the merchant. Then the merchant, who was a Vaiśya, gave him the children, and Anantasvāmin went with them to Tārāpura. There Mahīpāla remained in the house of that minister, which abounded in wealth on account of its master's knowledge, and was treated by him as a son.

And in the meanwhile Simhadamshṭra, the King of the Bhillas, came to Chandrasvāmin, who was in captivity in that village, and said to him: "Brāhman, I have been ordered in a dream by the sun-god not to slay you, but to set you free, after doing you honour. So rise up and go where you please." After saying this he let him go, giving him pearls and musk, and supplying him with an escort through the forest.

And Chandrasvāmin, being thus set at liberty, not finding his son and his younger sister in the wood, wandered in search of them; and as he wandered he found a city named Jalapura on the shore of the sea, and entered as a guest the house of a certain Brāhman. There, after he had taken refreshment and then told his story, the Brāhman, the master of the house, said to him: "A merchant named Kanakavarman came here some days ago; he found in the forest a Brāhman boy with his sister, and he has gone off with those two very handsome children to the great island of Nārikela, but he did not tell his name." When Chandrasvāmin heard that, he made up his mind that those children were his, and he determined to go to that beautiful island.

And after he had spent the night, and looked about him, he made acquaintance with a merchant named Vishṇuvarman, who was about to go to the isle of Nārikela. And with him he embarked in a ship, and went across the sea to the island, out of love for his children. When he began to inquire there, the merchants who lived there said to him: "It is true that a merchant named Kanakavarman did come here with two beautiful Brāhman children whom he found in a wood. But he has now gone with them to the island of Kaṭāha." When the Brāhman heard that, he went in a ship with the merchant Dānavarman to this island of Kaṭāha. There he heard that the merchant Kanakavarman

*The King  
searches for  
his lost  
Children*

had gone from that island to an island named Karpūra. In the same way he visited in turn the islands of Karpūra, Suvarṇa and Sīṃhala with merchants, but he did not find the merchant whom he was in search of.<sup>1</sup> But from the people of Sīṃhala he heard that that merchant Kanakavarman had gone to his own city, named Chitrakūṭa.

Then Chandrasvāmin went with a merchant named Koṭīśvara to Chitrakūṭa, crossing the sea in his ship. And in that city he found the merchant Kanakavarman, and longing for his children, he told him the whole story. Then Kanakavarman, when he saw the cause of his grief, showed him the children, whom he had found in the forest and brought away. But when Chandrasvāmin looked at those two children he saw that they were not his, but some other children. Then he, being afflicted with tears and grief, lamented in desperate mood: "Alas! though I have wandered so far I have not found my son or my daughter. Malignant Providence, like a wicked master, has held out hopes to me, but has not fulfilled them, and has made me wander far and wide on a false surmise."

While he was indulging in such lamentations he was at last, though with difficulty, consoled by Kanakavarman, and exclaimed in his grief: "If I do not find those children

<sup>1</sup> See my note on Kaṭāha in Vol. I, p. 155n<sup>1</sup>. In the present passage we read of the *island* of Kaṭāha and of various neighbouring *islands*. In a letter to me on the subject Mr C. O. Blagden points out that we are not bound to assume that the writer of the passage had a perfect knowledge of the precise relative geographical positions of these *islands*—he may have known more or less vaguely that these places were all in the Indonesian region. Karpūra-dvīpa is the Camphor Island, either Borneo, or the north (especially the north-west side) of Sumatra, where lies the port Barus, from which to this day the Malays name the true camphor *Kapur Barus*. Blagden considers this latter region the most probable of the two. Suvarṇa-dvīpa is a recognised epigraphically attested name for South and Central Sumatra, from which there was a large export of gold. That two regions in different parts of this big island should be mentioned in our text as separate islands is nothing remarkable. The same thing happened with Sunda (West Java) and Java (the rest of the island) in the case of the early Portuguese travellers and geographers.

See further G. Ferrand, *L'Empire sumatranais de Çrivijaya*, and notes by G. Coedès when reviewing it in the *Bulletin de l'École Française d'extrême Orient*, vol. xxiii, 1923, p. 470.—N.M.P.

in a year, by wandering over the earth, I will abandon the body by austerities on the bank of the River Ganges." When he said this, a certain seer there said to him: "Go, you will recover your children by the favour of Nārāyaṇī." When he heard that, he was delighted, remembering the compassion shown him by the sun, and he departed from that city, honoured by the merchants.

Then, searching the lands which were royal grants to Brāhmans, and the villages and the towns, he reached one evening a wood with many tall trees in it. There he made a meal on fruits and water, and climbed up into a tree to spend the night there, dreading the lions, and tigers, and other noisome beasts. And being sleepless, he saw in the night at the foot of the tree a great body of divine Mothers assembled, with Nārāyaṇī at their head,<sup>1</sup> waiting for the arrival of the god Bhairava,<sup>2</sup> having brought with them all kinds of presents suited to their resources. And thereupon the Mothers asked Nārāyaṇī why the god delayed, but she laughed and gave no reason. And being persistently questioned by them, she thus answered them:

#### 75A. *Prabhākara and Vidyādhari*

Although this story makes me feel shame, still, friends, I will tell it. There is here, in the city of Surapura, a king named Surasena. He has a daughter renowned for beauty, named Vidyādhari.

When it was time for her to be given in marriage, the king heard that a son of King Vimala, named Prabhākara, was equal to her in beauty. While the king was willing to give her to Prabhākara, Vimala also learned that Surasena's daughter was worthy of his son. Thereupon Vimala, by the mouth of an envoy, asked Surasena to bestow his daughter

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the worship of the Great Mothers see Croke, *Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. i, pp. 111-112.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> A name of Śiva, meaning "fearful." Eight or twelve forms are recognised in the classical side of his worship. The popular modern side of his character, however, is derived from the village god Bhairon, who in time appropriated the attributes of Bhairava. For details see E. Washburn Hopkins, "Bhairava," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, pp. 538-539.—N.M.P.



Vidyādhari upon his son. Surasena, for his part, his desires being attained, gave with due ceremony his daughter to Prabhākara.

Then, on reaching her father-in-law's city, named Vimalapura, Vidyādhari at night went with her husband to their couch. There her husband Prabhākara fell asleep without embracing her as she desired, and when she observed him she saw him to be a eunuch. "Alas! I am undone! How have I come by a eunuch as my lord?" Grieved in her mind by such thoughts, the princess passed the night. She then wrote a letter to her father, saying, "How is it that you have, without making inquiry, given me to a eunuch?" and dispatched it to him. On reading the letter her father became angry with Vimala, thinking that he had deceived him by a trick. So King Surasena in the pride of his power sent to King Vimala a message by a letter, saying: "As you have induced me by fraud to give my daughter to your son, who is a eunuch, suffer the result thereof. Behold, I will come and slay you."

Vimala with his ministers, understanding the purport of the letter, took counsel together, but could discover no way of meeting him, as he was invincible. Then a minister named Pingadatta said to Vimala: "There is one plan only in this case; carry it out, your Majesty, and all will be well. There is a Yaksha named Sthūlāsiras, and I know a charm to propitiate him, by which he bestows the boon that one desires. By means of this charm acquired by me, propitiate now the Yaksha and ask him for genitals for your son: the strife will calm down at once."

Thus addressed by the minister, the king took from him the charm, propitiated the Yaksha, and asked him for genitals for his son. The Yaksha then giving them, his son Prabhākara became a man, but the Yaksha became a eunuch. Vidyādhari, seeing Prabhākara to be a man, enjoyed the delights of love with her husband, and reflected: "I was misled by the fault of pride: my husband is not a eunuch, he is a perfect man; there can be no other opinion about it." Having made this observation, she wrote again to her father to this effect, and thereby he became calmed.

On learning of this event the god Bhairava, being angry now, caused the Guhyaka Sthūlaśiras to be brought to him, and cursed him, saying: "As you have become a eunuch by giving up your genitals, so remain a eunuch throughout your life, and let Prabhākara be a man." Thus the Guhyaka, become a eunuch, is now suffering grief, and Prabhākara has become a man, so as to enjoy pleasure. And on account of that business some delay has taken place about his arrival, but know that he will be here soon.

75. *Story of the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin, his Son Mahīpāla, and his Daughter Chandravatī*

While Nārāyaṇī was saying this to the Mothers there came there Bhairava, the lord of the company of Mothers. And he, having been honoured with gifts by all the Mothers, spent some time in dancing, and sported with the witches.<sup>1</sup>

And while Chandrasvāmin was surveying that from the summit of a tree he saw a slave belonging to Nārāyaṇī, and she saw him. And, as chance would have it, they fell in love with one another, and the goddess Nārāyaṇī perceived their feelings. And when Bhairava had departed, accompanied by the witches, she, lingering behind, summoned Chandrasvāmin, who was on the tree. And when he came down she said to him and her slave: "Are you in love with one another?" And they confessed the truth, and said they were, and thereupon she dismissed her anger and said to Chandrasvāmin: "I am pleased with thee for confessing the truth, so I will not curse thee, but I will give thee this slave. Live in happiness."

When the Brāhman heard this, he said: "Goddess,

<sup>1</sup> He seems to correspond to the Junker Voland, or Herr Urian of the Walpurgisnacht (see Bayard Taylor's notes to his translation of Goethe's *Faust*). See also, for the assembly of witches and their uncanny president, Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, pp. 323 and 372. In Bartsch's *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, pp. 11-44, will be found the recorded confessions of many witches, who deposed to having danced with the Teutonic Bhairava on the Blocksberg. The Mothers of the second part of *Faust* probably come from Greece.

though my mind is fickle, I hold it in check; I do not touch a strange woman. For this is the nature of the mind, but bodily sin should be avoided." When that firm-souled Brāhman said this, the goddess said to him: "I am pleased with thee, and I give thee this boon: thou shalt quickly find thy children. And receive from me this unfading lotus that destroys poison."<sup>1</sup> When the goddess had said this, she gave the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin a lotus and disappeared from his eyes.

And he, having received the lotus, set out, at the end of the night, and roaming along reached the city of Tārāpura, where his son Mahīpāla and his daughter were living in the house of that Brāhman minister Anantasvāmin. *Chandrasvāmin finds his Children* There he went and recited at the door of that minister, in order to obtain food, having heard that he was hospitable. And the minister, having been informed by the doorkeepers, had him introduced by them, and when he saw that he was learned, invited him to dinner. And when he was invited, having heard that there was a lake there, named Anantahrada, that washed away sin, he went to bathe there. While he was returning after bathing, the Brāhman heard all round him in the city a cry of grief. And when he asked the cause the people said: "There is in this city a Brāhman boy, of the name of Mahīpāla, who was found in the forest by the merchant Sārthadhara. The minister Anantasvāmin, observing that he had auspicious marks, with some difficulty begged him and his sister from the merchant, and brought them both here. And being without a son, he has adopted the boy, whose excellent qualities have endeared him to King Tārāvarman and his people. To-day he has been bitten by a poisonous snake; hence the cry of grief in the city."

When Chandrasvāmin heard that, he said to himself: "This must be my son." And reflecting thus, he went to the house of that minister as fast as he could. There he saw his son surrounded by all, and recognised him, and rejoiced, having in his hand the lotus that was an antidote

<sup>1</sup> For a short note on poison-detectors see Vol. I, p. 110n<sup>1</sup>.—N.M.P.

to snake-poison. And he put that lotus to the nose of that Mahīpāla, and the moment he smelt it he was free from the effects of poison. And Mahīpāla rose up, and was as one who had just awoke from sleep,<sup>1</sup> and all the people in the city and the king rejoiced. And Chandrasvāmin was honoured with wealth by Anantasvāmin, the king and the citizens, who said: "This is some incarnation of the divinity." And he remained in the house of the minister in great comfort, honoured by him, and he saw his son Mahīpāla and his daughter Chandravatī. And the three, though they mutually recognised one another, said nothing; for the wise have regard to what is excellent, and do not discover themselves out of season.

Then the King Tārāvarman, being highly pleased with the virtues of Mahīpāla, gave him his daughter Bandhumatī. Then that king, after giving him the half of the kingdom, being pleased with him, laid the whole burden of the kingdom upon him, as he had no other son. And Mahīpāla, after he had obtained the kingdom, acknowledged his father, and gave him a position next to his, and so lived in happiness.

One day his father Chandrasvāmin said to him: "Come, let us go to our own country to bring your mother. For if she hears that you are the occupant of a throne, having been long afflicted, she might think, 'How comes it that my son has forgotten me?' and might curse you in her anger. But one who is cursed by his father and mother does not long enjoy prosperity. In proof of this hear this tale of what happened long ago to the merchant's son.

#### 75B. *Chakra and the Iron Wheel*<sup>2</sup>

In the city of Dhavala there was a merchant's son named Chakra. He went on a trading voyage to Svarṇadvīpa

<sup>1</sup> *Mukta* for *yukta*, which is clearly a misprint.

<sup>2</sup> This story is identical with the story of "The Merchant who struck his Mother," as given by the Rev. S. Beal in the *Antiquary* for September 1880. It is also found in the *Avadāna Śātaka*: see Dr R. L. Mitra's *Account of the Buddhist Literature of Nepal*, p. 28, where the above MS. is described. See also Dr R. Morris' remarks in *The Academy* of the 27th August 1881.

against the will of his parents. There he gained great wealth in five years, and in order to return embarked on the sea in a ship laden with jewels. And when his voyage was very nearly at an end the sea rose up against him, troubled with a great wind, and with clouds and rain. And the huge billows broke his vessel, as if angry because he had come against the wish of his parents. Some of the passengers were whelmed in the waves; others were eaten by sea-monsters. But Chakra, as his allotted term of life had not run out, was carried to the shore and flung up there by the waves. While he was lying there in a state of exhaustion he saw, as if in a dream, a man of black and terrible appearance come to him, with a noose in his hand. Chakra was caught in the noose by that man, who took him up and dragged him a long distance to a court presided over by a man on a throne. By the order of the occupant of the throne the merchant's son was carried off by that noose-bearer and flung into a cell of iron.

In that cell Chakra saw a man being tortured by means of an iron wheel<sup>1</sup> on his head, that revolved incessantly. And Chakra asked him: "Who are you, by what crime did you incur this, and how do you manage to continue alive?" And the man answered: "I am a merchant's son named Khadga, and because I did not obey the commands of my parents they were angry, and in wrath laid this curse upon me<sup>2</sup>: 'Because, wicked son, you torture us like a hot wheel placed on the head, therefore such shall be your punishment.' When they had said this they ceased, and as I wept they said to me: 'Weep not, your punishment shall only last for one month.' When I heard that, I spent the day in grief, and at night when I was in bed I saw, as if in a dream, a

<sup>1</sup> A similar transferable wheel is found in the *Pañchatantra*, Book V, third story, Benfey's *Pañschatantra*, vol. ii, p. 331.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 358: "Great stress is laid in the skazkas and legends upon the terrible power of a parent's curse. The hasty word of a father or mother will condemn even an innocent child to slavery among devils, and when it is once uttered it is irrevocable." Throughout the present work curses appear to be irrevocable, but susceptible of modification and limitation. See Waldau's *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 537, and the remarks of Preller in his *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii, p. 345.

terrible man come. He took me off and thrust me by force into this iron cell, and he placed on my head this burning and ever-revolving wheel. This was my parents' curse, hence I do not die. And the month is at an end to-day; still I am not set free."

When Khadga said that, Chakra in pity answered him: "I too did not obey my parents, for I went abroad to get wealth against their will, and they pronounced against me the curse that my wealth, when acquired, should perish. So I lost in the sea my whole wealth, that I had acquired in a foreign island. My case is the same as yours. So what is the use of my life? Place this wheel on my head. Let your curse, Khadga, depart." When Chakra said this, a voice was heard in the air: "Khadga, thou art released, so place this wheel on the head of Chakra." When Khadga heard this, he placed the wheel on the head of Chakra, and was conveyed by some invisible being to his parents' house.

There he remained without disobeying again the orders of his parents; but Chakra put that wheel upon his head and then spake thus: "May other sinners also on the earth be released from the result of their sins; until all sins are cancelled, may this wheel revolve on my head." When the resolute Chakra said this, the gods in heaven, being pleased, rained flowers, and thus addressed him: "Bravo! Bravo! Man of noble spirit, this compassion has cancelled thy sin. Go; thou shalt possess inexhaustible wealth." When the gods said this, that iron wheel fell from the head of Chakra and disappeared somewhere. Then a Vidyādhara youth descended from heaven and gave him a valuable treasure of jewels, sent by Indra, pleased with his self-abnegation, and taking Chakra in his arms, carried him to his city named Dhavala, and departed as he had come. Then Chakra delighted his relations by his arrival at the house of his parents, and, after telling his adventures, remained there without falling away from virtue.

75. *Story of the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin, his Son Mahīpāla, and his Daughter Chandravatī*

When Chandrasvāmin had told this story he said again to Mahīpāla : " Such evil fruits does opposition to one's parents' produce, my son, but devotion to them is a wishing-cow of plenty. In illustration of this hear the following tale :—

75c. *The Hermit and the Faithful Wife*

There was in old time a hermit of great austerity, who roamed in the forest. And one day a hen-crow, as he was sitting under the shade of a tree, dropped dirt upon him, so he looked at the crow with angry eyes. And the crow, as soon as he looked at it, was reduced to ashes ; and so the hermit conceived a vainglorious confidence in the might of his austerities.

Once on a time, in a certain city, the hermit entered the house of a Brāhman and asked his wife for alms. And that wife, who was devoted to her husband, answered him : " Wait a little, I am attending upon my husband." Then he looked at her with an angry look, and she laughed at him and said : " Remember,<sup>1</sup> I am not a crow." When the hermit heard that, he sat down in a state of astonishment, and remained wondering how she could possibly have come to know of the fate of the crow. Then, after she had attended upon her husband in the oblation to the fire and in other rites, the virtuous woman brought alms and approached that hermit. Then the hermit joined his hands in the attitude of supplication and said to that virtuous woman : " How did you come to know of my adventure with the crow in the forest ? Tell me first, and then I will receive your alms." When the hermit said this, that wife, who adored her husband, said : " I know of no virtue other than devotion to my husband ; accordingly by his favour I have such power of discernment. But go and visit a man here who lives by selling flesh, whose name is Dharmavyādha ; from him thou shalt learn the secret of blessedness

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps we should read *mṛishyatām*, "forgive me," "be patient."

free from the consciousness of self." The hermit, thus addressed by the all-knowing faithful wife, took the portion of a guest and, after bowing before her, departed.

The next day he went in search of that Dharmavyādha, and approached him as he was selling flesh in his shop. And as soon as Dharmavyādha saw the hermit, he said: "Have *Dharmavyādha* you been sent here, Brāhman, by that faithful *the Righteous* wife?" When the hermit heard that, he said *Seller of Flesh*<sup>1</sup> to Dharmavyādha in his astonishment: "How come you to have such knowledge, being a seller of flesh?" When the hermit said this, Dharmavyādha answered him: "I am devoted to my father and mother; that is my only object in life. I bathe after I have provided them with the requisites for bathing; I eat after I have fed them; I lie down after I have seen them to bed; thus it comes to pass that I have such knowledge. And being engaged in the duties of my profession, I sell only for my subsistence the flesh of deer and other animals slain by others, not from desire of wealth. And I and that faithful wife do not indulge self-consciousness, the impediment of knowledge, so the knowledge of both of us is free from hindrance. Therefore do you, observing the vow of a hermit, perform your own duties, without giving way to self-consciousness, with a view to acquiring purity, in order that you may quickly attain the supreme brightness."

When he had been thus instructed by Dharmavyādha, he went to his house and observed his practice, and afterwards he returned satisfied to the forest. And by his advice he became perfected, and the faithful wife and Dharmavyādha also attained perfection by such performance of their duties.

#### 75. *Story of the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin, his Son Mahīpāla, and his Daughter Chandravatī*

"Such is the power of those who are devoted to husband or father and mother. So come, visit that mother who longs for a sight of you." When thus addressed by

<sup>1</sup> This character is probably taken from the *Mahābhārata* (see Dowson's *Dictionary of Hindu Mythology*, p. 90).



his father Chandrasvāmin, Mahīpāla promised to go to his native land to please his mother. And he disclosed that of his own accord to Anantasvāmin, his spiritual father, and when he took upon him the burden of his kingdom the king set out with his natural father by night. And at last he reached his own country, and refreshed his mother Devamati with a sight of him, as the spring refreshes the female cuckoo. And Mahīpāla stayed there some time with his mother, being welcomed by his relations, together with his father, who related their adventures.

In the meanwhile in Tārāpura the princess, his wife Bandhumatī, who was sleeping within the house, woke up at the close of night. And discovering that her husband had gone somewhere, she was distressed at her lonely state, and could not find solace in the palace, the garden or any other place. But she remained weeping, shedding tears that seemed to double her necklace, intent on lamentation only, desiring relief by death. But the minister Anantasvāmin came and comforted her with hope-inspiring words, saying: "Before your husband went he said to me: 'I am going away on some business and I will quickly return.' So do not weep, my daughter."

Then she recovered her self-control, though with difficulty. Then she remained continually honouring with gifts excellent Brāhmins, that came from a foreign country, in order to obtain news of her husband. And she asked a poor Brāhman, named Sangamadatta, who came for a gift, for tidings of her husband, having told him his name and the signs by which to recognise him. Then the Brāhman said: "I have never beheld a man of that kind; but, Queen, you must not give way to excessive anxiety on this account. Doers of righteous actions eventually obtain reunion with loved ones, and in proof of that I will tell you a wonder which I saw. Listen.

75D. *The Treacherous Pāśupata Ascetic and King Tribhuvana*

As I was wandering round all the holy places I came to the Mānasa lake on the Himālayas, and in it I saw, as in a

mirror,<sup>1</sup> a house composed of jewels, and from that building there came out suddenly a man with a sword in his hand, and he ascended the bank of the lake, accompanied by a troop of celestial females. There he amused himself with the females in a garden in the recreation of drinking, and I was looking on from a distance unobserved, full of interest in the spectacle. In the meanwhile a man of prepossessing appearance came there from somewhere or other. And when he met me I told him what I had seen. And with much interest I pointed out to him that man from a distance, and when he beheld him he told me his own story in the following words :—

“I am a king named Tribhuvana, in the city of Tribhuvana. There a certain Pāśupata ascetic for a long time paid me court. And being asked the reason by me, he at once asked me to be his ally in obtaining a sword concealed in a cavern, and I agreed to that. Then the Pāśupata ascetic went with me at night, and having, by means of a burnt-offering and other rites, discovered an opening in the earth, the ascetic said to me : ‘Hero ! enter thou first, and after thou hast obtained the sword, come out, and cause me also to enter ; make a compact with me to do this.’ When he said this, I made that compact with him, and quickly entered the opening, and found a palace of jewels.<sup>2</sup> And the chief of the Asura maidens who dwelt there came out from the palace, and out of love led me in, and there gave me a sword. She said : ‘Keep this sword, which confers the power of flying in the air, and bestows all magical faculties.’ Then I remained there with her. But I remembered my compact, and going out with the sword in my hand I introduced that ascetic into the palace of the Asuras by that opening.

“There I dwelt with the first Asura lady, who was surrounded by her attendants, and he dwelt with the second. One day when I was stupefied with drinking the ascetic treacherously took away from my side the sword and grasped

<sup>1</sup> I have followed the Sanskrit College MS., which gives *ādarśa*.

<sup>2</sup> We naturally think of Aladdin. For numerous variants see Chauvin, *Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes*, v, pp. 66, 67. For a note on mine and cave spirits see Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 282, 283.—N.M.P.

it in his own hand. When he had it in his grasp he possessed great power, and with his hand he seized me and flung me out of the cavern. Then I searched for him for twelve years at the mouths of caverns, hoping that some time I might find him outside. And this very day the scoundrel has presented himself to my eyes, sporting with that very Asura lady who belongs to me."

While the King Tribhuvana was relating this to me, O Queen, that ascetic, stupefied with drink, went to sleep. And while he was asleep the king went and took the sword from his side, and by its operation he recovered celestial night. Then the hero woke up that ascetic with a kick, and reproached the unfortunate man, but did not kill him. And then he entered the palace with the Asura lady and her attendants, recovered again like his own magic power. But the ascetic was much grieved at having lost his magic power. For the ungrateful, though long successful, are sure to fail at last.

75. *Story of the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin, his Son Mahīpāla, and his Daughter Chandravatī*

"Having seen this with my own eyes, I have now arrived here in the course of my wanderings; so be assured, Queen, that you shall eventually be reunited to your beloved, like Tribhuvana, for the righteous do not sink." When Bandhumatī heard that from the Brāhman she was highly delighted, and made him successful by giving him much wealth.

And the next day a distinguished Brāhman came there from a distant land, and Bandhumatī eagerly asked him for tidings of her husband, telling his name and the tokens by which he might be recognised. Then that Brāhman said to her: "Queen, I have not seen your husband anywhere, but I, who have to-day come to your house, am named, not without reason, the Brāhman Sumanas,<sup>1</sup> so you will quickly have your wishes satisfied; thus my heart tells me. And reunions do take place, even of the long separated. In proof of this I will tell you the following tale. Listen, Queen.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* benevolent, and also satisfied at heart.

75E. *Nala and Damayantī*<sup>1</sup>

Of old time there lived a king named Nala, whose beauty, I fancy, so surpassed that of the God of Love that in disgust he offered his body as a burnt-offering in the fire of the eye of the enraged Śiva. He had no wife, and when he made inquiries he heard that Damayantī, the daughter of Bhīma, the King of Vidarbha, would make him a suitable wife. And Bhīma, searching through the world, found that there was no king except Nala fit to marry his daughter.

In the meanwhile Damayantī went down into a tank in her own city, to amuse herself in the water. There the girl saw a swan that had fed on blue and white lotuses, and by a trick she threw over it her robe and made it a prisoner in sport. But the celestial swan, when captured, said to her in accents that she could understand: "Princess, I will do you a good turn; let me go. There is a king of the name of Nala, whom even the nymphs of heaven bear on their hearts, like a necklace strung with threads of merit.<sup>2</sup> You are a wife fitted for him and he is a husband suited for you, so I will be an ambassador of Love to bring like to like." When she heard that, she thought that the celestial swan was a polished speaker, and so she let him go, saying: "So be it." And she said: "I will not choose any husband but Nala," having her mind captivated by that prince, who had entered by the channel of her ear.

And the swan departed thence and quickly repaired to a tank resorted to by Nala, when bent on sporting in the water. And Nala, seeing that the swan was beautiful, took it captive out of curiosity by throwing his robe over it in sport. Then the swan said: "Set me free, O King, for I have come to benefit you. Listen, I will tell you. There is in Vidarbha one Damayantī, the daughter of King Bhīma, the Tilottamā<sup>3</sup> of the earth, to be desired even by the gods. And she has chosen you as her future husband, having fallen in love with you on account of my

<sup>1</sup> This well-known story is fully treated in Appendix II, p. 275 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> *Sadguṇa* means "good quality," also "good thread."

<sup>3</sup> See Vol. II, p. 14.—N.M.P.

description of your virtues ; and I have come here to tell you."

Nala was at the same time pierced with the words of that excellent swan, that were brightened by the splendid object they had in view,<sup>1</sup> and with the sharp arrows of the god of the flowery shafts. And he said to that swan : " I am fortunate, best of birds, in that I have been selected by her, as if by the incarnate fulfilment of my wishes." When the swan had been thus addressed by him, and let go, it went and related the whole occurrence to Damayantī, as it took place, and then went whither it would.

Now Damayantī was longing for Nala ; so, by way of a device to obtain him, she sent her mother to ask her father to appoint for her the ceremony of the *svayamvara*.  
*Damayantī's* And her father Bhīma consented, and sent  
*Svayamvara* messengers to all the kings on the earth, to invite them to the *svayamvara*. And all the kings, when they had received the summons, set out for Vidarbha, and Nala went also eagerly, mounted on his chariot.

And in the meanwhile Indra and the other Lokapālas heard from the hermit Nārada of the *svayamvara* of Damayantī, and of her love for Nala. And of them Indra, the Wind, the God of Fire, Yama and Varuṇa, longing for Damayantī, deliberated together, and went to Nala ; and they found Nala setting off on the journey, and when he prostrated himself before them they said to him : " Go, Nala, and tell Damayantī this from us : ' Choose one of us five. What is the use of choosing Nala, who is a mortal ? Mortals are subject to death, but gods are undying.' And by our favour thou shalt enter where she is, unperceived by the others." Nala said, " So be it," and consented to do the errand of the gods. And he entered the apartments of Damayantī without being seen, and delivered that command of the gods, exactly as it was given. But when the virtuous woman heard that, she said : " Suppose the gods are such, nevertheless Nala shall be my husband. I have no need of gods." When Nala had heard her utter this

<sup>1</sup> The epithet refers also to the arrows and means " bright with excellent heads."

noble sentiment, and had revealed himself, he went and told it, exactly as it was said, to Indra and the others; and they, pleased with him, gave him a boon, saying: "We are thy servants from this time forth, and will repair to thee as soon as thought of, truthful man."

Then Nala went delighted to Vidarbha, and Indra and the other gods assumed the form of Nala, with intent to deceive Damayanti. And they went to the Court of Bhīma, assuming the attributes of mortals, and when the *svayamvara* began they sat near Nala. Then Damayanti came, and leaving the kings, who were being proclaimed one by one by her brother, gradually reached Nala. And when she saw six Nalas,<sup>1</sup> all possessing shadows and the power of winking,<sup>2</sup> she thought in her perplexity, while her brother stood amazed: "Surely these five guardians of the world have produced this illusion to deceive me, but I think that Nala is the sixth here, and so I cannot go in any other direction."

When the virtuous one had thus reflected, she stood facing the sun, with mind fixed on Nala alone, and spoke thus: "O guardians of the world, if even in sleep I have never fixed my heart on any but Nala, on account of that loyal conduct of mine, show me your real forms. And to a maiden any other men than her lover previously chosen are strangers, and she is to them the wife of another, so how comes this delusion upon you?"<sup>3</sup> When the five, with Indra at their head, heard that, they assumed their own forms, and the sixth, the true Nala, preserved his true form. The princess in her delight cast upon the king her eye, beautiful as a blown blue lotus, and the garland of election. And a rain of flowers fell from heaven. Then King Bhīma performed the marriage ceremony of her and Nala. And the kings and the gods, Indra and the others,

<sup>1</sup> In the *Mahābhārata* version the number is only five.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> So in Heliodorus, *Æthiopica*, Lib. III, cap. xiii: "ἀλλὰ τοῖς τ' ὀφθαλμοῖς ἂν γνωσθεῖεν ἀπενὲς διόλου βλέποντες καὶ τὸ βλέφαρον οὐ ποτ' ἐπιμύοντες."—In the third canto of the *Purgatorio* Dante is much troubled at finding that Virgil, being a disembodied spirit, casts no shadow.

<sup>3</sup> For the "Act of Truth" see Vol. I, pp. 166, 167; Vol. II, pp. 31-33, and Vol. III, pp. 172n<sup>2</sup>, 179-182.—N.M.P.

returned by the way that they came, after due honour had been done to them by the King of Vidarbha.

But Indra and his companions saw on the way Kali and Dvāpara,<sup>1</sup> and knowing that they had come for Damayantī, they said to them : “ It is of no use your going to Vidarbha ;

*The Curse of* we come thence ; and the *svayamvara* has taken  
*the Dice* place. Damayantī has chosen King Nala.”  
*Deities*

When the wicked Kali and Dvāpara heard that, they exclaimed in wrath : “ Since she has chosen that mortal in preference to gods like thyself, we will certainly

<sup>1</sup> Kali is the side of the die marked with one point. Dvāpara is the side marked with two. They are personified here as demons of gambling. They are also the present—i.e. the fourth and the third Yugas or Ages of the World.—There are in the orthodox Hindu chronological system four Yugas or Ages of the World. They are in order Kṛita, Tretā, Dvāpara and Kali, and correspond roughly to the Gold, Silver, Brass and Iron Ages of the classics. The Sanskrit names are called after the sides of a die in descending order of their value in play. Thus Kṛita is the side with four dots, while Kali, being the side with only one dot, is always a certain loser.

The connection between dice and the different eras of the world is perhaps not at first evident. It is well explained by H. Jacobi in “ Ages of the World,” Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. i, p. 200 *et seq.*

The general idea, the same in all Brāhmanical sources, is that the character, or, if the expression may be used, the proportion of virtue, and the length of each Yuga conform to the number on the side of a die, after which it is named. In the Kṛita Yuga, virtue (*dharma*) was *fully* present in men, with all four feet, as it is expressed, but it diminished by one quarter or foot in every succeeding age, till in the Kali Yuga only one foot of *dharma* remains. The same proportion holds good with regard to the duration of the several ages.

The Kṛita Yuga lasts 4000 years, to which a dawn and a twilight of 400 years each are added ; the same items in Tretā are 3000 and 300 ; in Dvāpara 2000 and 200 ; in Kali 1000 and 100 years. [Thus the die with its points of 4, 3, 2 and 1 came to have the symbolical meaning.]

The period of the four Yugas together, technically called a Mahāyuga or Chaturyuga, though commonly a Yuga, lasts 12,000 years (Manu, i, 69 *et seq.* = *Mahābhārata*, III, xii, 826 *et seq.*). The years in this statement are interpreted as Divine years, consisting each of 360 human years, giving thus a total of 4,320,000 years in each Mahāyuga. The usual descriptions of the Kṛita Yuga reveal to us a happy state of mankind, when life lasted 4000 years, when there were no quarrels nor wars, when the rules of caste and the precepts of the Vedas were strictly obeyed, when, in short, virtue reigned paramount. In the Kali Yuga just the reverse prevails. There is a confusion of castes and *āśramas* [i.e. the four ascetic stages of student, householder,

separate that couple." After making this vow they turned round and departed thence.

And Nala remained seven days in the house of his father-in-law and then departed, a successful man, for Nishāda, with his wife Damayantī. There their love was greater than that of Śiva and Pārvatī. Pārvatī truly is half of Śiva, but Damayantī was Nala's self. And in due time Damayantī brought forth to Nala a son named Indrasena, and after that a daughter named Indrasenā.

And in the meanwhile Kali, who was resolved on effecting what he had promised, was seeking an occasion against Nala, who lived according to the Śāstras. Then, one day, Nala lost his senses from drunkenness, and went to sleep without saying the evening prayer and without washing his feet. After Kali had obtained this opportunity, for which he had been watching day and night, he entered into the body of Nala. When Kali had entered his body King Nala abandoned righteous practices and acted as he pleased. The king played dice, he loved female slaves, he spoke untruths, he slept in the day, he kept awake at night, he became angry without cause, he took wealth unjustly, he despised the good and he honoured the bad.

Moreover, Dvāpara entered into his brother Pushkara, having obtained an opportunity, and made him depart from the true path. And one day Nala saw, in the house of his younger brother Pushkara, a fine white bull, named Dānta. And Pushkara would not give the bull to his elder brother, though he wanted it and asked for it, because his

anchorite and mendicant]. The Veda and good conduct gradually fall into neglect; all kinds of vices creep in; diseases afflict mankind; the term of life grows shorter and shorter, and is quite uncertain; barbarians occupy the land, and people kill one another in continual strife, till at the end of the Yuga some mighty king extinguishes the infidels.

We can thus clearly see the connection between Yugas and dice, and understand that if Kali possessed Nala he was bound to lose everything, whether Dvāpara possessed his opponent or not. Moreover, there seems to be considerable doubt in the original texts as to whether Dvāpara entered into Pushkara at all, or merely stood by watching Nala being gradually ruined. The description of Nala's entire loss of all restraint through the influence of Kali, as described by Somadeva, is an addition of his own and not in the *Mahābhārata*. See further Appendix II, p. 276.—N.M.P.



respect for him had been taken away by Dvāpara. And he said to him : " If you desire this bull, then win it from me at once at play." When Nala heard that challenge, in his infatuation he accepted it, and then those two brothers began to play against each other. Pushkara staked the bull, Nala staked elephants and other things; and Pushkara continually won; Nala as continually lost. In two or three days Nala had lost his army and his treasure, but he still refused to desist from gambling, though entreated to desist, for he was distracted by Kali. Damayantī, thinking that the kingdom was lost, put her children in a splendid chariot and sent them to the house of her father. In the meanwhile Nala lost his whole kingdom; then the hypocritical Pushkara said : " Since you have lost everything else, now stake Damayantī on the game against that bull of mine."

This windy speech of Pushkara's, like a strong blast, made Nala blaze like fire; but he did not say anything unbecoming, nor did he stake his wife. Then Pushkara said to him : " If you will not stake your wife, then leave this country of mine with her." When Nala heard this, he left that country with Damayantī, and the king's officers saw him as far as the frontier. Alas! When Kali reduced Nala to such a state, say, what will be the lot of other mortals, who are like worms compared with him? Curse on this gambling, the livelihood of Kali and Dvāpara, without law, without natural affection, such a cause of misfortunes even to royal sages!

So Nala, having been deprived of his sovereignty by his brother, started to go to another land with Damayantī, and as he was journeying along, he reached the centre of *Nala deserts* a forest, exhausted with hunger. There, as he *Damayantī* was resting with his wife, whose soft feet were pierced with *darbha* grass, on the bank of a river, he saw two swans arrive. And he threw his upper garment over them, to capture them for food, and those two swans flew away with it. And Nala heard a voice from heaven : " These are those two dice in the form of swans; they have descended and flown off with your garment also."

Then the king sat down despondent, with only one garment on, and providently showed to Damayantī the way

to her father's house, saying : " This is the way to Vidarbha, my beloved, to your father's house ; this is the way to the country of the Angas, and this is the way to Kośala." When Damayantī heard this, she was terrified, thinking to herself : " Why does my husband tell me the way, as if he meant to abandon me ? " Then the couple fed on roots and fruits, and when night came on lay down, both of them wearied, in the wood on a bed of *kuśa* grass. And Damayantī, worn out with the journey, gradually dropped off to sleep, but Nala, desiring to depart, kept awake, deluded by Kali. So he rose up with one garment, deserting that Damayantī, and departed thence, after cutting off half her upper garment and putting it on.<sup>1</sup> But Damayantī woke up at the end of the night, and when she did not see in the forest her husband, who had deserted her and gone, she thought for some time, and then lamented as follows : " Alas, my husband, great of heart, merciful even to your enemy ! You that used to love me so well, what has made you cruel to me ? And how will you be able to go alone on foot through the forests, and who will attend on you to remove your weariness ? How will the dust defile on the journey your feet, that used to be stained with the pollen of the flowers in the garlands worn on the heads of kings ? How will your body, that could not endure to be anointed with the powder of yellow sandal-wood, endure the heat of the sun in the middle of the day ? What do I care for my young son ? What for my daughter ? What for myself ? May the gods, if I am chaste, procure good fortune for you alone ! "

Thus Damayantī lamented in her loneliness, and then set out by the path which her husband had shown her beforehand. And with difficulty she crossed the woods, forests, rivers and rocks, and never did she depart from her devotion to her husband in any point. And the might of her chastity preserved her on the way,<sup>2</sup> so that the hunter

<sup>1</sup> The reluctant parting of Nala is much more beautifully described in the *Mahābhārata*. See Appendix II, pp. 278, 279.—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Milton's *Comus*, v, 421 *et seq.* The word "might" also means "fire." This "fire" burnt up the hunter. The pun in the previous sentence cannot be rendered in English.

who, after delivering her from the serpent, fell in love with her for a moment was reduced to ashes. Then she joined a caravan of merchants, which she met on the way, and with them she reached the city of a king named Subāhu. There the daughter of the king saw her from her palace, and, pleased with her beauty, had her brought and gave her as a present to her mother. Then she remained in attendance on the queen, respected by her, and when questioned she answered only : " My husband has abandoned me."

↓ And in the meanwhile her father Bhīma, having heard the tidings of Nala's misfortune, sent trustworthy men in every direction to make search for the royal couple. And

*Damayanti  
returns to  
her Father's  
Kingdom*

one of them, his minister named Suveṇa, as he was wandering about disguised as a Brāhman, reached that palace of Subāhu. There he saw Damayanti, who always examined guests, and she saw with sorrow her father's minister. And having recognised one another, they wept together so violently that Subāhu's queen heard it. And the queen had them summoned, and asked them the truth of the matter, and then she found out that the lady was Damayanti, the daughter of her sister. Then she informed her husband, and after showing her honour she sent her to the house of her father with Suveṇa and an army. There Damayanti remained, reunited with her two children, inquiring under her father's guidance for news of her husband. And her father sent out spies to look for her husband, who was distinguished by preternatural skill in cooking and driving. And King Bhīma commanded the spies to say : " Moon, where have you hid yourself so cruelly, deserting your young bride asleep in the forest, dear as a cluster of white lotuses, having taken a piece of her robe ? " <sup>1</sup> This he told them to utter wherever they suspected the presence of Nala.

And in the meanwhile King Nala travelled a long way at night in that forest, clothed with the half-garment, and at last he saw a jungle-fire. And he heard someone exclaim : " Great-hearted one, take me away from the neighbourhood of this fire, in order that I, being helpless, may not be burned

<sup>1</sup> Here then is a pun. *Ambara* also means " the sky."

up by it." When Nala heard this, he looked round, and beheld a snake coiled up near the fire, having his head encircled with the rays of the jewels of his crest,<sup>1</sup> as if seized on the head by the jungle-fire, with terrible flaming weapons in its hand. He went up to it, and in compassion put it on his shoulder,<sup>2</sup> and carried it a long distance, and when he wished to put it down the snake said to him: "Carry me ten steps farther, counting them as you go."

Then Nala advanced, counting the steps, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—listen, snake—eight, nine, ten, and when he said ten (*daśa*<sup>3</sup>) the snake took him at his word, and bit him in the front of the forehead, as he lay on his shoulder. That made the king small in the arms, deformed and black. Then the king took down the snake from his shoulder, and said to him: "Who art thou, and what kind of a return for my kindness is this which thou hast made?" When the snake heard this speech of Nala's, he answered him: "King, know that I am a king of the snakes named Kārkoṭaka, and I gave you the bite for your good; that you will come to learn; when great ones wish to live concealed, a deformed appearance of body furthers their plans. Receive also from me this pair of garments, named the 'fire-bleached'<sup>4</sup>; you need only put them on and you will

<sup>1</sup> For the jewels in the heads of reptiles see the long note in Benfey's *Pañtschatantra*, vol. i, p. 214. The passage in *As You Like It* will occur to everyone. Snakes' crowns are mentioned in Grössler, *Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld*, p. 178, in Veckenstedt's *Wendische Sagen*, pp. 403-405, and in Grohmann, *Sagen aus Böhmen*, pp. 219, 223.—Reference should also be made to Crooke, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 143; Thurston, *Ethnographic Notes in Southern India*, p. 284, and especially W. W. Skeat, "Snakestones," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, 1912, pp. 45-80; and W. R. Haliday in ditto, December 1921, pp. 262-271.  
—N.M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Preller in his *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii, p. 475, refers to a Servian story, in which a shepherd saves the life of a snake in a forest fire. In return for this service the snake's father gives him endless treasures, and teaches him the language of birds.

<sup>3</sup> *Daśa* means "ten" and also "bite."

<sup>4</sup> In Prester John's letter quoted by Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, new edition, p. 43, we find: "In one of our lands, hight Zone, are worms called in our tongue Salamanders. These worms can only live in fire, and they build cocoons like silk-worms, which are unwound by the ladies

recover your true form." When Kārkoṭaka had said this, and had departed after giving those garments, Nala left that wood, and in course of time reached the city of Kośala.

And going by the name of Hrasvabāhu, he took service as a cook in the family of King Rītuparṇa, the sovereign of Kośala. And he acquired renown by making dishes of

*The Spy at  
last finds Nala,  
in spite of his  
Shape and  
Appearance*

exquisite flavour, and by his skill in chariot-driving. And while Nala was living there, under the name of Hrasvabāhu, it happened that once upon a time one of the spies of the King of Vidarbha came there. And the spy heard men there saying: "In this place there is a new cook, of the name of Hrasvabāhu, equal to Nala in his own special art and also in the art of driving." The spy suspected that the cook was Nala himself, and hearing that he was in the judgment-hall of the king, he went there and repeated the following Āryā verse, taught him by his master: "Moon, where have you hid yourself so cruelly, deserting your young bride asleep in the forest, dear as a cluster of white lotuses, having taken a piece of her robe?"

The people present in the judgment-hall, when they heard that, thought that his words were those of a madman, but Nala, who stood there disguised as a cook, answered him: "What cruelty was there in the moon's becoming invisible to the lotus-cluster, when it reached and entered another region, after one part of the heaven<sup>1</sup> had become exhausted?"

When the spy heard this, he surmised that the supposed cook was really Nala transformed by misfortune, and he departed thence, and when he reached Vidarbha he told King Bhīma and his queen and Damayantī all that he had heard and seen.

Then Damayantī, of her own accord, said to her father: "Without doubt that man is my husband disguised as a cook. So let this amusing artifice be employed to bring

of our palace, and spun into cloth and dresses, which are worn by our Exaltedness. These dresses, in order to be cleansed and washed, are cast into flames."

<sup>1</sup> Or robe. The pun is obvious.

him here. Let a messenger be sent to King R̥ituparṇa, and the moment he arrives let him say to that king: 'Nala has gone off somewhere or other, no tidings are heard of him; *The False* accordingly to-morrow morning Damayantī will *Swayamvara* again make her *svayamvara*; so come quickly to Vidarbha this very day.' And the moment the king hears his speech he will certainly come here in one day, together with that husband of mine, who is skilled in chariot-driving."

Having thus debated with her father, Damayantī sent off that very moment a messenger to the city of Kōśala with exactly this message. He went and told it, as it was given him, to R̥ituparṇa, and the king thereupon, being excited, said affectionately to his attendant Nala, who was disguised as a cook: "Hrasvabāhu, you said: 'I possess skill in chariot-driving.' So take me this very day to Vidarbha if you have sufficient endurance." When Nala heard that, he said: "Good! I will take you there." And thereupon he yoked swift horses, and made ready the splendid chariot. He said to himself: "Damayantī has spread this report of a *svayamvara* in order to recover me, otherwise, I know, she would not have behaved in this way even in her dreams. So I will go there and see what happens."

With such reflections he brought to R̥ituparṇa the chariot ready. And as soon as the king had mounted it, Nala proceeded to drive on that chariot with a speed exceeding even that of Garuḍa. Then R̥ituparṇa dropped his garment, and wished to stop the chariot in order to recover it, but Nala said to him: "King, where is that garment of yours? Why, the chariot has in this moment left it many *yojanas* behind." When R̥ituparṇa heard this, he said: "Well, give me this skill in chariot-driving, and I will give you my skill in dice, so that the dice shall obey your command, and you shall acquire skill in numbers. And now look; I will give you a proof of the truth of what I say. You see this tree in front of us; I will tell you the number of its leaves and fruits, and then do you count them for yourself and see." When he had said this, he told him the number of the leaves and fruits on that tree, and Nala counted them and found them exactly as many as he had said. Then

Nala gave to R̥ituparṇa his skill in driving, and R̥ituparṇa gave to Nala his skill in dice and numbers.

And Nala tested that skill on another tree, and found the number of leaves and fruits to be exactly what he had guessed. And while he was rejoicing a black man issued *Kali leaves* from his body, and he asked him who he was. *Nala's Body* Then he said: "I am Kali; when you were chosen by Damayantī, I entered your body out of jealousy, so you lost your fortune at play. And when Kārkoṭaka bit you in the forest you were not consumed, but I was burnt, as you see, being in your body. For to whom is a treacherous injury done to another likely to be beneficial? So I depart, my friend, for I have opportunities against others." After saying this, Kali vanished from his sight, and Nala at once became well disposed as before, and recovered his former splendour. And he returned and remounted the chariot; and in the course of the same day he drove King R̥ituparṇa into Vidarbha, so rapidly did he get over the ground, and there the king was ridiculed by the people, who asked the cause of his coming; and he put up near the palace.

And when he arrived Damayantī knew of it, having heard the wonderful noise of the chariot, and she inly rejoiced, as she suspected that Nala had come too. And she sent her own maid to find out the truth, and she inquired into it, and came back and said to her mistress, who was longing for her beloved lord: "Queen, I have inquired into the matter; this King of Kośala heard a false report of your *svayamvara* and has come here, and he has been driven here in one day by Hrasvabāhu, his charioteer and cook, who is famous for his skill in managing chariots. And I went into the kitchen and saw that cook. And he is black and deformed, but possesses wonderful powers. It is miraculous that water gushed up in his pots and pans without being put in, and wood burst into flames of its own accord without having been lighted,<sup>1</sup> and various cakes

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the twenty-eighth story of the first part of *Sicilianische Märchen*, Gonzenbach, "Von der Tochter der Sonne." Here Lattughina says: "Fire, be lighted," and immediately a clear fire burned upon the hearth. Then she



were produced in a moment. After I had seen this great miracle I came back here."

When Damayantī heard this from the maid, she reflected : " This cook, whom the fire and the water obey, and who knows the secret of chariot-driving, can be no other than my husband, and I suspect he has become changed and deformed on account of separation from me, but I will test him." When she had made this resolve, she sent, by way of stratagem, her two children with that same maid, to show them to him. And Nala, when he had seen his children and taken them on his knees, after a long separation, wept silently with a flood of tears. And he said to the maid : " I have two children like these in the house of their maternal grandfather. I have been moved to sorrow by recollecting them." The maid returned with the children and told all to Damayantī, and then she conceived much hope.

And early the next day she gave her maid this order : " Go and tell that cook of R̥ituparṇa's from me : ' I hear that there is no cook like you in the world, so come and prepare my curry for me to-day.' " When the maid communicated to Nala this politic request, he got leave from R̥ituparṇa and came to Damayantī. And she said : " Tell me the truth : are you the King Nala disguised as a cook ? I am drowned in a sea of anxiety, and you must to-day bring me safe to shore." When Nala heard that, he was full of joy, grief and shame, and with downcast face he spoke, in a voice faltering from tears, this speech suited to the occasion : " I am in truth that wicked Nala, hard as adamant, who in his madness behaved like fire in afflicting

said : " Come along, pan," and a golden pan came and placed itself upon the fire ; " Come along, oil," and the oil came and poured itself into the pan. De Gubernatis (*Zoological Mythology*, vol. i, p. 158) remarks that service in the kitchen is especially dear to the young hero. Bhīma disguises himself as a cook in the Virāta Parvan of the *Mahābhārata*. Pausanias tells us, Book I, chap. xvi : " Σελεύκῳ γὰρ, ὃς ὤρματο ἐκ Μακεδονίας σὺν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ θύοντι ἐν Πέλλῃ τῇ Διὶ, τὰ ξύλα ἐπὶ τοῦ βωμοῦ κείμενα προὔβη τε αὐτόματα πρὸς τὸ ἄγαλμα, καὶ ἄνευ πυρὸς ἤφθη."

—In the " Story of Nūr al-Dīn Alī and his Son," *Nights* (Burton, vol. i, p. 244), the hero is discovered by his skill in cooking. See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 105.—N.M.P.



you." When he said this, Damayantī asked him : " If it is so, how did you become deformed ? " Then Nala told her the whole of his adventures, from his making friends with Kārkoṭaka to the departure of Kali from him. And immediately he put on the pair of garments called the " fire-bleached," given him by Kārkoṭaka, and recovered on the spot his own original shape.

When Damayantī saw that Nala had resumed his own charming form, the lotus of her face quickly expanded, and she quenched, as it were, with the waters of her eyes the forest-fire of her grief, and attained indescribable, *The Happy Reunion* unequalled happiness. And Bhīma, the King of Vidarbha, quickly heard that intelligence from his joyful attendants, and coming there he welcomed Nala, who showed him becoming respect, and he made his city full of rejoicing. Then King R̥ituparṇa was welcomed with the observance of all outward courtesy and every hospitable rite<sup>1</sup> by King Bhīma, who in his heart could not help laughing, and after he had in return honoured Nala, he returned to Kośala. Then Nala lived there happily with his wife, describing to his father-in-law his outburst of wickedness due to the influence of Kali. And in a few days he returned to Nishada with the troops of his father-in-law, and he humbled his younger brother Pushkara, beating him by his knowledge of dice, but, righteous as he was, he gave him a share of the kingdom again, after Dvāpara had left his body, and glad at having recovered Damayantī, he enjoyed his kingdom lawfully.

75. *Story of the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin, his Son Mahīpāla, and his Daughter Chandravatī*

When the Brāhman Sumanas had told this story to the Princess Bandhumatī in Tārāpura, whose husband was away, he went on to say to her : " Even thus, Queen, do great ones, after enduring separation, enjoy prosperity, and following the example of the sun, after suffering a decline, they rise again. So you also, blameless one, shall soon

<sup>1</sup> The Petersburg lexicographers think that *samvṛitti* should be *sadvṛitti*.

recover your husband returning from his absence; use patient self-control, banish grief, and console yourself with the approaching gratification of your wishes in the return of your husband." When the virtuous Brāhman had spoken these appropriate words she honoured him with much wealth, and taking refuge in patience, she remained there awaiting her beloved. And in a few days her husband Mahīpāla returned with his father, bringing that mother of his from a distant land. And when he returned, furnishing a feast to all eyes, he gladdened Bandhumatī, as the full moon gladdens the lovely water of the ocean. Then Mahīpāla, on whom her father had already devolved the burden of the kingdom, enjoyed as a king desired pleasures with her.

[M] When Prince Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa, had heard in the company of his wife, from the mouth of his minister Marubhūti, this matchless romantic story, pleasing on account of its picture of affection, he was exceedingly pleased.



## APPENDIX I



## APPENDIX I

### WIDOW-BURNING

THE practice of burning the living widow with the corpse of the husband is stated<sup>1</sup> to have been an ancient Indo-Germanic custom, based upon the belief that life in the next world is a reflex of this life, and consequently, in his new home, the deceased must be provided with what has been dear to him, or necessary to his comfort, while on earth.

Apart from the prevalence of widow-burning in India (which I shall discuss at some length), there is early evidence of the practice both in Europe and the Far East.

Procopius tells us (*Bellum Gothicum*, ii, 14 *et seq.*) that the Heruli retained many striking primitive customs, among which was the suicide of widows on their husbands' pyres. We may surmise that such immolations were of fairly frequent occurrence, for it was also a custom that when death seemed imminent, either through illness or old age, the men were stabbed by an executioner and burned on a pyre.

Between the third and sixth centuries of our era this Teutonic tribe had migrated to many parts of Europe, from Sweden to the Black Sea, so that their customs must have been familiar over a wide area.

Grimm states in his *Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer* (p. 451) that the suicide of widows was a regular custom among the Scandinavians; while Ralston, speaking of the Slavs, says: "The fact that in Slavonic lands, a thousand years ago, widows used to destroy themselves in order to accompany their dead husbands to the world of spirits, seems to rest on incontestable evidence."<sup>2</sup>

In the Norse versions of the *Nibelung* myth, which preserve more of the primitive traditions than the *Nibelungenlied*,

<sup>1</sup> O. Schrader, *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples*, Eng. trans., London, 1890, p. 391.

<sup>2</sup> W. R. S. Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 327 *et seq.* This is quoted by Westermarck, *The History of Human Marriage*, vol. i, p. 319 *et seq.*, who also mentions Dithmar of Merseburg, *Chronicon*, viii, 2 (Pertz, *Monumenta Germaniae historica*, v, 861); and H. Zimmer, *Altindisches Leben*, p. 330.

we have the account of the immolation of Brunhild. In the *Volsungasaga*, maddened by jealousy, she compasses the death of Sigurd, and then flings herself on his pyre, thereby assuring herself of a speedy reunion with him in the next world. (See Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. iii, p. 166.)

In Greece we have the story of Evadne, the wife of Capaneus, one of the seven heroes who marched against Thebes. When climbing up to the walls of the city he was struck by a thunderbolt of Zeus, and when he was burning on the pyre his wife threw herself into the flames. (See Apollodorus, *Library*, iii, 6, 7; iii, 7, 1; Euripides, *Suppliants*, 1034 *et seq.*; Zenobius, *Cent.*, i, 30; Propertius, i, 15, 21 *et seq.*) In some accounts of the death of Paris, his wife C  none, distracted with grief at not having forgiven his desertion, threw herself on to his burning pyre. Herodotus tells us (v, 5) that among a certain polygamous Thracian tribe it was the custom, at the death of the husband, for the wives to vie with each other as to who was the most loved, so that she might have the honour of being slain (not burned) on her husband's tomb. (Cf. the account given by Diodorus later in this appendix.) The chosen woman was killed by her nearest relative, and buried with great honour beside her husband. Monier Williams (*Indian Wisdom*, p. 258<sup>n1</sup>) refers to Herodotus' (iv, 71) description of the burial of Scythian kings, where a concubine was strangled and placed on the pyre, together with servants and horses—in fact, the necessities for the next life. In this custom he sees the possible origin of the rite of *sat  * amongst the Hindus. It certainly seems quite probable that early immigrants brought the custom into India over the north-western passes. The date of its introduction must have been *very* early, for by the fourth century B.C. it was well established in the Panj  b.

Suicide of widows seems also to have been known among the ancient Egyptians. Several bodies of women were found in the tomb of Amen-hotep II at Thebes, which proves that in the eighteenth dynasty favourite wives were either poisoned, strangled or allowed to commit suicide, so that their spirits might go to their husband in the other world and continue their wifely service to him.

Such customs, however, seem to have belonged to the early dynasties, and it is only with bloodthirsty rulers like Amen-hotep II that the old customs were revived. The

more usual practice was to bury a number of *Ushabtiu* or *Shabti* figures of stone, alabaster, wood, faïence, etc., instead of living slaves, who in earlier dynasties were put in the tombs with their arms and legs broken at the joints. (See E. A. Wallis Budge, *Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection*, 2 vols., London, 1911, vol. i, pp. xxii, 224 and 229. On this latter page he cites as a modern African revival of *satī* a certain king of Oyo, Southern Nigeria, who died in 1859, at whose death four men were sacrificed and forty-two of his wives committed suicide.)

Before speaking of the Indian *satī* I would draw attention to the prevalence of the custom in China.

The remarriage of Chinese widows was always looked upon as an act of unchastity, while those who committed suicide at their husband's death had honorary gateways, known as *p'ai lou* or *p'ai fang*, erected in their honour by Imperial command.<sup>1</sup> De Groot<sup>2</sup> tells us that the instances of such suicides are so many that it would be useless to enumerate them in detail. The mode of death was usually poison—often an overdose of opium—but hanging, stabbing, starving and drowning were also employed. Owing to the rarity of the cremation of the dead, burning is not at all common, although a few cases have been recorded.

Betrothals being considered as binding as the actual married state, we find many instances of suicide on the death of the affianced husband.

Apart from the details to be found in De Groot's work, Dr Giles tells me that Chinese scholars will find many interesting examples of widow-suicide in the great *T'u Shu Chi Ch'êng*, the *Chinese Encyclopædia*<sup>3</sup> (of 745 volumes!). Section xvi, in which these examples occur (45-114), forms, says Dr Giles, a repertory of female biography such as no other nation, even at the present day, can make any pretence of rivalling. The sub-head, "Widows who Refuse to Marry a Second Time," with its 210 *chüan*, is in itself the equivalent of a voluminous work, being only exceeded in length by "Medicine," in section xvii.

In Bali, an island in the East Indies, where Hinduism remains the accepted creed, the custom of widow-burning is still occasionally practised. At the death of a king all

<sup>1</sup> See E. T. C. Werner, *China of the Chinese*, 1919, pp. 42, 43.

<sup>2</sup> *Religious System of China*, vol. ii, p. 733 *et seq.*

<sup>3</sup> See L. Giles' *Alphabetical Index to the Chinese Encyclopædia*, 1911.



his wives and concubines were burned, amounting sometimes to over a hundred. (See J. Crawford, *History of the Indian Archipelago*, 1820, and Friederich, *Verhandelingen van het Batav. Genootschap*, xxiii, 10.)

In some instances the customs were less exacting. Thus among certain American Indian tribes the practice of burning the widow has been mitigated into a rule that she must lie beside her husband's corpse on the pyre till she is nearly suffocated, when she is allowed to withdraw. See Morse, *Report on Indian Affairs*, p. 339 *et seq.* He is quoted by Frazer (*Pausanias*, vol. iii, p. 200), who adds several other useful references. See also Westermarck, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 320.

Having thus briefly glanced at the evidence of widow-burning in places other than India, we will now consider the practice in India itself.

It is known by the name of *suttee*, or, more correctly, *satī*. The Sanskrit word *satī* is a feminine noun meaning "good," "devout," "true," and consequently it denotes a person and not a practice. The application of the substantive to the act instead of to the person is European.

Although the antiquity of *satī* cannot be denied, and is probably a relic of prehistoric barbarism preserved in aristocratic Kshatriya families,<sup>1</sup> it is, at first sight, a curious fact that the *Rig-Veda* is innocent of the practice. Further, it is not acknowledged in the *Sūtras* or even alluded to in *Manu*. It is practically absent from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and receives but little approbation in the *Mahābhārata*. Thus it was not a Brāhmanic rite at all, and was only sanctioned in later days because it could not be suppressed.

In order to understand how *satī* gradually became established in Hindu ritual it is necessary to remember exactly what the status of the widow was, and how dependent upon the priests the people were for the exact interpretation of the *Vedas*.

From the earliest times the lot of the widow was miserable and humiliating in the extreme. Although the laws were often contradictory, remarriage was generally not countenanced, and in most cases meant social ruin. On the death of her husband the widow passed under the protection of her sons, if adult; otherwise she was dependent on her

<sup>1</sup> L. D. Barnett, *Antiquities of India*, p. 119.

husband's nearest relatives. Her place in the household now became of the lowest. She had to lead a life of the greatest austerity. All her jewellery was removed, her head was shaved, she had but one meal a day, she was forced to sleep on a single mat, and was excluded from all festivities, family gatherings, etc. Her touch, in fact her very shadow, was contaminating.

Nor is her lot less hard to-day. Her unhappy fate has been described recently by a lady<sup>1</sup> whose researches have been carried on in a part of India where Brāhman traditions have been most closely preserved.

On the day of her bereavement the widow dons an old *sārī* and sits alone in a corner of the room without taking any food. Here she sits for a whole year, eating very little, and only going out at twilight to answer the calls of nature. Her head is shaven and she is given the terrible name *Rāṇḍirāṇḍa* (one who has been a prostitute), which testifies that she is now penalised for the sins of a previous life. On the thirteenth day after the death the widow's own mother brings her a *sārī*, the four corners of which are dipped in water used during the *śrāddha* ceremony (see Vol. I, p. 56n<sup>1</sup>). She now leaves her corner and is invested in the *sārī* by another widow. It is known as the *pota sārī*, and is so unlucky that none of her husband's relatives will even let the hem of the garment touch them. This has to be worn for a year. The family honour does not permit the widow to look happy, healthy or properly fed; accordingly all the hard work is allotted to her, as little food as possible is given to her, while her fasts have to be often and rigid. If by this time she is really starving, her mother can take her away to her own house. If she has no mother her one chance of preservation is gone. A terrible fact is that the younger, and therefore the more unprotected and helpless, the widow is, the more it proves how vile her sin (in a previous life) must have been. Accordingly the fate of a widow of six or seven years old is better imagined than described.

After wearing the *pota sārī* for a year it is exchanged for a black one, which is worn until her death. All her clothes are black; she carries bad luck with her wherever she goes, and even her friends will turn back if they meet her in the road.

The widow's only chances of a tolerable existence are

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Sinclair Stevenson, *The Rites of the Twice-Born*, 1920, pp. 204-208.

either that her age may be such that she can retain her senior position in the house, or else that her mother-in-law has a kindly nature which ameliorates her unhappy lot.

When making her numerous inquiries into the question of the lot of widows, Mrs Stevenson was answered more than once by the terrible saying: "Paraffin is cheap."

"We English," she concludes, "believe *satī* to be extinct; reformers in certain districts of India will tell us differently. They know that there are easy methods of getting rid of an unwanted widow: simply to turn her out of house and home; to push her down a well; to give her poison; to take her on a pilgrimage and either lose her or sell her; or to set fire to her and burn her to death.

"It is quite simple to soak a heavy wadded quilt in paraffin, to tie a young widow up in it, pour more oil over her, set fire to it and lock her up in a room. Then the neighbours can be told that she either accidentally caught fire when cooking, or, like a faithful wife, herself committed *satī*; and only God, 'the Judge of the fatherless and the widow,' knows on which side the door of that hellish room was locked. 'Paraffin is cheap'—and the family honour has been saved."

We are now in a better position to understand the horror with which the Indian woman must have looked upon the possibility of becoming a widow, and terrible as *satī* was, we can well imagine many of them preferring to face the flames and so end their life in honour, than drag out a dreary existence in misery and humiliation.

Apart from this, however, there were several inducements offered, which would doubtless appeal to the Hindu *satī*. She was promised as many years in Svarga as there are hairs on the human head—i.e. thirty-five million. In addition to this, the act purified all members of both her own and her husband's family, even from the guilt of killing a Brāhman. Finally, a white pillar, or memorial stone, would mark the place of her sacrifice and her spirit would be venerated.

The *satī* stones, known as *maha-satī-kal* in the South, are generally sculptured with a pointed pillar or post, from which projects a woman's right arm, bent upwards at the elbow. The hand is raised, with fingers erect, and a lime-fruit is held between the thumb and forefinger. This is

what is alluded to in the old inscriptions, where women are said to "have given arm and hand." Some of these memorials are accompanied with elaborate inscriptions.

For further details and photographs of *satī*-stones see A. H. Longhurst, *Hampi Ruins*, Madras, 1917, pp. 36-39, from which the above is taken.

As was only natural, the early Greek invaders of Northern India were struck with the curious practice of *satī*, and it is from them that we get our first accounts of the rite. Onesicritus spoke of it as specially a custom of the Kshatriyas (Cathæans) (Strabo, xv, c. 700).

A good account is given by E. R. Bevan in the *Cambridge History of India*, p. 415, of a *satī* which occurred at the time of Eumenes (316 B.C.). The leader of an Indian contingent which had gone to fight under Eumenes was killed in battle. He had with him his two wives. There was immediately a competition between them as to which was to be the *satī*. The question was brought before the Macedonian and Greek generals, and they decided in favour of the younger, the elder being with child. At this the elder woman went away lamenting, with the band about her head rent, and tearing her hair, as if tidings of some great disaster had been brought her; and the other departed, exultant at her victory, to the pyre, crowned with fillets by the women who belonged to her, and decked out splendidly as for a wedding. She was escorted by her kinsfolk, who chanted a song in praise of her virtue. When she came near to the pyre, she took off her adornments and distributed them to her familiars and friends, leaving a memorial of herself, as it were, to those who had loved her. Her adornments consisted of a multitude of rings on her hands, set with precious gems of diverse colours, about her head golden stars not a few, variegated with different sorts of stones, and about her neck a multitude of necklaces, each a little longer than the one above it. In conclusion, she said farewell to her familiars and was helped by her brother on to the pyre, and there, to the admiration of the crowd which had gathered together for the spectacle, she ended her life in heroic fashion. Before the pyre was kindled the whole army in battle array marched round it thrice. She meanwhile lay down beside her husband, and as the fire seized her no sound of weakness escaped her lips. The spectators were moved, some to pity and some to exuberant praise. But some of

the Greeks present found fault with such customs as savage and inhumane. (Quoted from Diod., xix, 34.)

The Greeks, we find, had a theory to account for the custom, whether of their own invention or suggested to them by Indian informants we cannot say. The theory was that once upon a time wives had been so apt to get rid of their husbands by poison that the law had to be introduced which compelled a widow to be burnt with her dead husband.

The question naturally arises as to how such a cruel custom, not enjoined by the Vedas, was adopted by Hindus in so many parts of India. It has been suggested that it is perhaps the extension of a royal custom, mentioned in the Epics, which gradually made the rule general, until later law and practice recommended *satī* for all.

With the passing centuries it acquired the sanctity of a religious rite, and no one thought of challenging its authority. By this time the priests themselves knew little of the ancient Vedic texts, and the people, dependent on the priests for their religious knowledge, knew still less. Moreover, it does not seem to have been a practice which the priesthood would readily let drop, for there is ample evidence to show that certain of their members, at any rate, derived considerable benefit from the widow's immolation in both goods and property.

It appears that occasionally the direct authority for *satī* in the Vedas was questioned, and accordingly the Brāhman priests quoted a certain passage from the *Rig-Veda*, which, it was said, clearly enjoined the practice. Whether this passage was merely wrongly quoted on purpose, or actually forged and produced as evidence, is not at all clear. Scholars<sup>1</sup> have endeavoured to prove that such a forgery was perpetrated in the middle of the fifteenth century by one Raghunandana. The passage in question taken from the *Rig-Veda* text (x, 18, 7) is as follows :—

“*Anaśravo 'namīvāḥ su-ratnā ā rohanu janayo yonim agre.*”

(“Without tears, without sorrow, bedecked with jewels, let wives go up to the altar first.”)

<sup>1</sup> See H. H. Wilson, *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, vol. xvi, 1828, p. 201 *et seq.*; and Fitzedward Hall, ditto, vol. iii, N.S., 1867, p. 183 *et seq.*

The word *agre* = "first" was altered to *agneh* = "fire," and hence the required authority was established.

The corresponding passage in the *Atharva-Veda* (XVIII, iii, 1) definitely condemns *satī* and could not be altered so easily.

According to the translation by W. D. Whitney, it reads:

"Get up, O Woman, to the world of the living; thou liest by this one who is deceased; come! to him who grasps thy hand, thy second spouse, thou hast now entered into the relation of wife to husband."

*Satī* was not accepted throughout the whole of India by any means. It was strongest in Bengal, along the Ganges valley and in Rajputana. It was rare in the Panjāb, and forbidden in Malabar.

Many attempts were made to suppress the custom, but with little success. In the sixteenth century the Sikh Guru Amar Dās (1552-1574) condemned the practice, saying: "They are not *satīs* who burn themselves with the dead. The true *satī* is she who dieth from the shock of separation from her husband. They also ought to be considered *satīs* who abide in chastity and contentment, who serve, and, when rising, ever remember their lord."

Akbar also tried to suppress it, but only managed to declare the act voluntary. After capturing Goa one of the first acts of Albuquerque was to abolish *satī* (1510). It was not until the end of the eighteenth century that the British began to turn their attention to the subject. The question was first taken up by Sir C. Malet and Jonathan Duncan in Bombay, but little was done, as the Government refrained from interfering with such a time-honoured custom of the people. Even such authorities as Colebrooke and Wilson gave their opinion against any interference. This attitude, however, did more harm than good, and the number of *satīs* increased. In 1817 the number of widows burned in Bengal alone was over seven hundred. In 1827 Lord William Bentinck became Governor-General of India, and one of his first reforms was to make *satī* illegal. He carried the regulation in Council on 4th December 1829, by which all who abetted *satī* were declared guilty of "culpable homicide." To the surprise of many people the action caused scarcely any discontent or remonstrance.

In the native states, however, matters did not improve,

and in the *Oxford History of India*, p. 689n<sup>1</sup>, V. A. Smith says that among the Sikhs in the Panjāb the *satī* murders were atrocious. Four ladies were burned with Ranjīt Singh; one, against her will, with Kharak Singh; two with Nao Nihāl Singh; 310 (10 wives and 300 unmarried ladies of his *zenana*) were sacrificed at the obsequies of Rājā Suchet Singh; in September 1845 four wives of Jawāhir Singh were forced on the pyre by the soldiery; and, after Sobrāon, the widow of Sardār Shān Singh burnt voluntarily. Sir Lepel Griffin in 1898 described that as being the last case in the Panjāb.

Although *satīs* in the present century are rare, several cases have occurred. One, for example, was carried out in 1904 in Behar, another in a small village in the Panjāb in 1905, and two in 1906 at Cawnpore and Calcutta.

Turning now to actual descriptions of *satīs*, the one which has the greatest interest for us is undoubtedly that of Queen Sūryavatī, who, in A.D. 1081, threw herself on the pyre of her husband Ananta.

In my Introduction to Vol. I (p. xxxii) I referred to this *satī* of our author's patroness and to Ananta's suicide through despair at the evil doings of his son Kalaśa.

In Kalhaṇa's *Rājatarāṅgiṇī*, or *Chronicle of the Kings of Kaśmīr*, is the following account of the queen's (her name is spelt Sūryamatī) *satī* (Stein's translation, 1900, vol. i, pp. 305-307):—

Then she stood up, and as a *Satī* herself taking the stick, performed the office of doorkeeper for her husband while she had him adorned for the last [rites].

She first ordered a hundred mounted soldiers to watch there over her grandson; then she sent forth her husband placed on a litter.

Having thus passed one night and half-a-day, this devoted wife paid her reverence to [Śiva] *Vijāyeshāna* (*Vijayesa*) and proceeded outside seated in a litter.

When the people saw those two going forth, the horizon was rent, as it were, by their tumultuous lamentations, which mixed with the vibrating sounds of the funeral music.

The moving [images of the] people reflected in the ornaments of the hearse, which was decorated with flags, made



it appear as if they were close to the king and striving to follow him.

Waving in the wind, the locks of the princes who had put their shoulders under the hearse appeared like splendid Chowries [held] over the king, who was placed in it.

Viewing the last service of the troops, the queen reached the burning-ground as the day was sinking.

Whether from maternal affection, which is hard to abandon, or for some other reason, she longed at that moment to see her son.

Thinking that the dust which the wind had tossed up was raised by an armed force, she looked out, trembling with agitation, in the hope of Kalaśa's coming.

At that moment some people arrived by the road from the city (Śrīnagar). These she herself asked: "Well, has Kalaśa come?"

But the son, who had wished to come to his mother, was kept back that time by the fomenters of the quarrel, who frightened him in various ways.

After this the queen abandoned the hope of seeing her son, and asking for water from the *Vitastā*, recited the following verse:—

"But those who die with *Vitastā* water in their body, obtain for certain final deliverance, just like those who proclaim sacred learning."

When she had drunk the water brought to her, and had sprinkled it [over parts of her body], she thus cursed those who had destroyed affection [between parents and son] by their calumnies:

"May those who have caused the fatal enmity between us two and our son quickly be destroyed, together with their descendants!"

Through this unfailing curse of the afflicted [queen] Jayānanda, Jindurāja and others found an early death.

In order to put a stop to the slanderous rumours which had grown up with regard to Haladhara's position as her confidant, she, the Satī, took an oath in proper form, pledging [her happiness in a] future life.

Having thus attested the purity of her moral character, she leaped with a bright smile from the litter into the flaming fire.

The sky became encircled [and reddened] with sheets of flames, just as if the gods, in order to celebrate her arrival, had covered [it] with minium.



The people did not notice the crackling of the fire owing to their lamentations, nor its heat owing to their hot grief. It thus appeared to them as if it were merely painted in a picture.

Gaṅgādhara, Ṭakkibuddha and the litter-carrier Daṇḍaka, and of the female servants Uddā, Nonikā and Valgā, followed her.

Senāṭa and Kshemaṭa, of the families of Bappaṭa and Udbhaṭa, who had been the king's favourites, renounced the world [and stopped as mendicants] at Vijayeśvara.

The beings here do not last long, being fragile, as they are [mere] mechanical contrivances. The mind and the glass bottle have [both however] this one lasting quality, that the astonishing tale and the divine Ganga-water which are preserved in them [respectively] do not escape, nor become stale nor decrease.

Before leaving Kashmir I would like to refer to a double *satī* which took place in A.D. 1111. King Uchchala had been treacherously murdered by conspirators just as he was on his way to the apartments of Bijjalā, his favourite wife.

Immediately after the murder, Raḍḍa, the chief conspirator, seized the throne, but he occupied it only during the night of the murder and the following morning, for Gargachandra, one of Uchchala's favourite ministers, killed him, together with the other conspirators.

Now besides Bijjalā the late king had a wife of low birth named Jayamatī, and when affairs had reached this crisis she thought she would probably be expected to become a *satī*, so, being eager to live, she said coaxingly to Gargachandra: "Brother, make an arrangement with me." He, however, took the words to be merely conventional, and began to prepare her funeral pyre.

In the eighth book, 365-371, the *Rājatarāṅgiṇī* (Stein, vol. ii, p. 31) describes the efforts made by Bijjalā to throw herself on the pyre first, and the disgraceful behaviour of the pilferers. The author first marvels at the mentality of these *satīs*.

Nobody can understand these women of unscrutable mind, in whose heart there is found, as it were, combined the waviness of their ample locks, the excessive unsteadiness of their eyes and the firmness of their round breasts.

Though given to unfaithfulness and killing their husbands,

yet they step with ease into the fire. In no manner can one be sure of women.

While she, proceeding in a litter, was delaying on the road, Bijjalā got in front of her and entered the pyre.

Then as she (Jayamatī) was ascending the pyre her limbs were hurt by the pilferers who robbed her in eager desire of her ornaments.

When the people saw the two queens being consumed by the flames, together with their Chowries and parasols, they, too, all raised lamentations, and their eyes were as if burning with pain.

He (Gargachandra) then displayed his noble character in full purity, when, though requested by all, he did not seat himself on the throne.

He looked out eagerly for certain persons in whose arms he wished to place King Uchchala's infant son, in order to have him consecrated as king.

In Southern India the rites of *satī* seem to have reached their height of development during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the kingdom of Vijayanagar. Interesting accounts are given by Fernão Nuniz and Duarte Barbosa. That of Nuniz appears in Sewell's *A Forgotten Empire*, pp. 391-398, and gives a really graphic description of the rite :

The women have the custom of burning themselves when their husbands die, and hold it an honour to do so. When, therefore, their husbands die, they mourn with their relations and those of their husbands, but they hold that the wife who weeps beyond measure has no desire to go in search of her husband ; and, the mourning finished, their relations speak to them, advising them to burn themselves and not to dishonour their generation. After that, it is said, they place the dead man on a bed with a canopy of branches and covered with flowers, and they put the woman on the back of a worthless horse, and she goes after them with many jewels on her, and covered with roses ; she carries a mirror in her hand and in the other a branch of flowers, and (she goes accompanied by) many kinds of music, and his relations (go with her) with much pleasure. A man

goes also playing on a small drum and he sings songs to her telling her that she is going to join her husband, and she answers also in singing that so she will do. As soon as she arrives at the place where they are always burned, she waits with the musicians till her husband is burned, whose body they place in a very large pit that has been made ready for it, covered with much firewood. Before they light the fire his mother or nearest relative takes a vessel of water on the head and a firebrand in the hand, and goes three times round the pit, and at each round makes a hole in the pot; and, when these three rounds are done, breaks the pot, which is small, and throws the torch into the pit. Then they apply the fire, and when the body is burned comes the wife with all the feasters and washes her feet, and then a Brāhman performs over her certain ceremonies according to their law; and when he has finished doing this she draws off with her own hand all the jewels that she wears, and divides them among her female relatives, and if she has sons she commends them to her most honoured relatives. When they have taken off all she has on, even her good clothes, they put on her some yellow cloths, and her relatives take her hand and she takes a branch in the other, and goes singing and running to the pit where the fire is, and then mounts on some steps which are made high up by the pit. Before they do this they go up three times round the fire, and then she mounts the steps and holds in front of her a mat that prevents her from seeing the fire. They throw into the fire a cloth containing rice, and another in which they carry betel-leaves, and her comb and mirror with which she adorned herself, saying that all these are needed to adorn herself by her husband's side. Finally she takes leave of all, and puts a pot of oil on her head, and casts herself into the fire with such courage that it is a thing of wonder; and as soon as she throws herself in, the relatives are ready with firewood and quickly cover her with it, and after this is done they all raise loud lamentations. When a captain dies, however many wives he has, they all burn themselves, and when the King dies they do the same.

The spot where these cremations took place was probably at Nimbāpuram, close to Talarigattu, where there is a large cinder mound covered over with rank vegetation and trees of considerable age. (See A. H. Longhurst, *Hampi Ruins*, Madras, 1917, p. 41.)

Barbosa's account affords an interesting comparison with that given above. The following details are taken from M. Longworth Dames' translation, Hakluyt Society, 1918, vol. i, p. 213 *et seq.* :—

A great pit is dug in the burning-ground, in which a pile of wood burns. When the husband's body has been laid therein, and begins to burn, the widow, if poor and of low estate, throws herself into the midst of the fire.

With a woman of high rank, the rites are much more costly and elaborate.

After her husband's body has been burned, she entertains her friends and relations in as lavish a manner as possible. She then attires herself in her finest clothes and, wearing all her jewels, is led on a horse (white, if possible) through the whole city with great rejoicings, until the party arrives back at the spot where the husband has been burnt. They now cast a great quantity of wood into the pit itself and on its edge make a great fire. When it has burned up somewhat they erect a wooden scaffold with four or five steps, where they take her up just as she is. When she is on the top she turns herself round thereon three times, worshipping towards the direction of sunrise, and, this done, she calls her sons, kindred and friends, and to each she gives a jewel, whereof she has many with her, and in the same way every piece of her clothing until nothing is left except a small piece of cloth with which she is clothed from the waist down. All this she does and says so firmly, and with such a cheerful countenance, that she seems not about to die. Then she tells the men who are with her on the scaffold to consider what they owe to their wives, who, being free to act, yet burn themselves alive for the love of them, and the women she tells to see how much they owe to their husbands, to such a degree as to go with them even to death. Then she ceases speaking, and they place in her hands a pitcher full of oil, and she puts it on her head, and with it she again turns round thrice on the scaffold and again worships towards the rising sun. Then she casts the pitcher of oil into the fire and throws herself after it with as much goodwill as if she were throwing herself on a little cotton, from which she could receive no hurt. The kinsfolk all take part at once and cast into the fire many pitchers of oil and butter, which they hold ready for this purpose, and much wood on this, and therewith bursts out such a flame that no more

can be seen. The ashes that remain after these ceremonies are thrown into running streams.

In the case of the death of a king, Barbosa tells us that four or five hundred women burn themselves with him, as well as many men "who are his intimates." In a note on the passage Dames says that there is abundant testimony as to the number of *satīs* at the death of a king of Vijayanagar. Nicolo Conti was told that the king had 12,000 wives, of whom 2000 or 3000 were chosen only on condition that at his death they should voluntarily burn themselves with him.

Dames states in a note on page 213 that other interesting descriptions of *satīs* in other parts of India are given by Mandelslo, Peter Mundy and Thomas Bowrey. In the case of Mandelslo the woman gave him one of her bracelets, no doubt in making a distribution of her jewels such as is described by Barbosa (*Travels*, English translation by John Davies, 1669, p. 32). In the same way Thomas Bowrey was given by the widow some flowers from her hair (*Countries round the Bay of Bengal*, edited by Sir R. Temple, Hakluyt Society, London, 1903, p. 38). His description refers to Careda, between Madras and Machhlipatam, in the year 1672, while Mandelslo's refers to Kambāyat. It is evident, therefore, that this custom was widely diffused.

Peter Mundy's account (*Travels*, edited by Sir R. C. Temple, Hakluyt Society, vol. ii, 1914, pp. 34-36) refers to a *satī* at Surat of a Banyā's widow in 1630, of which he has left his own sketch. In none of these cases is there anything to show that the cremation took place, as at Vijayanagar, in a deep pit into which the widow threw herself either while her husband's body was burning, or, in the case of persons of high rank, afterwards, with a procession on horseback, and great ceremonies. The custom of performing the cremation in a pit, as described by Barbosa and Nuniz, was evidently common in Southern India. Tavernier alludes to it in the seventeenth century as prevailing on the coast of Coromandel. His account, though short, shows that the ceremony was identical with that described in the text (Tavernier's *Travels*, English edition, 1678, Part II, bk. iii, p. 171).

In general the cremation seems to have taken place on a pyre, and not in a pit, and such is the usage in cremations at the present day in Northern India. In Western India

W. Crooke says (*Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, vol. i, p. 188) a grass hut was erected in which the widow sat holding her husband's head in her lap, supporting it with her right hand and holding in her left a torch with which she kindled the hut. Such a *satī* is that described by Peter Mundy, and the hut or "cottage," as he calls it, is shown in the background of his sketch. See also Dellen's description of a *satī* in his *Voyage to the East Indies*, London, 1698, pp. 48-50, which closely resembles Mundy's account.

In more modern days, although *satīs* have been fairly numerous, the prescribed rites followed at such immolations differ but little in detail from what has already been said.

In 1829, the very year in which *satī* was finally prohibited, Sir William Sleeman, in his *Rambles and Recollections*, describes the amazing persistency which a certain old woman at Jubbulpore showed in her desire to ascend the pyre of her husband. Sir William did all he could to prevent it, and actually succeeded in delaying it for five days, but the miseries of the woman seemed so genuine that at last he let her have her way.

"Satisfied myself," he writes, "that it would be unavailing to attempt to save her life, I sent for all the principal members of the family, and consented that she should be suffered to burn herself if they would enter into engagements that no other member of their family should ever do the same. This they all agreed to, and the papers having been drawn out in due form about midday, I sent down notice to the old lady, who seemed extremely pleased and thankful. The ceremonies of bathing were gone through before three, while the wood and other combustible materials for a strong fire were collected and put into the pit. After bathing she called for a *pān* (betel-leaf) and ate it, then rose up, and with one arm on the shoulder of her eldest son, and the other on that of her nephew, approached the fire. As she rose up fire was set to the pile, and it was instantly in a blaze. The distance was about one hundred and fifty yards; she came on with a calm and cheerful countenance, stopped once, and casting her eyes upwards, said: 'Why have they kept me five days from thee, my husband?' On coming to the sentries her supports stopped, she walked round the pit, paused a moment, and while muttering a prayer threw some flowers into the fire. She then walked deliberately

and steadily to the brink, stepped into the centre of the flame, sat down, and leaning back in the midst as if reposing upon a couch, was consumed without uttering a shriek or betraying one sign of agony."

Fuller details will be found in Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. ii, pp. 369-374.

Further descriptions would be superfluous, but the few following references might be added to those already given in the course of this appendix :—

H. A. Rose, *A Glossary of the Tribes and Castes of the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province*, Lahore, 1919, vol. i, pp. 200-201, 404; *Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. iv, p. 153; *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. ii, p. 726; *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*, vol. ii, 1909, pp. 218, 498; Government of Madras Legislative Department, *The Madras Satī Regulation* (Madras Regulation No. 1 of 1830) (as modified up to October 1909), Madras, 1909; Henry Jeffreys Bushby, *Widow-Burning*, London, 1855; A. K. Coomaraswamy, *Satī: a Vindication of the Hindu Woman* (a paper read before the Sociological Society, London, 12th November 1912); G. T. Vigne, "Widow-Burning," *Travels in Kashmir*, 2 vols., 1842, vol. i, pp. 82-94; "Suttee" in Yule and Burnell, *Hobson Jobson*; J. C. Oman, *Brāhmans, Theists and Muslims of India*, 1907, p. 191 *et seq.*

## APPENDIX II





## APPENDIX II

### NALA AND DAMAYANTĪ

ON page 236 we saw that in order to console the unhappy Queen Bandhumatī, and hearten her in her search for her husband, the Brāhman Sumanas related the story of Nala and Damayantī. This tale, beautiful in its simplicity, its tender pathos and in its high tone of morality, is taken from the *Mahābhārata* (I, liii *et seq.*).

There is, however, ample evidence in the tale itself to show that it dates back long before the Epic period, and can be assigned, with but little doubt, to Vedic days.

As told by Somadeva it still retains its simple form, but has been abbreviated in many places. Some of these omitted portions are of considerable interest and beauty, and their absence is a distinct loss. I shall therefore give several passages later in this appendix.

We will first consider the story as it appears in the *Mahābhārata*. It is called the *Nalopākhyāna*, or "Episode of Nala," and occupies sections 53-79 of the Vana Parva—*i.e.* "Forest" Book. Yudhisṭhira has gambled away his kingdom, wife, and all his possessions. A further loss forces him to become an exile for twelve years, together with his wife and brothers. It is during this exile in the forest (*vana*) that the story of Nala is told.

There are several points to be noticed in assigning it to a much earlier period than that of the work in which it appears. It forms no part of the main plot of the *Mahābhārata* and is inserted in exactly the same way as the *Rig-Veda* stories (*e.g.* Urvaśī and Purūravas) are introduced by Somadeva. The language and textual forms agree much more with those employed in the Vedas than in the Epics. But perhaps the most important point is that all the gods mentioned are Vedic—Indra, Agni, Varuṇa and Yama. There is no mention of Śiva or Viṣṇu. In most cases these post-Vedic deities would have been substituted for the old ones, or else would have been added in addition. But in the case of such a popular story

as Nala the transforming hand of the editor has been withheld.

Somadeva, however, being a poet at a court where Śaiva Hinduism was at its height, felt constrained to introduce the chief deity of his work, and so the love of Nala and Damayantī is said to be "greater than that of Śiva and Pārvatī" (see p. 241).

The following brief outline of the story as originally told in the *Mahābhārata* will show where Somadeva has made his alterations. The beginning is similar to our version, except that the swan appears to Nala first and not to Damayantī. It is Bhīma himself who determines to celebrate his daughter's *svayamvara*. The gods who procure Nala's aid are only four—Indra, Agni, Varuna and Yama—and Nala is merely told to announce their arrival and the fact that they are attending the *svayamvara*. Nala's interview with Damayantī is of considerable length. At the ceremony Damayantī sees only five Nalas, not six.

The couple live twelve years in perfect happiness, until Kali has a chance of entering Nala's body. He does it, however, not when Nala is in a state of drunkenness, but when at last he has noticed some trifling neglect in a portion of his daily ablutions.

When inviting his brother to play, Pushkara says: "*Dīvyāva vṛishēṇa*" ("Let us play with the *vṛisha*")—i.e. with the principal dice known as the "bull." Somadeva has misunderstood the sense of *vṛisha* and makes the brothers play for a bull as a stake (see p. 242).

On being driven with his hapless wife into the forest Nala sees some "birds around him settling with their golden-tintured wings" and vainly tries to catch them with his *only* garment. When the birds (not necessarily, or even likely, swans) are flying away with it they say:

"Lo, we are the dice, to spoil thee thus descended, foolish king! While thou hadst a single garment all our joy was incomplete."

Broken-hearted, Nala returns to Damayantī, and it is because of his complete nakedness that he cuts off half of his wife's garment before deserting her while she is asleep.

Vivid descriptions of the tropical forest are given, and the distracted appeals to animals and vegetation resemble those we read of as employed by Purūravas in his search for

Urvaśī (see Vol. II, pp. 258, 259). Damayantī's adventures are many and varied. In her imagination she comes to a hermitage where her speedy reunion with Nala is foretold. Later on she joins a band of merchants, but, owing to her inherent bad luck, they are nearly all killed by a sudden attack of infuriated wild elephants.

In the meantime Nala, transformed into a dwarf, has reached the Court of King Rituparṇa, and takes service as cook under the name of Bāhuka.

It is at *this* point that King Bhīma sends out trustworthy men in all directions to look for his daughter. The minister's name is Sudeva.

The accounts of how Damayantī is recognised by her auspicious mole, the prowess of the mysterious dwarf charioteer, the methods employed to discover Nala, and their final reunion are all told in greater detail than in the version of Somadeva.

Before giving extracts from the more important of the omitted portions I would enumerate the other occurrences of the story of Nala in Sanskrit literature.

There are two celebrated poems dealing with Nala's adventures. The first is called *Nalodaya*, the authorship of which is uncertain. For a long time it was considered to be the work of Kālidāsa, but recent research shows the author to have been the Kēraḷa poet called Vāsudeva, who lived in the first half of the ninth century A.D. (A. S. Ramanatha Ayyar, "The Authorship of the *Nalodaya*," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, April 1925, pp. 263-275). The second is the *Naishadha*, by Śriharsha. The *Nalodaya*, or "Rise of Nala," deals in four cantos with Nala's restoration to power after his reunion with Damayantī. From our point of view it is of no value, being merely compiled to exhibit the author's amazing use of varied and artificial metres, endless puns and tricks of style and rhyming. Śriharsha's *Naishadha* is also a "trick" production. Although punning is common, its chief characteristic is the consistent use of metaphors and long compound words, some running into two or three lines of ordinary printing. He has turned the simple style of the original into twenty-two cantos of the most elaborate Kāvya (artificial poetry) style. The date of Śriharsha's work is about the latter half of the twelfth century.

Nala is also the subject of what Monier Williams describes as a very curious composition, half prose, half verse, called *Nala-champū*, by an author named Trivikrama. Finally there is the Tamil *Nala-Rāja* and a Telugu poem by Rāghava, written about A.D. 1650. They are both independent compositions and not translations from the Sanskrit.

I now proceed to the extracts from the *Mahābhārata*. The translation followed is that by H. H. Milman in Monier Williams' edition of 1860.

Nala is torn between the power of Kali within him and his own nature. Finally Kali is successful and Damayantī deserted :

Long within his heart he pondered, and again, again weighed  
o'er.

Best he thought it Damayantī to desert, that wretched king.  
From her virtue none dare harm her in the lonely forest way,  
Her the fortunate, the noble, my devoted wedded wife.  
Thus his mind on Damayantī dwelt in its perverted thought,  
Wrought by Kali's evil influence to desert his lovely wife.  
Of himself without a garment, and of her with only one,  
As he thought, approached he near her to divide that single  
robe.

“How shall I divide the garment by my loved one unper-  
ceived ?”

Pondering this within his spirit round the cabin Nala went ;  
In that narrow cabin's circuit Nala wandered here and there,  
Till he found without a scabbard, shining, a well-tempered  
sword.

Then when half that only garment he had severed, and put on,  
In her sleep Vidarbha's princess with bewildered mind he  
fled.

Yet, his cruel heart relenting, to the cabin turns he back ;  
On the slumbering Damayantī gazing, sadly wept the king ;  
Thou, that sun nor wind hath ever roughly visited, my love !  
On the hard earth in a cabin sleepest with thy guardian gone.  
Thus attired in half a garment she that aye so sweetly smiled,  
Like to one distracted, beauteous, how at length will she  
awake ?

How will't fare with Bhīma's daughter, lone, abandoned by  
her lord,

Wandering in the savage forest, where wild beasts and  
serpents dwell ?

May the suns and winds of heaven, may the genii of the  
woods,

Noblest, may they all protect thee, thine own virtue thy  
best guard.

To his wife of peerless beauty on the earth, 'twas thus he spoke.

Then of sense bereft by Kali Nala hastily set forth ;

And departing, still departing he returned again, again ;

Dragged away by that bad demon, ever by his love drawn  
back.

Nala, thus his heart divided into two conflicting parts,

Like a swing goes backward, forward, from the cabin, to and  
fro.

Torn away at length by Kali flies afar the frantic king,

Leaving there his wife in slumber, making miserable moans.

Reft of sense, possessed by Kali, thinking still on her he left,

Passed he in the lonely forest, leaving his deserted wife.

At first Damayantī cannot believe she has been deserted.  
Perhaps Nala is playing a joke :

“ But thou’st had thy sport—enough then, now desist, O  
king of men,

Mock not thou a trembling woman, show thee to me, O my  
lord !

Yes, I see thee, there I see thee hidden as thou think’st  
from sight,

In the bushes why conceal thee ? Answer me. Why speak’st  
thou not ?

O ungentle prince of monarchs ! to this piteous plight re-  
duced,

Wherefore wilt thou not approach me to console me in my  
woe ?

For myself I will not sorrow, nor for aught to me befalls.

Thou art all alone, my husband, I will only mourn for thee.”

As Damayantī wanders on she penetrates deeper and  
deeper into the forest, which is thus graphically described :

Full of lions, pards, and tigers, stags, and buffaloes, and  
bears,

Where all kinds of birds were flocking, and wild men and  
robbers dwelt.

Thick with Sāls, bamboos, Aśwatthas, Dhavas, and the  
Ebon dark,  
Oily Inguds, Kinsuks, Arjuns, Nīm trees, Syandans, Sāl-  
malas ;  
Full with Rose-apples and Mangoes, Lodh trees, Catechus  
and Canes,  
Blushing Lotuses, Kadambas, and the tree with massy  
leaves ;  
Close o'erspread with Jujubes, Bel trees, tangled with the  
holy Fig,  
Palms, Priyālas, Dates, Haritas, trees of every form and name.  
Pregnant with rich mines of metal many a mountain it  
enclosed,  
Many a shady resonant arbour, many a deep and wondrous  
glen ;  
Many a lake, and pool, and river, birds and beasts of every  
shape.  
She, in forms terrific round her, serpents, elves, and giants  
saw :  
Pools, and tanks of lucid water, and the shaggy tops of hills,  
Flowing streams and headlong torrents saw, and wondered  
at the sight.  
And the Princess of Vidarbha gazed where, in their countless  
herds,  
Buffaloes and boars were feeding, bears, and serpents of the  
wood.  
Safe in virtue, bright in beauty, glorious, and of high resolve,  
Now alone, Vidarbha's daughter, wandering, her lost Nala  
sought.

After many adventures she falls in with a party of  
merchants, but during the night they are attacked by wild  
elephants :

When the midnight came, all noiseless came in silence deep  
and still,  
Weary slept the band of merchants, lo, a herd of elephants,  
Oozing moisture from their temples, came to drink the  
troubled stream.  
When that caravan they gazed on, with their slumbering  
beasts at rest,  
The tame elephants they scented, those wild forest ele-  
phants ;

Forward rush they fleet and furious, mad to slay, and wild  
with heat ;

Irresistible the onset of the rushing ponderous brutes,  
As the peaks from some high mountain down the valley  
thundering roll.

Strewn was all the way before them with the boughs, the  
trunks of trees ;

On they rushed to where the travellers slumbered by the  
lotus-lake.

Trampled down and vainly struggling, helpless on the earth  
they lay.

"Woe, oh, woe !" shrieked out the merchants, wildly some  
began to fly,

In the forest's thickets plunging ; some stood gasping, blind  
with sleep ;

And the elephants down beat them with their tusks, their  
trunks, their feet.

Many saw their camels dying, mingled with the men on foot,  
And in frantic tumult rushing wildly struck each other  
down ;

Many miserably shrieking cast them down upon the earth,  
Many climbed the trees in terror, on the rough ground  
stumbled some.

Thus in various wise and fatal, by the elephants assailed,  
Lay that caravan so wealthy, scattered all abroad or slain.  
Such, so fearful was the tumult, the three worlds seemed all  
appalled,

" 'Tis a fire amid the encampment, save ye, fly ye, for your  
lives.

Lo, your precious pearls ye scatter, take them up, why fly  
so fast ?

Save them, 'tis a common venture, fear ye not that I  
deceive."

Thus t'each other shrieked the merchants as in fear they  
scattered round.

"Yet again I call upon you, cowards ! think ye what ye do."  
All around this frantic carnage raging through the prostrate  
host,

Damayantī soon awakened, with her heart all full of dread ;  
There she saw a hideous slaughter, the whole world might  
well appal.

To such sights all unfamiliar gazed the queen with lotus-eyes,  
Pressing in her breath with terror slowly rose she on her feet.



When finally Damayantī is recognised by Sudeva he describes her wasted frame :

Like the full moon, darkly beauteous, with her fair and  
 swelling breasts,  
 Her, the queen, that with her brightness makes each clime  
 devoid of gloom,  
 With her lotus-eyes expanding, like Manmatha's queen  
 divine ;  
 Like the moonlight in its fullness, the desire of all the  
 world.  
 From Vidarbha's pleasant waters her by cruel fate plucked  
 up,  
 Like a lotus-flower uprooted, with the mire and dirt around :  
 Like the pallid night, when Rāhu swallows up the darkened  
 moon :  
 For her husband wan with sorrow, like a gentle stream dried  
 up ;  
 Like a pool, where droops the lotus, whence the affrighted  
 birds have fled,  
 By the elephant's proboscis, in its quiet depths disturbed.  
 Tender, soft-limbed, in a palace fit, of precious stones, to  
 dwell.  
 Like the lotus-stem, uprooted, parched and withered by the  
 sun.  
 Fair as generous, of adornment worthy, yet all unadorned,  
 Like the young moon's slender crescent in the heavens by  
 dark clouds veiled.

The rolling of Rituparna's chariot, driven by Nala, is heard approaching the city :

With the evening in Vidarbha, men at watch, as they drew  
 near,  
 Mighty Rituparna's coming to King Bhīma did proclaim.  
 Then that king, by Bhīma's mandate, entered in Kuṇḍina's  
 walls,  
 All the region round him echoing with the thunders of his  
 car.  
 But the echoing of that chariot when King Nala's horses  
 heard,  
 In their joy they neighed and trampled, even as Nala's self  
 were there.

Damayantī too the rushing of King Nala's chariot heard,  
As a cloud that hoarsely thunders at the coming of the  
rains.

All her heart was thrilled with wonder at that old familiar  
sound.

On they seemed to come, as Nala drove of yore his trampling  
steeds :

Like it seemed to Bhīma's daughter, and e'en so to Nala's  
steeds.

On the palace-roofs the peacocks, th'elephants within their  
stalls,

And the horses heard the rolling of the mighty monarch's  
car.

Elephants and peacocks hearing the fleet chariot rattling on,  
Up they raised their necks and clamoured, as at sound of  
coming rain.

Damayantī spake :

"How the rolling of yon chariot, filling, as it seems, the  
earth,

Thrills my soul with unknown transport ! It is Nala, king  
of men.

If this day I see not Nala with his glowing moon-like face,  
Him, the king with countless virtues, I shall perish without  
doubt.

If this day within th'embraces of that hero's clasping arms  
I the gentle pressure feel not, without doubt I shall not  
live.

If 'tis not, like cloud of thunder, he that comes, Nishadha's  
king,

I this day the fire will enter, burning like the hue of gold.

In his might like the strong lion, like the raging elephant,  
Comes he not, the prince of princes, I shall perish without  
doubt.

Not a falsehood I remember, I remember no offence ;

Not an idle word remember, in his noble converse free.

Lofty, patient, like a hero, liberal beyond all kings,

Nought ignoble, as the base-born, even in private, may he  
do.

As I think upon his virtues, as I think by day, by night,

All this heart is rent with anguish, widowed of its own be-  
loved."

Thus lamenting, she ascended, as with frenzied mind possessed,

To the palace roof's high terrace to behold the king of men.  
In the middle court high seated in the car, the lord of earth,  
Rituparna with Vārshṇeya and with Vāhuka she saw.

When Vārshṇeya from that chariot, and when Vāhuka came down,

He let loose those noble coursers, and he stopped the glowing car.

From that chariot seat descended Rituparna, king of men,  
To the noble monarch Bhīma he drew near, for strength renowned.

Him received with highest honour Bhīma, for without due cause

Deemed not he the Rāja's visit, nor divined his daughter's plot.

"Wherefore com'st thou? hail and welcome!" thus that gracious king inquires;

For his daughter's sake he knew not that the lord of men had come.

But the Rāja Rituparna, great in wisdom as in might,  
When nor king within the palace, nor king's son he could behold,

Nor of *svayamvara* heard he, nor assembled Brāhmans saw,  
Thus within his mind deep pondering spoke of Kośala the lord:

"Hither, O majestic Bhīma, to salute thee am I come."

But King Bhīma smiled in secret, as he thought within his mind:

"What the object of this journey of a hundred *yojanas*?

Passing through so many cities for this cause he set not forth;  
For this cause of little moment to our court he hath not come,

'Tis not so;—perchance hereafter I may know his journey's aim."

After royal entertainment then the king his guest dismissed:

"Take then thy repose," thus said he, "weary of thy journey, rest."

Ushered by royal servants, he to th'appointed chamber went:  
There retired King Rituparna, with Vārshṇeya in his suite.  
Vāhuka, meantime, the chariot to the chariot-house had led,  
There the coursers he unharnessed, skilfully he dressed them there,

And with gentle words caressed them, on the chariot-seat  
sate down.

But the woeful Damayantī, when Bhāṅgāsuri she'd seen,  
And the charioteer Vārshṇeya, and the seeming Vāhuka,  
Thought within Vidarbha's princess: "Whose was that fleet  
chariot's sound?"

Such it seems as noble Nala's, yet no Nala do I see.  
Hath the charioteer Vārshṇeya Nala's noble science  
learned?

Therefore did the thundering chariot sound as driven by  
Nala's self?

Or may royal Rituparna like the skilful Nala drive?  
Therefore did the rolling chariot seem as of Nishadha's king?"  
Thus when Damayantī pondered in the silence of her soul,  
She, the beauteous, sent her handmaid to that king her  
messenger.

Accordingly she sends her maid, Keśinī, to find out who  
the mysterious deformed charioteer really is. After a few  
preliminary questions she broaches the subject of Nala:

"Knows the charioteer Vārshṇeya whither royal Nala went?  
Of his fortune hath he told thee? Vāhuka, what hath he  
said?"

Vāhuka spake:

"He of the unhappy Nala safe the children borne away,  
Wheresoe'er he would departed, of King Nala knows he  
nought:

Nothing of Nishadha's Rāja, fair one! living man doth  
know.

Through the world, concealed he wanders, having lost his  
proper form.

Only Nala's self of Nala knows, and his own inward soul,  
Of himself to living mortal Nala will no sign betray."

Keśinī spake:

"He that to Ayodhyā's city went, the holy Brāhman first,  
Of his faithful wife these sayings uttered once and once  
again:

'Whither went'st thou then, O gamester, half my garment  
severing off;

Leaving in the forest sleeping, all forsaken, thy belov'd ?  
 Even as thou commanded'st, sits she, sadly waiting thy  
     return,  
 Day and night, consumed with sorrow, in her scant half-  
     garment clad.  
 Oh ! to her for ever weeping, in the extreme of her distress,  
 Grant thy pity, noble hero, answer to her earnest prayer.'  
 Speak again the words thou uttered'st, words of comfort to  
     her soul,  
 The renowned Vidarbha's princess fain that speech would  
     hear again,  
 When the Brāhman thus had spoken, what thou answered'st  
     back to him,  
 That again Vidarbha's princess in the self-same words would  
     hear."

His heart wrung with sorrow and emotion, Nala is unable to restrain his tears. Keśinī returns to her mistress to make her report. Damayantī is now more than ever certain that the charioteer is indeed Nala. However, she bids Keśinī go again and watch his every action. On returning she relates the amazing things she has seen :

"Very holy is he, never mortal man in all my life  
 Have I seen, or have I heard of, Damayantī, like to him.  
 He drew near the lowly entrance, bowed not down his stately  
     head ;  
 On the instant, as it saw him, up th'expanding portal rose.  
 For the use of Rituparna much and various viands came ;  
 Sent, as meet, by royal Bhīma, and abundant animal food.  
 These to cleanse, with meet ablution, were capacious vessels  
     set ;  
 As he looked on them, the vessels stood, upon the instant,  
     full.  
 Then, the meet ablutions over, Vāhuka went forth and took  
 Of the withered grass a handful, held it upward to the sun :  
 On the instant, brightly blazing, shone the all-consuming  
     fire.  
 Much I marvelled at the wonder, and amazed am hither  
     come ;  
 Lo, a second greater marvel sudden burst upon my sight !  
 He that blazing fire stood handling, yet unharmed, unburned  
     remained.

At his will flows forth the water, and as quickly sinks again.

And another greater wonder, lady, did I there behold :  
He the flowers which he had taken gently moulded in his hands,  
In his hands the flowers, so moulded, as with freshening life  
endued,

Blossomed out with richer fragrance, stood erect upon their  
stems :

All these marvels having noted, swiftly came I back to thee.”  
Damayantī, when these wonders of the king of men she  
heard,

Thought yet more King Nala present, by his acts and mien  
revealed.

She her royal lord suspecting in the form of Vāhuka,  
With a gentle voice and weeping spake to Keśinī again :

“Go again, and whilst he heeds not, meat by Vāhuka  
prepared

From the kitchen softly taking, hither, Keśinī, return.”

She to Vāhuka approaching, unperceived stole soft away  
Of the well-cooked meat a morsel ; warm she bore it in her  
haste,

And to Damayantī gave it Keśinī without delay.

Of the food prepared by Nala oft the flavour had she tried ;  
Tasting it she shrieked in anguish : “Nala is yon charioteer.”  
Stirred by vehement emotion, of her mouth ablution made :  
She her pair of infant children sent with Keśinī to him.

Soon as he young Indrasenā with her little brother saw,  
Up he sprang, his arms wound round them, to his bosom  
folding both ;

When he gazed upon the children, like the children of the  
gods,

All his heart o'erflowed with pity, and aloud his tears broke  
forth.

Yet Nishadha's lord perceiving she his strong emotion  
marked,

From his hold released the children, and to Keśinī spake  
thus :

“Oh ! so like mine own twin children was yon lovely infant  
pair.

Seeing them thus unexpected have I broken out in tears.

If so oft thou comest hither men some evil will suspect.

We within this land are strangers ; beauteous maiden, part in  
peace.”

Damayantī now decides on personal action and manages to have Bāhuka summoned to the palace, where she obtains from him a confession that he is Nala. She then, by an "Act of Truth," calls on heaven to be witness to her pure life since her desertion by Nala.

Thus adjured, a solemn witness, spake the wind from out  
the air ;

"She hath done or thought no evil, Nala, 'tis the truth we  
speak :

King, the treasure of her virtue in its fullness hath she  
kept,

Her we have watched and guarded ever closely for three  
livelong years.

This unrivalled scheme she plotted only for thy absent  
sake ;

In one day a hundred *yojans* who beside thyself may drive ?  
Thou hast met with Bhīma's daughter, Bhīma's daughter  
meets with thee,

Cast away all jealous scruple, to thy bosom take thy wife."

Even as thus the wind was speaking, flowers fell showering  
all around :

And the gods' sweet music sounded on the zephyr floating  
light.

As on this surpassing wonder royal Nala stood and gazed,  
Of the blameless Damayantī melted all his jealous doubts.

Then by dust all undefiled he the heavenly vest put on,  
Thought upon the King of Serpents, and his proper form  
resumed.

In his own proud form her husband Bhīma's royal daughter  
saw,

Loud she shrieked, the undespised, and embraced the king  
of men.

Bhīma's daughter, too, King Nala, shining glorious as of old,  
Clasped unto his heart, and fondled gently that sweet infant  
pair.

Then her face upon his bosom, as the lovely princess laid,  
In her calm and gentle sorrow, softly sighed the long-eyed  
queen :

He, that form still mire-defiled, as he clasped with smile  
serene,

Long the king of men stood silent, in the ecstasy of woe.  
All the tale of Damayantī, and of Nala all the tale,

To King Bhīma, in her transport, told Vidarbha's mother-queen.

Then replied that mighty monarch : " Nala, his ablutions done, Thus rejoined to Damayantī I to-morrow will behold."

They the night in joy together passed, relating, each to each, All their wanderings in the forest, and each wild adventure strange.

In King Bhīma's royal palace, studying each the other's bliss, With glad hearts, Vidarbha's princess and the kingly Nala dwelt.

In his fourth year of divorcement, reunited to his wife, Richly fraught with every blessing, at the height of joy he stood.

Damayantī too rewedded, still increasing in her bliss, Like as the glad earth to water opens its half-budding fruits, She of weariness unconscious, soothed each grief, and full each joy,

Every wish fulfilled, shone brightly, as the night when high the moon.

The rejoicing extends throughout the city, and all necessary explanations are duly made. Nala now thinks of revenge and hurries back to Nishāda :

There a month when he had sojourned, of King Bhīma taking leave,

Guarded he by few attendants to Nishadha took his way.

With a single splendid chariot, and with elephants sixteen, And with fifty armed horsemen, and six hundred men on foot ;

Making, as 'twere, earth to tremble, hastening onward, did the king

Enter awful in his anger, and terrific in his speed.

Then the son of Virasena to King Pushkara drew near ;

" Play we once again," then said he, " much the wealth I have acquired :

All I have, even Damayantī, every treasure I possess,

Set I now upon the hazard, Pushkara, thy kingdom thou :

In the game once more contend we, 'tis my settled purpose this,

Brother, at a single hazard, play we boldly for our lives.

From another he who treasures, he who mighty realm hath won,



'Tis esteemed a bounden duty to play back the counter game.

If thou shrinkest from the hazard, be our game the strife of arms,

Meet we in the single combat all our difference to decide.

An hereditary kingdom may by any means be sought,

Be rewon by any venture, this the maxim of the seers.

Of two courses set before thee, Pushkara, the option make,

Or in play to stand the hazard, or in combat stretch the bow."

By Nishadha's lord thus challenged, Pushkara, with smile suppressed,

As secure of easy victory, answered to the lord of earth :

"Oh what joy ! abundant treasures thou hast won, again to play ;

Oh what joy ! of Damayantī, now the hard-won prize is mine :

Oh what joy ! again thou livest with thy consort, mighty-armed !

With the wealth I win bedecked soon shall Bhīma's daughter stand

By my side, as by great Indra stands the Apsarā in heaven.

Still on thee hath dwelt my memory, still I've waited, King, for thee ;

In the play I find no rapture but 'gainst kinsman like thyself.

When this day the round-limbed Princess Damayantī, undespised,

I shall win, I rest contented, still within mine heart she dwells."

Hearing his contemptuous language frantically thus pouring forth,

With his sword th'indignant Nala fain had severed off his head.

But with haughty smile, with anger glaring in his blood-red eyes,

"Play we now, not talk thus idly ; conquered, thou'lt no longer talk."

Then of Pushkara the gaming and of Nala straight began :

In a single throw by Nala was the perilous venture gained ;

Pushkara, his gold, his jewels, at one hazard all was won !

Pushkara in play thus conquered, with a smile the King rejoined :

"Mine again is all this kingdom, undisturbed, its foes  
o'ercome.

Fallen king! Vidarbha's daughter by thine eyes may ne'er  
be seen.

Fool! thou'rt now, with all thy household, unto abject  
slavery sunk.

Not thyself achieved the conquest that subdued me here-  
tofore!

'Twas achieved by mightier Kali, that thou didst not,  
fool, perceive.

Yet my wrath, by him enkindled, will I not 'gainst thee  
direct;

Live thou henceforth at thy pleasure, freely I thy life bestow,  
And of thine estate and substance give I thee thy fitting  
share.

Such my pleasure, in thy welfare, hero, do I take delight,  
And mine unabated friendship never shall from thee depart.

Pushkara, thou art my brother, may'st thou live an hundred  
years!"

Nala thus consoled his brother, in his conscious power and  
strength,

Sent him home to his own city, once embracing, once again.  
Pushkara, thus finding comfort, answered to Nishadha's lord,

Answered he to Puṇyaśloka, bowing low with folded hands:  
"Everlasting be thy glory! may'st thou live ten thousand  
years!

That my life to me thou grantest, and a city for mine  
home!"

Hospitably entertained, there a month when he had dwelt,  
Cheered in spirit to his city, Pushkara, with all his kin,

With a well-appointed army, of attendant slaves an host,  
Shining like the sun, departed, in his full meridian orb.

Pushkara thus crowned with riches, thus unharmed, when he  
dismissed,

Entered then his royal city, with surpassing pomp, the king:  
As he entered, to his subjects Nala spake the words of peace,  
From the city, from the country, all, with hair erect with joy,  
Came, with folded hands addressed him, and the counsellors  
of state:

"Happy are we now, O monarch, in the city, in the fields,  
Setting forth to do thee homage, as to Indra all the gods."

Then at peace the tranquil city, the first festal gladness o'er,  
With a mighty host escorted, Damayantī brought he home.

Damayantī rich in treasures, in her father's blessings rich,  
Glad dismissed the mighty-minded Bhīma, fearful in his  
strength.

With the daughter of Vidarbha, with his children in his joy,  
Nala lived, as lives the sovereign of the gods in Nandana.  
Reascended thus to glory, he, among the kings of earth,  
Ruled his realm in Jambudwīpa, thus rewon, with highest  
fame ;

And all holy rites performed he with devout munificence.

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## SANSKRIT WORDS AND PROPER NAMES

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